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GMMTV
#Perfect10Liners

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Intro

Chapter 0: Who didn't call? Intro

[2704]

"Before entering the interview room, I ask for your cooperation. Please sit outside and maintain order. If you want to get to know each other, please keep your voice down a bit, so as not to disturb the people inside. "

At the end of the senior's request, the kids in high school uniforms sitting scattered all over the place obediently quieted their voices together.

Luckily, before the interview, while waiting in front of the room, I had time to get to know new friends. But there is one person who is more special than other friends.

His name is Warat, he is a bland person. His life is just when school is finishing he will go home right away. An indecisive person, often hesitant, unable to do anything on his own, because his family takes care of everything. Never did laundry, never ironed clothes, never washed dishes or cooked, even if it was a simple dish. Like fried eggs, it's also a dish that you still don't have the knowledge to make delicious.

Warat has 4 siblings. He is currently and probably still the worst person in the house. The highest goal is to live off of their parents every day until they ascend to heaven. And what's more, he just got dumped by a girl less than a month ago.

If you think this person's life is already bad, I'd like to say, it's even worse. Because that guy just mentioned...

It's me.

"Oh, I wonder if Mr. Warat is still alive or is he rotten and about to decompose?"

A familiar low, hoarse voice rang out in the air. The silence that had prevailed at first was broken after someone sat down on the still empty seat next to me. The noise pollution made me exhale uncomfortably before turning to look tiredly at the other person.

Except for myself, whom others think is so special that it's strange, there's still a close friend with a crazy personality.

"So your body can talk?" I replied back in a whisper. I want to preserve my image but my mood is often cursed.

Remember the last time we met was early last month. We made an appointment with other friends to watch the announcement of university admission results together. But after knowing that everyone had a place to study, they separated and lived a full life at the end of the semester. Until today, he and I met again.

"Seeing that your mouth is so good, I feel relieved. Even if we haven't seen each other for a little while, you've lost a lot of weight. Do you eat rice or fish?" His friend's tone was light with concern, in contrast to his face that was ready to be sarcastic, I don't know how.

"There's no fish so don't eat."

"Here, the reason why you're stupid."

"Yeah, I'm stupid. But probably less than you."

"No amount of cursing can touch me, poor."

"Wait! So where have you been? You're almost halfway into the interview room." I don't care what he says except to change the subject.

"I'm going to poop. You know I always poop when I'm nervous."

"It's good to take care of yourself first so you don't burden your friends."

"I'm not your burden, Warat. Because you can't even carry it yourself."

Damned...

I'm tired of retaliating with it, so let silence do its job. I still remember many things before graduating. The beautiful life of high school passed with goodbyes not many days after the university admission results were announced.

There are many couples who, even though they are far apart, still date. But Toey... meaning my ex, she has no feelings about long distance relationships. Just passing the exam means each person has less time to spend together. Sometimes, just having the word 'love' may not be enough.

So I'll say it right here, I don't regret it one bit!

"Thinking about something?" The person next to me opened his mouth to ask. But I just pretended to deny it.

"Do not have."

"Remember Toey?" We know each other well.

"No."

"Go ahead and lie to the dog, the dog won't even believe it."

... Oh ok, I can admit that I lied.

"Someone is like a cigarette. It feels good when you smoke it, but painful when you have to decide to give it up."

"What nonsense are you talking about, you bastard?"

"Yes."

"Ignore you! Nonsense." Instead of hearing words of comfort, I was instead cursed in return. "Besides, if you go smoke some nonsense somewhere you'll probably be hipster, and you'll do yourself a favor too."

"Can you have some feelings for me? People are suffering."

"Don't be too much."

Hearing that, I took a big breath in my nose before turning to face myself...

"When time is up, you may have to move on. But what's left in your heart is nostalgia that you probably don't know~*"

* lyrics Only can do it - 25hours

"I don't think you're heartbroken, you just have a damn singing voice."

"Comfort, don't curse."

Playing with someone who hates me for so long makes me begin to not be able to distinguish whether they really love each other or not? Thinking about it, it hurts a thousand times. When we were in high school, we stuck together like candy. As soon as we entered college, luck brought us into the same department.

"Next number, N'Warat Unorun can enter the interview room."

"..."

"Warrat?"

"Wine!"

"Huh?"

"They've called you. Are you planning to study this department again?"

While immersed in memories and long-term friendship, all thoughts in my mind were scattered by my best friend's rough hand patting my head. I turned left and right. When I saw that the woman in charge was bewildered, I quickly stood up, adjusted my clothes, and prepared for this important battle.

The first image you see is no different from what you imagine. I entered the room where three teachers were the interviewers. Even from the outside,

they're probably still young. But I also know with my senses that I must be asked endlessly. It's good to have prepared enough to answer the theory question so I think it might not be difficult to pass.

"Please sit!"

The request rang in my ears before I swallowed a large gulp of saliva down my throat and sat on the chair silently.

"Tell us a little about yourself. Tell us anything else, why should we accept you to study here?" A teacher wearing glasses is the one who starts a problem in an unprepared way. As soon as this party heard it, they quickly responded without thinking.

"H... hello. My name is Warat Unorun, but my name has changed now."

"Hmm?" The person in front frowned in surprise. In order not to waste time, I quickly took out the documents in the file and handed them over in a quick manner, not forgetting to grab the personal profile on my lap and put it first.

"Just changed it last week."

"Why did you change that?" The younger man looked down to see a piece of paper lying still. "How is the name Weesawa better than Warat?"

* Weesawa means technique.

"I just happened to go to the temple and swear that if I pass the exam, I will change my name to the department's name, so I have to fulfill that oath."

"Students in our department become more and more strange every year." It looked like the owner of the sentence wasn't paying attention to me, but more like he was talking to the person next to him. Should make the surrounding atmosphere more comfortable than before. The more I heard the laughter grow louder over time, the more relieved I became.

"Last year, there was someone with a strange name."

"That Anon, means one who has no debt."

"And Gunyukol means bilateral ears."

Eh... the name is really strange. Make the name that carries my oath look normal.

"Sorry, it's okay to introduce yourself, we're listening." I was startled when the three people's conversation ended abruptly, before everyone turned their eyes to me.

"I have dreamed of studying Engineering for a long time. This is also my dream university since middle school."

"But you chose our university last?"

I want to bang my head against the wall so they knows how to live, ohhhhhhhh.

"Well, actually, I really want to choose choice 1." And at the end of the sentence, the voice slowly lowered. "It's just because mom wants to stay closer to home."

"Um." The listener nodded. Until the pen scribbled something on the paper, at that moment, the teacher sitting on the right side of the table was the one who broke the silence.

"Warat."

"Weesawa." Just a question, what's the point of fixing it?

"Ok Weesawa. Ready to answer the question?"

"Ready... yes." His serious face made me start to have difficulty breathing. This is the most difficult time of the interview. I'm afraid I won't be able to make it through, just like my old love couldn't last.

Buddha~ Praying for blessings and blessings, praying for Buddha's protection.

"Which subject do you like?" Start with an easy question.

"All subjects."

"Choose 1."

"H... can I choose two?"

"Really good bid! Then answer both."

"I like math and information technology." Studying computer science requires you to express your opinions a bit. Even though I'm not sure how well I can do, my score in the interview test will probably be failed at this point, but if I'm asked an immediate question, I need to answer right away, so I don't have time to think too much.

"Our department studies hard. Every year, nearly half of the students drop out, and that number keeps increasing. Do you think you can study?" After finishing the first question, another teacher quickly took advantage of the time to ask again.

"Yes, I'm fine." No matter how tired and difficult it is, I will drag my friends along.

"Suppose you get an F in your first semester, what will you do?"

"I still don't have a backup plan, because I think it probably won't stick."

"Confidence is almost 3 times greater than entrance exam scores." The listener mumbled. And here I sit and sigh, then sigh again, my chest hurts. "So what are your strengths and weaknesses? No need to hide them, I can answer them all."

"The advantage is that I am a very diligent reader."

"But sometimes it's not in the books."

"One day there will be an answer in the book." What are you crazy about? Whenever there is an emergency, the mouth is faster than the brain. My

attitude looked like I was crazy. "There are still shortcomings..."

Just saying that much made my lips relax little by little.

"I'm not very good at English. Furthermore, I don't have leadership qualities, I can't decide anything, everything depends on other people." This is what my ex-lover once said. It's probably a better reason than the excuse of being far apart.

Here it is. When something hits the heart a little, it causes tears to fall until it looks worth fighting.

"Are you so afraid of us that you cry?" Hearing the question pulled me up to face the other person directly.

"No. It's just..."

"Appears like a heartbroken person."

Bet!!! How do you know that?

Are you walking in my stomach? Lots of questions running around in my head. Even though there was no parting of the lips to admit or deny, the body moved faster by nodding non-stop.

Teacher, I can barely hold back my manly tears. This world is so cruel.

"The thing is..."

"It's okay, you don't need to tell us." Before I could open my mouth to further explain my disappointment, I was stopped so much that my head was dizzy.

"But with these shortcomings, I promise that if I can study here, I will try to improve them for the better."

"Very good, Warat."

"W... Weesawa."

"Sorry, sorry." The teacher answered with a loud laugh. "Every year we will have students come for interviews to do faculty exercises. But I think that maybe you are tired from taking the heavy test, so I just want to ask one more question. "Is it because you expect to pass? What do you get from here?"

What now? Prepare a bunch of theoretical questions, then encounter an open-ended question like this, and you can't do it in time. For me, life has never been out of the box and it's almost impossible to do anything, maybe I only hope for one thing...

"I hope to do things that have never been done before."

"Um. So your 'what' is?"

"Cooking, washing clothes, washing dishes, cleaning the room, and also..."

"Stop first. What you want to do is a very high level of skills. In short, I acknowledge the effort." So why do you hold back your laughter? I'm scratching my head here.

After filling in some information on the paper. At that moment, they raised their faces and looked at me, each with a deadly air. Then a teacher spoke first with a concerned voice.

"I've been through many things in high school, but college is the first step that I've never taken. So don't be sad about the past anymore. Come study here and you'll encounter something new more than you expected."

"Really?" I opened my eyes wide and asked with excitement.

"If you don't believe me, then ask your senior to try?"

"So does that mean I passed the exam?"

"Still not 100%, wait until the results are announced first."

"Thank you very much. I will try to study and do my best."

"Wait for the announcement of the results first."

"I definitely won't disappoint."

"Wait for the announcement of the results first."

"Thank you, teacher."

"Ohhhhhhhhhh. Hurry up and call the next person in. I'm tired."

Amidst the sighs and bored faces of the permanent lecturers of the department, my heart danced joyfully because I saw the light waiting at the end of the road. And this is Mr. Warat's new journey now that he has changed his name to Weesawa.

A journey that will make the heart forget its old love.

And enter a new world never seen before...

* Author's words

After telling everyone that whoever appeared in the interview room would be the role of Nong, and that's right. P'Faifah will be the rhino's husband*, guaranteed to satisfy the teasing. To further inform readers, if asked, is this department a review of the Department of Neuroengineering or the Department of Civil Engineering? Let's just say it's the coolest in the world like the Department of Neurological Engineering. Jitti entrusts P'Faifah to N'Warat, oh N'Weesawa. See you again in the first chapter.

#Engineering and electricity

- End of Chapter 0 -

1.1

Chapter 1: How to break up without you

[3627]

If I were to describe the scene on the day I entered the dormitory, it could only be defined by the word "hell broke loose". Because not only our industry, but also friends of the entire faculty. The first year of the Faculty of Engineering has more students than other faculties, almost 3 times more. Plus the schedule of moving in together is what causes all the parents to go crazy.

Before returning, our parents helped arrange only part of the furniture, the rest my roommate and I stood in a daze in that countless pile of belongings, not knowing which side to start with.

"Wine."

"What?"

"I think I already have a lot of stuff. Seeing the pile of treasure you brought, will I be able to sleep tonight?" Khoa is not required to share a room with anyone, so my dear friend and I voluntarily went in together.

"What a great mouth. I heard your mom hired a truck to deliver everything right to the front of the dorm, Jay."

"Don't call me Jay. Now that I've debuted as a college student, from now on call me... JJ."

"Abbreviation for jan job*? That's cool."

* can be understood as talent or Jan's end of life

"You can change your name from Warat to Weesawa, you snob."

Hearing this, he was so angry that he almost threw a basket of clothes at my face. It's impossible to imagine how chaotic my life with Jay will be in the next year, because from just the first day, we have been actively looking for things to destroy each other non-stop.

My friendship with Jay has been woven for a long time, since middle school, we can call it growing up together. Except for our interests and lifestyle, we have many things in common.

We were still the same height before. I didn't think that after finishing a long semester in 9th grade, when we returned to meet each other again, he would be so much taller than me that he would penetrate the ceiling, more than 180 cm. Plus day by day his face gets more beautiful. Wherever we go together, attention is always focused on him. Thinking about it, I couldn't help but feel sorry for myself, but he is my friend, he was born handsome, so what can I do now?

It's just that, his personality, no matter how I look at him, I can't see the coolness.

"I would like a truce with you, my head hurts." When arguing with Jay, I have never won against him, so it's better to quickly raise the white flag and surrender first.

"Who wants to fight with you?" Sharp eyes scanned the room, before opening his mouth to break the silence again. "But you also brought these miscellaneous items with you? You can buy them around the school."

"It's because the items are important, so mom told me to bring them all so I don't have to waste time buying new ones." In addition to supplies, there is also an important notebook that writes everything related to living in the dormitory.

"So pig, what is this? A wreath offered to Buddha?" He pointed at the important thing lying on the bed, but it was nice that it brought back the moment of my fading mood.

"I have eyes but I can't see. These are the flowers Toey gave me on Valentine's Day."

"Huh? Then why did you bring it along?"

"Remember..." My voice was already light. I will keep all the memories we created together, even if we have broken up now.

"Why do you say you're heartbroken?"

"A little bit. That's it, don't tear the paper."

"Have you ever seen the movie 'How to let go'?" My dear friend continued to ask, which made me even more suspicious to the point that I unintentionally frowned.

"Once, so what?"

"They say you should throw away anything you don't use. Everything that belongs to Toey is no longer necessary for you."

"Do you understand the word 'beautiful memories'?"

"Huh. Is she beautiful to you?"

"As long as Toey doesn't have anyone, I think we have a chance to come back." Even though it feels like a dream, we live for hope with each other.

"If you wait until you get back with the ex who abandoned you, it's much better to move on and find someone new." The speaker brought his face forward, before turning away to immerse himself in arranging the huge pile of furniture on the floor without paying any further attention to me.

No matter what anyone says, ignore it. Relationships are not something that anyone can easily offend. We dated each other for a few years, then one day we no longer had each other in our lives, it felt extremely uneven. And believe that when I miss Toey, maybe there is a small part of her that will miss me too.

Believe it...

Toey Arunothai in a relationship with Oooke Pattarapong

Having sparked hope for myself not many days before, everything became ranked right away. The question is...

Who is Pattarapong?

Even though there were no tears or sobs, no one knew that inside my heart it was crying and looking so pitiful.

I didn't think or dream that one morning, when I opened my eyes and woke up on the first day of the semester, I was hit by a huge bomb right in my face, causing pain and damage to my whole body. The hand holding the communication tool was vibrating non-stop, I had to try very hard to control my chaotic mood as much as possible.

But it seems like no matter how hard you try, you can't escape the eyes of someone like Jay.

"Our uncle Weesawa is as gray as a toilet."

"It's not true." But just a little longer and the rice with pork stir-fried with basil in front of us almost turned into rice filled with tears.

"That said, quit your heart."

"How do you know what's wrong with me?"

"In case you forgot, I became Toey's Facebook friend and my eyes are filled with the fact that she is acquainted with Pattarapong."

"Don't mention this name, don't mention it!"

"Pattarapong is handsome too."

"If you say one more word, my feet will fly away." I don't know when their relationship started? And who is that boy? All I know is that the hope that

we will love each other again like before has ended.

"A little bit of you." The buffalo hand of the guy sitting across from me patted my shoulder 2-3 times. His eyes looked more serious than usual, making me pause. "Don't regret the person who abandoned you. Look closely at my mouth."

"There is."

"Move on." My friend's low voice echoed in my auditory nerves, motivating me to repeat the word many times.

"Move on?"

"That's right."

"What does move on mean?"

"Ohhhhhh! That means too much, you idiot. Annoying!"

The seniors said that when they reach first year, they probably won't have time to wander around, except to go to school and do activities. But until then, the department's tight schedule continues until next week. To stop me from being restless, my best friend Janjob first volunteered to try to comfort me wholeheartedly.

Even though it's a book about letting go and moving on, the famous podcast has many stories to tell that are enough to ease the sadness in your heart. But that doesn't completely help me stop remembering. I've tried many methods, but haven't found any that work. Why is forgetting someone not as easy as forgetting exam preparation content in a book?

Luckily I have him always there to help. So the work of cutting the lotus without leaving a thread, cutting off the heart without leaving a child has been carried out.

Method 1: Throw away items that are no longer needed

"Throw it away."

"But this is the teddy bear Toey tried to buy. I also got it as a birthday gift."

"Then donate it." I hate myself so much. He tries to help but I still hesitates.

"Ok, donating is fine. As for flowers..."

"Throw it away!"

"What about double pictures?"

"Burn."

"Phone number..."

"I don't know if it's her phone number, FB, IG or whatever, just cut it all off. If you're forced to keep looking, you'll just end up missing her again. So it's better to stop the fire from the wind." Hearing this sentence, I was moved. Jay is so cold to my ex.

"But people who break up can still come back to be friends."

"Oh, you bastard. Toey doesn't want to be friends with you. Here, you've been off her face since the first day you broke up, and her keep messing around adding people."

"Fuck it."

"Look at my mouth carefully."

"Look again?"

"Uh... move on." I hate this word to death.

"I know."

"Very good. Look at my mouth again."

"Enough!"

What am I looking at?

When going on a date with someone filled with memories and gifts, puppy love is formed and passes as quickly as the wind. Looking back, the thing that once had feelings for it, even if it died, just became the thing that most wanted to be thrown out of life.

Movie tickets that I once kept, wilted flower branches that are already full of dust, birthday cards with cute borders, strange teddy bears that I once said were so cute I almost died, but now I just whisper non-stop that they're scary. Everything was thrown into the bin in a careless fashion, before the tall best friend processed it, sealed it with tape and finally kicked it out of the room.

Goodbye Arunothai. Even if I die, I will never get to know this girl again.

Method 2: Spend a lot of time with friends

Except for JJ, I still have a close friend who studies in the same major and lives in the next room. His name is Ben, he is a chubby boy. This guy is the hottest. There are countless followers due to having his own YouTube channel. The content is also very impressive, it's about sitting and eating delicious food for the fanclub to watch.

I was always surprised to see hundreds of thousands of people watching his clip, even though that clip only showed him sitting and munching on fried chicken wings. After watching it, my mouth watered and I was so hungry that I ran to buy fried chicken to eat.

Today, I will forget everything and just focus on eating.

"Hello. I'm BenG and I have a surprise for everyone. Because today we will have 2 more friends coming to eat noodles with us. Introduce yourself to everyone, quickly." After setting up the camera, it was time for us to livestream on the channel. It will be a bit clumsy for first timers but I will try.

"Hello. My name is Wine."

"And I'm JJ. Please help me."

Comment jumped up loudly like pouring rain. I opened my eyes wide and tried to read those messages, seeing that everyone was only talking about Janjob. Boring. Having beautiful friends is also very touching.

Don't talk nonsense anymore, eat the noodles quickly without waiting for the signal to start, eat it until it's hot, make it delicious. Each person is thrown a bowl. It can be said that if the stomach does not have an ulcer first, we will have to deal with it all.

"Suppp. Is it too spicy?" I said while wiping the sweat from my forehead. At the end of the recording, the most handsome guy in the group was still sitting and slurping away with his eyes wide open. On the other hand, Ben is still chill, happy with eating continuously.

"Water?" Janjob asked. I didn't refuse but nodded quickly.

"Ben, do you have any water?"

"Here it is, I just received a sponsorship from the dormitory store. Let's see the packaging."

"..."

"Here, pandan leaf juice, fragrant, refreshing ~."

"Damned!!!!"

Jay opened his mouth to scream loudly, while I almost spat noodles out of my nose. There are hundreds of drinks, millions of drinks, but why does it have to be pandan leaf juice...

* bay toey = pandan leaves

Almost, I almost forgot that I ever had her. In the end, I still remembered her just because I heard the familiar name again.

Method 3: Escape from cyclical life

"I hurtâ€¦ my heart hurts."

"Drama! Then I'll take you to meet something new, in case it helps."

"I don't go." I was still lying wilting on the bed. After school is out, there are no moments of wandering around or hanging out like other students. I'm a stick-to-it person, happy with my own nonsense.

"I'll take you out to dinner. Hurry up, don't delay. Ben texted me to come with him an hour ago."

After a while, I couldn't resist the strength of the opponent's enormous pull, so I reluctantly went out to eat at a new restaurant next to the university. Because my best friend came out to take care of everything like a godmother, I just sat helplessly on the chair.

"What to get?" The two opened the menu in front of them while asking enthusiastically. "Pork fried rice?"

"Huuuuuuu." Just hearing that made me open my mouth and prepare to scream.

"What's wrong, boy?"

"Toey likes to eat pork fried rice. But now my life doesn't have Toey anymore."

"See mom! So change?!"

After helping each other choose dishes and avoiding menus that my exes liked, we made the final decision.

"Uncle, please give me 3 plates of special stir-fried pork rice with garlic and chili." Ben shouted loudly. The person wearing an apron and a rice stirrer turned around and looked with angry eyes.

"If you call me that again, you won't sell it!!"

"Listen. So sister, can you give us 3 plates of rice with pork stir-fried with garlic?"

"Okay guys." The voice changed immediately. Not long after, the hot owner also turned around to process the order immediately.

"You don't have to worry. We'll make you forget Toey."

"I am broken."

And this side also started 'from your heart to you' mode for the 100th time of the day. I didn't want to get any more tired, so I pretended to sit and listen to them talk for a bit, even if what they said didn't resonate with my ears.

"Not like this now. After eating, we'll go watch a movie together."

"Please help me tell Toey's shortcomings that he doesn't like me." I didn't answer the other person's question but instead asked about something that had been stuck in my head for a long time. A moment later, both ears heard a sigh before Mr. Janjob patted his back so loudly that I almost choked on my water.

"If someone has fallen out of love, why would they ask why? No matter how good you are, if she doesn't love you, it's over."

"It's even sadder than the flaw of having two sides of paper long."

"Fight."

"What do you want me to fight?"

"Here's my leg."

It's good to have your feet with fried garlic pork to comfort me, so I'm full and move forward a little.

At 7:30 we continued moving together.

Ben is from a family with money, he is the only one in our group of 3 with a car, we rely on him to go wherever we go, depending on how much money is divided.

But just as I was crammed into the car and before I could choose to buy movie tickets from the app on my phone, the song Moonlight by group 92914 played louder, making me sit still, tears automatically falling onto my pillow.

"This song is so good. Another song I like is Okinawa."

"Wine, take a deep breath, exhale long." Jay's hand lightly tapped my shoulder as if he was understanding. But the guy who didn't see it was the car owner, humming happily the music.

"What's wrong with you?"

"This group's music..." I try my best, don't be weak. "It's the group that Toey likes. Huuuuuuuuuuu."

"Damn it. Then let me quickly change it."

"Please sympathize with me, I'm hurt."

Poor me when he have to go back and forth to change music. Well, it's more like it wants to tease me, because the next playlist is full of countless songs by 92914

... all of it.

Method 4: Fear will help people stop thinking about it.

I haven't been to an amusement park in many years. The last time I went was probably when I went on a field trip in middle school. I didn't expect that on Saturday, I was dragged here by two friends.

"You keep thinking that Toey is like this roller coaster, it's so scary. It's time for you to forget her."

"Really?" Hearing advice from someone like Janjob always makes me feel strangely worried.

"You have to try it. When you play, think of Toey's face."

"We've come to this step, come, see what happens."

45 minutes later, I found out...

"Toeyyyyyyyyyy Toeyyyyyyyyyy."

"Shout!!!! Let me down." Worse than me were my beloved friends Ben and Jay when they opened their mouths and screamed until their throats were about to tear.

Many lives are stuck on high-speed roller coasters. It rotated through the air 360 degrees before flying us to its highest point and then throwing us down mercilessly. When I realized it again, I got down and stood, ruffling my hair, between two friends who were hugging each other's necks and vomiting non-stop.

In short, Toey did not disappear, but what was definitely lost was the souls of Ben and Jay. It's amazing!

Method 5: Fuck it.

In the book, there was a quote that said 'Even if love leaves, no matter what, the memories will probably still be there.' It's extremely true. That's why, when in the end we still can't get over our feelings, we need to leave everything alone, no need to look for more ways to forget. But I believe that one day, the feelings I had today will turn into the funniest comedy in my life.

"So excited, what should I do?"

The tall relative hurriedly rushed out of the bathroom. He took out the neatly ironed clothes and put them on along with the tie attentively. It can be called his debut with such a cool appearance that many people stared at

him. Thinking about it, I really wanted to throw the photo of him throwing up and tearing his throat out on the show yesterday.

"To the point where you're so excited. Are you as neat and meticulous as that?"

"The day you receive your code, you need to be a little handsome." Not only did he say that, he also raised his eyebrows at me twice more.

"Just get the code, don't overdo it."

"Wine, think about it, today is the gathering day for the seniors of all years. If you dress handsomely like this, someone must have a crush on you."

"Okay, it's all ok."

In case anyone doesn't know, my friend likes girls older than his age.

"You also have to appear formal. Spray a little of my perfume, I'm sure everyone who smells it will fall into your chest." Let me ask first, is it perfume or anesthetic?

"Don't take it."

Before I could finish my sentence, he sprayed me with some perfume, oh well. But when I smell it, it smells delicious, no joke. Luckily, Jay sprays people with a different scent than his own, otherwise you wouldn't be able to tell who is who.

1.2

Chapter 1: How to break up without you - 2

[3898]

The good day of receiving codes has arrived. Seriously, I'm just as nervous as Jay.

First years, all majors are sitting together in the common room, surrounded by seniors from second years onwards. The performance team worked at full capacity, singing, playing, and dancing with all their might even though this time was about to announce the code, it didn't matter.

The brothers and sisters called the first years to line up according to major and arranged by name alphabetically, so if you hoped to sit close to someone close to you, it was impossible.

"Please let the students in the Computer department go next."

"Quiuuuuuuu." The professional MC finished speaking through the microphone amidst the noisy applause and screams of the whole room. Jay sat in that row. That product is talked about endlessly because of its beautiful appearance from head to toe.

The minute he reached into the sauerkraut bucket and the MC announced his name and code, the screams became even louder.

"Janjob got the gear code 0439."

A girl ran over from a group of 2nd year students. She had short hair, bangs, pale skin, over 150cm tall, looking extremely cute. The scene changes to Jay who is standing there laughing until he's sweating dry, I want to say keep up your image a bit! It's crazy for you to have the same code number. It doesn't have to be a lover, just being a sibling in his life is already unbearable.

"Next row, please stand up."

Being engrossed in receiving codes from countless friends, it was time for me to take a risk on myself.

The sound of the drums continued to resonate with the rhythm of each step, until the moment the two feet stopped and stood in the middle of the large living room that was now filled with countless people. I almost didn't know what to do except stand still, look up at the ceiling, listening to the sounds around me.

"And the next person. Let's introduce themselves." Finally, the microphone was brought to the mouth.

"Hello. My name is Weesawa, my old name is Warat. Just call me Wine for short."

* Weesawa means technique.

"Ohhhhhhhhh." His friends invited each other to clap excitedly. What's wrong? I think I also introduced myself normally.

"He's so cute. Then you can pick the code."

Looks like everyone is more nervous than me right now.

The rolled up piece of paper was small and white and was picked up and given to the older person. Only now do I begin to understand how it feels when people announce the results of Miss Universe.

"N'Weesawa has the gear code 0682."

At the end of that sentence, the applause gradually became extremely quiet. In addition, my code also disappeared without knowing where he was, to the point where people reported him again.

"Where is the code for gear 0682? He's waiting."

"..."

Silent. Or maybe I don't have my code.

"Your code is ge..."

"Crep family divine code."

"Oh my, it doesn't stop, it doesn't stop. Oh tigeroooooo~" After waiting for who knows how long, that person finally appeared.

Seeing many brothers and sisters scream until they lost their voices, there was no longer any doubt. But in the situation of someone walking out of the crowd with a marigold wreath, all the thoughts in my head were fighting.

Hoi! Seriously, do we humans need to look so beautiful? He was very tall, wearing a navy blue engineering jacket and ripped pants. His face was cold and gloomy, his eyes staring at me without evading. He looks both respectable and scary. One look and you'll know that he's probably a famous person in the department, but being famous in any aspect is another thing.

"Hello. My name is Yotha. I'm studying Civil Engineering (yotha)." The moment he stopped and stood in front of me, he let out a deep voice, swearing that anyone who heard it would probably die.

Beautiful from face to voice, the world is extremely unfair.

"Uh... My name is Wine. You can call me Wine, Weesawa or Warat. I study Computer." It took me a long time to find my own tongue.

"Nice to share the code."

When he said 'very happy', did he look at his face? The face is the palest in the world.

"I'm very happy too.". Give a slight smile. Then the senior with the red tag number held a marigold wreath in his hand and put it around my neck while saying goodbye before separating and returning to the line.

If he was a senior, someone else would probably have heard the phrase "Let's meet after receiving the code". If not, it's like "Please give it to me", or something like that. But senior P'Yotha, while keeping a straight face, opened his mouth and said in a smooth voice...

"Hide from the line, let's go eat."

Oiiiiiiiiiiii! What kind of person are you?

"Will it be ok?"

"Okay. See you later, N'Weesarut."

"Oh you!"

"..."

"My name is Weesawa."

Hey, do you remember anything about me? That's crazy.

He said he was hiding, but actually he told me to stay until the end of the activity. There's only one thing about being dragged around to say hello to older people.

The divine family is an extremely loving, warm, and quite complex family. It can be seen that even after the seniors have graduated, they still stop by to take care of the juniors. So I got to know P'Jet, the lover of a fourth year senior, P'Yeepun. And the senior who just graduated and is preparing to receive his diploma this year like P'Arc is P'Arm's lover who is in his third year.

That's why I said it's extremely complicated and confusing.

And P'Yotha said that he is the coldest person in the family. Less stress immediately. Because if there were someone colder than this, I probably wouldn't know how to behave properly in the long run.

Today, the upperclassmen couldn't go to the family banquet with me, so they found a chance to stop by and bring a lot of take care gifts for me as a welcome. By the time I return to the room again, the code receiving activity has ended. Everyone separated and went their separate ways. As for me, I followed my senior with the same code to the Japanese restaurant in the university area to get to know each other better.

"Choose whatever you want to eat. I'll go out and talk on the phone for a bit."

"Okay aaaaah!" The menu was opened, flipped back and forth many times, finally choosing a dish, just waiting for P'Yotha to come back to choose his dish again.

Who would have thought that when the tall relative returned to the restaurant, he would go straight to sit at another table without saying a word to each other. It was so funny that the little girl was scratching her head in confusion.

Many minutes passed, P'Yotha showed no signs of coming back to look for me but still sat and opened the menu to look at it alone. So I gathered all my courage and went over to look for him because I was afraid that he might forget that he brought a younger brother like me into the shop with him.

"Shall we change tables?" Without waiting for an answer, I lifted my waist and sat down on the chair opposite.

The owner of the face and eyes from the menu in front of me stared at me silently. It took a long time to receive a response with a calm face.

"YES."

"I have chosen the dish."

"What do you want to eat?"

"Curry rice with filtered water is fine."

"Are you full? You can order more." If I call more, you'll be fine. Then looking at the price of the food, it didn't seem "gentle" at all, but when he said that, not ordering more would look too disrespectful.

"Then I'll order another portion of karaoke fried chicken."

"Oh, when I hear that, I want to take the microphone and sing a song, karaoke, right?"

"That's it."

Probably the first time, when I saw P'Yotha smiling. Actually, it's more accurate to say that he was trying to force himself not to laugh out loud.

"There's only a few pieces of chicken, please order more or I'll order more." The moment the person in front of me raised his eyes, every word he had just thought of seemed to be thrown out of his archives. Has anyone ever said, don't do that to anyone, my heart is so hollow when you look at me.

"Ah... you can call."

"So tempura? Are you allergic to shrimp?" I shook my head. After that, P'Yotha tried so hard to order food that I couldn't even cry. The more you call, the more you pay.

"Don't order too much, you won't be able to eat it all like this."

"I'll treat you to this meal."

Ha! Hearing that, I retracted my words almost in time.

"Actually, there's not as much food as I thought, I can order more."

"That's a joke."

"I don't."

"Is this sad? I see my eyes narrowing." My face already looks like that, you bastard.

"Not."

"It's good not to feel sleepy. This restaurant has delicious food, the air conditioning is cool, and most importantly, there are no mosquitoes."

"Yes."

"Next time, don't spray too much mosquito repellant." I made a confused face so he added. "I sprayed mosquito repellant. It smells like lemongrass, right?" He turned Jay's expensive perfume into something worthless. Yotha... you make me look terrible.

"It's perfume, not lemongrass."

"Is that so? Let's choose more dishes." Then he changed dramatically, changing the subject immediately.

Actually, I really want to rap and curse, but I can only think in my heart. Not long after everyone was silent, someone approaching the table broke the silence. But instead of the person in front of me being the employee as I thought, I had to turn around and rub my eyes two or three times to clearly prove that I wasn't dizzy.

P'Yotha!!!!

The person standing is also right, but the guy sitting is also right, are they twins? Hey, it's all messed up.

"Are you playing tricks on me with my code?" The person who had just arrived started the problem, but I still sat silently, turning back and forth to look at both of them.

"I didn't do anything, your code comes to find me at the table himself."

"Wine." Then my name was called.

"P'Yotha?" I looked up at the person standing, he also admitted.

"YES."

"Aw, if you're Yotha, then this is..."

"My twin brother."

"..."

"Name Faifah."

How could I talk to a stranger for so long?

"Hello P'Faifah, my name is Wine." Self-introduction happened quickly.

Today's shocking truth is that Faifah is so similar to Yotha that it's shocking. Adding a voice, if you don't observe or listen carefully, you probably won't be able to distinguish them. What's more is that they both dress almost the same, anyone who isn't confused must be crazy. It's not just their looks, their personalities also seem very similar.

Handsome, serious, cold, but sometimes he accidentally smiles and is attractive.

"Hello N'Wine. Actually, I didn't mean to deceive you, I just didn't tell the truth."

"It's like cheating. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Hey, don't be mad at each other. Jingle~"

Jingle!

I'm sorry for what I was thinking just now, please let me throw it all away. Where is the cold seriousness? As soon as I saw him sticking out his tongue, rolling his eyes, and swaying in front of me, I thought it was almost impossible.

"Your brother is crazy, Yotha. Let him sit here, give him some time to understand each other."

P'Yotha didn't say anything, just took the chair next to me before sitting down. We ordered some more food before she arrived with P'Faifah's code, panting and out of breath.

That friend I had never seen before. As our department has a large number of people, it is impossible to know everyone. She is a tall girl with long curly hair and a hister style. We introduced each other and then found out that the other person's name was Pin.

Food was gradually brought to the entire table. This is the time when people talk and chat with each other. And I still sat silently, secretly observing the twins over time to find the differences between them.

The first thing that can be clearly seen is that the personalities are extremely different. When he revealed his true self, P'Faifah's personality was even more unlike what he had shown at first.

He looks so fresh and happy that he's almost crazy.

"What are you doing looking at my face, N'Wine?" The person was startled, my thoughts returned to the person in front of me again. I really hate that guy Faifah when he calls himself his brother, he's extremely lying.

"I didn't look."

"Seeing means looking. Are you distinguishing between my face and Yotha's?" You know. "Here to explain a few things."

"Say it now."

"I'm 2 cm shorter than him."

"2 cm? Who can tell the difference? You're a person, not a ruler."

"Let's change the hairstyle. Do you see the difference?"

"Ah. P'Yotha's hair is soft, while mine is a little rougher."

"You fairy master."

"Sorry." Mom said apologizing will make it all go away.

"But if it comes to personality, you can probably tell the difference. Yotha likes to have a blank face, cold, silent, calm, emotionless. That's why people in the department call him 'Mr. Dark' of the department. "

"Hieuuuuuu my senior has the same code as you, it's too dark."

"Handsome, good personality, can handle anything, knows how to pamper him well."

"Good point."

"Good? And I'm not talking about Yotha, I mean me." Um, could you please let me go and skewer some chicken?

"What kind of person can praise themselves like that?"

"Get ready, Faifah is crazy about himself." Finally, the person next to me who had been silent for a long time opened his mouth to join our conversation. Even though P'Yotha made an extremely bored face, thinking about it maybe he was used to it. It's just me, I don't know anyone.

"You can see it from Uranus too." I repeated it again, and the person in question quickly counterattacked.

"You do. You can tell from Saturn's belt that you don't know anything."

Aw... aw.

"Why are you opening your mouth to me? Are you cursing at each other?"

Aw... aw.

"My story."

"Ok ok. Is karaoke fried chicken good?"

"Hey, looking for trouble?"

"Why is it so easy to anger? It's fun." Whoever is happy with you, I think it's okay to entertain yourself alone.

But I have to try to keep that frustrated mood as much as possible, even if the whole table gets mad at the opponent every 10 seconds. By the time I finished eating and paid, I almost wanted to say goodbye and go back to the mattress in my room, but there was still one problem: I couldn't go home yet.

The two brother â€‹â€‹are still arguing about money, everyone is fighting to pay it. Oh, why isn't my life with my brothers and sisters like that? By the time we finished dealing with each other, the time had passed and it was almost 3pm.

"You have the same code as me to go back to your lover. I'm so lonely. Can you please take my brother home?"

"Many things."

The battery arrived first, so there are only three of us left. In my heart, I just prayed that Faifah wouldn't take me home, my nerves would explode. But it looks like luck is not on Wine's side. When the sound of an incoming call from P'Yotha's phone interrupted him, just by bending down to look at the screen, his twin quickly screamed as if he knew everything.

"Here, wife is calling."

"..."

"Come on, let me take your brother home. I'm a person without burdens."

"Wine." Come on, he and my code will definitely drop this bomb.

"Yes?"

"Who do you want to go home with?" Does life have to choose again? If anyone is extremely close, you'll know that it's almost impossible for me to make a decision when choosing.

"In..."

Looking to the left is a dark person, looking to the right is a crazy person. Have I created some heavy karma or something that I have to stand here? The phone seemed to be screaming non-stop, like its owner was waiting for an answer from me.

Just now I heard his lover calling. I'm a good person, how could I get in the way of their love? So if I had to choose, there would probably be only one name left.

"I want to go back to P'Faifah."

"Okay." The older twin replied briefly, and the younger twin reached out and pinched my cheek while bouncing non-stop.

"Number one cutest baby Wine."

Anyone can take it away and lock it up, it's troublesome.

After agreeing with each other, he and I quickly went ahead with my code, and the two of us walked together to the car parked a little far from the shop. A little later, when I reach the dormitory room, I will probably be able to rest.

"P'Faifah, I have a question to ask you."

"Just say it."

"Why do you want to take me home?"

"I want to take care of you."

Oh, if you say this to others, thousands of people will fall into the trap. It's good that I'm not the type of person to have such delusions about anyone, no matter who it comes from.

"Thanks."

"It's okay, I volunteer. Let's go. But I'll park a little far away, there's no parking space."

"No problem."

But from the restaurant to his car, only about 100 meters away, something big happened that I had never thought of before, and also did not think it would happen.

"Aw Yi, where are you going?"

"My car is broken Faifah, I'm waiting for you to pick me up."

"Then let's go together, we'll take you home."

"Okay? I'm shy."

"Are you friends? Come here."

"Let me bother you a bit." The story happened in just a moment, but there was a very beautiful companion along the way. But that's not all yet. After walking for a while, we had another travel companion, confused.

"Kim, where are you going?"

"I had an argument with my wife. Damn it, take the car and leave me here. I'm so hot-tempered."

"Hey, let me take you home."

"I've bothered you so many times, Fai. I'll take the grab myself."

"What's the point in wasting time? My car is big, let's go together."

"Do you want that? Ok, ok. Thank you very much."

Still... haven't stopped yet. Gather more troops to meet.

"Miew need help? Where are you going?" Damn brother Faifah, I hate you coming to greet them like that. Let me ask, is it a personal vehicle or a charity vehicle? It accepts both personal and community work.

"I'm transporting the drum to the Student Affairs Office."

"How's the shipping?"

"Motorcycle."

"It's so miserable. I can take my car, my car is empty."

Let me say it again!

Say it again!!!! Is the car still available?

"Thank you very much, Faifah. So can I bring another friend with me? He must bring a standee with him."

"Come now, my car is really empty."

And when all lives pass to reach a black car, do we know the truth...

His car is not as wide as he thought of anything.

Six lifetimes of not knowing each other before, plus the drums and standees brought behind, just looking at my appearance as I crowded into the car, tears almost poured into a river. It's so miserable. Is this your "want to take care of" statement, brother?

At this moment I realized that he didn't just want to take care of me, but he wanted to take care of the whole world. If the universe had another world, it would probably all volunteer to help them.

Ok. I'm starting to distinguish between P'Faifah and P'Yotha. The matter of kindness, generosity, and the spirit of charity may have to be surrendered to him, truly surrendered. Six lives... everyone doesn't know each other, but there is a thread connecting them. Everyone knows a boy, he's smiling in front, behind the steering wheel right here.

Sent to Arunothai...

Do you know? Today I met someone who helped me forget her.

Because from now on, in the feelings of a boy named Weesawa like me, I can probably only remember... his face, his voice, his smile and his kindness. No matter how much time passes, there will never be a day when we will forget. That person's name is

... Faifah.

- End of Chapter 1 -

2.1

Chapter 2: Above Faifah is the Faifah of tomorrow

[3310]

Breathe in, breathe out, ho~

Breathe in... breathe in... but I can't breathe out anymore.

At this moment, no one can help my life, except blaming and cursing someone in my heart. If I had chosen to go home with my same code, I would have received skin care in my room a long time ago by now. But the truth is that I made the wrong choice, so now I'm sitting like a canned fish in this car that Faifah said was so spacious.

My heart, my feelings, is anyone responsible?

That driver, he has no physical feelings, sitting on the cushion, listening to chill music. On the left hand side, the other person is a friend who was forced to squat because his lover abandoned him in front of the restaurant. Perhaps because of his older brother, it was reasonable for him to sit in the back seat.

Scene change to the back, hello...

On the far left side of the bench is a beautiful sister occupying a patched spot. Next are the two ladies in the club with their tools. Luckily, the drum was tucked on the floor, in the back storage area, but the standee didn't fit so it had to be stuffed in the front instead. If you ask Mr. Weesawa what his current condition is, you don't need to guess to know that he's about to die!

I can't even sit up straight anymore. Have to turn around and lean against the glass to leave room enough for 4 lives in the back seat.

"Are you comfortable, Yi?"

"Relax."

"What about you Wine? Ok?"

"O... k..." Have you ever seen a fish stranded? When his eyes popped out of his eyes and his mouth gaped open as he was about to die, that was how I looked before the end of my life.

"Why is his voice lacking and missing?"

Are you looking at the rearview mirror that reflects my body? If he doesn't start the car again, not many seconds from now, I will probably say goodbye to this world for real.

"I... let's go, let's drive the car... sir." In my heart, I just silently prayed that the first person to be brought back would be me, okay? But before I finished thinking, the voice of the car's relative and owner rang out immediately.

"Let's take Kim home first, because his dorm is closest. Then we'll take Miew and his friends to the Student Affairs Office. And what's Miew's name?"

"My name is Som, nice to meet you Faifah." The person who had been sitting silently for a long time opened his greetings with a clear voice.

"Gladly. Speaking of Som, I also know many people with the same name, manager Som, bank Som, plus education Som, there are four or five Som in total. There are also many technical Som."

"That's good. Faifah knows so many people."

"You can ask me, I know the whole school."

"Huh?" At first, I sat quietly and listened. But as soon as he heard that sentence, a scream came out of my mouth automatically. He get to know the whole university!!! Serious question, how many years have you been working at the district's civil registration agency?

"What's wrong, N'Nguong*?" Confused about the loud sound that had just come out, the person I was gossiping about immediately turned around to look for trouble.

*nguong means sleepy

"My name is Wine."

"Ok N'Wine, I'll take you home last, because the dormitory in Dun is farther than anyone else."

Hehe~

I intended to say it was a joke but was afraid of slandering the other person, so I reluctantly bowed my heads and accepted my fate and sat silently watching the other person drive into this street and that alley to take the passengers home. It's a good thing that he didn't open the door to pick anyone up on the side of the road. If he had, I would probably have returned to my room at 2 am.

And as soon as the last sister got out of the car, I was quickly pushed to sit next to the driver. Certainly the atmosphere inside the car is starting to feel comfortable. The body also doesn't need to be forced to sit so tired that the mouth is almost glued to the glass. I truly admire my own ability to endure for so long.

"Aw, why did you park the car?" After driving a little more, the twins found more trouble.

The road from the restaurant to the dormitory is as long as driving from Bangkok to Nakhon Sri Thammarat, you bastard.

* Nakhon Sri Thammarat is a province in southern Thailand, 783 km from Bangkok.

"Buy some things."

"It's OK."

It's not right to ride his car and nag the owner, Wine can probably only do that and accept everything that happens.

P'Faifah went into a large convenience store, before he came out with an entire bag full of groceries. Until the confusion running around in my head was suddenly broken when a thick hand brought a bottle of water.

"This is..."

"For you. It's so hot that you're sweating all over, poor thing."

"Thank you. Actually, you don't have to be tired, I have water in my backpack."

"It's not cold, take this." Then he brought the things over again. "Mineral water, I see girls like to spray their faces, they say it's refreshing."

What, can I take back that curse from earlier? Besides being a generous person, you are also someone who pays attention to details, right?

"How much, P'Faifah?"

"It's okay. Buy it for free without getting my money back. Is the air conditioner cool? Please adjust it yourself."

"It's cool."

"So good." The vehicle is started before moving forward again. With the song's melody being a bit slow and played a bit low, it felt like there was a bit of a dead atmosphere between us. So I tried to find something to talk to him about. But no matter how much I thought about it, in the end, that happy person broke the silence.

"Can I have a phone number so we can keep in touch? I'll call to find out if anything happens."

"If you don't let me?"

"Forged by my brother? So arrogant." Like him, I call it normal, but like you, I call it much friendlier than normal people.

After giving my number, I'm not sure if life will encounter any unforeseen karma? But if I don't give it, it seems like it will hurt each other too much. Fighting with my thoughts for who knows how long until the beautiful new phone of the person next to me was brought in front of me, I had no choice left.

"Save your number for me."

"Yes."

"How was the first week of school?"

"It's nothing special because the lecturer hasn't started teaching yet, just giving out the textbook."

"So what about friends?"

"Friends are good too, everyone is cute to me."

"Is the food ok?"

"I still haven't had enough to eat in the dormitory cafeteria. Some restaurants are good, others have long wait times, but I like eating with friends."

"It's all good, why are you making such a boring face?" Not sure if my face is already like that, or because it was born from a sad mood with a small heart betrayed by a lover like Toey.

Would it be good if I told the person next to me? And here it is... the journey from here to the dormitory will take a while, so talking sadly to break the silence won't cost anything.

"The truth is that I just got dumped by my boyfriend not long ago."

The owner of the handsome face turned around immediately. I don't know what that look meant, but when he was silent, I decided to continue speaking. This situation, my friend, is the best quote about life.

"In this long life, I have never loved and have never been loved."

"So sad." A warm voice rang out gently.

"..."

"I mean you, it's so sad to see that. What's the drama?"

"Aw, I thought you were in the mood."

"Falling in love and breaking up is normal, isn't it?"

"But not everyone thinks it's normal. The more they break up and the sooner she finds someone new, the more it hurts."

"So it's dead." Damn it. It's really wrong to think about it when you tell a crazy person.

Perhaps because he saw my face shrink to only two fingers, he reached out and patted my shoulder and face seriously.

"Wine, look at me. Like I've been through more than you, and hurt more than you."

"Like me, have you also been dumped? I don't want to believe it."

"Ever." Starting to get serious. P'Faifah drove while making a pitiful, depressed face. Our lives are no different from the show Sad People's Zone.

"So how did you get over it?"

"I'm just going to tell you." Huh?...that's it?

"Wait, when is this love?"

"Grade 2."

"I.... ohhhhhhh"

"What happened?"

"Oiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

"What are you angry about?"

"Oiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

"Whoa~ whoa~."

Close the scene of the Sad People's Area, because it's really not sad, it's just miserable...

****

"What's wrong? You have a frown on your face. I thought you would be happy to be in the divine code family."

The greeting from my roommate, Jay, made me sigh heavily. With P'Yotha it's very good. In contrast to my friendly younger brother named Faifah, because I don't know what words to use to describe him.

"That's good, if I don't have the bad luck of meeting his twin with the same code from before."

"Ah, is that P'Faifah?"

"How do you know each other?"

"He knows the whole school, you bastard. Where are you from?"

"Oh?!"

"Last year's school certificate* too." Jay said with an excited expression. Maybe it's just me making a bored face.

*Moon is the title of the male king in Thailand

"Who chose that? It's a sin for our school."

"Whoever that beautiful face is, I'll give up. If you don't believe me, just look."

Roommate picked up the phone and swiped it, then a moment later rushed from the bed and held out the phone showing someone's image on the screen. It's a picture of him wiping his wet hair with a smiling face and comments.

"This picture was on the Cute boy page two days ago. What do you think? The hottest in this area."

"What, you're so handsome, let me ask you this."

"Say."

"Is he normal?"

"I don't know. Every moment there will be this or that personality, somewhere between happy and crazy."

"I think the latter part is sure."

"What did he do to you?" The friend tilted his face. I want to let him meet the real person to get the clearest answer, but it's better not to let anyone meet like me.

"He's just too good." Having finished speaking, I ended the conversation by lying down on the bed and picking up my phone to browse social networks.

Other friends took pictures and posted them all over the place, everyone with the same code number smiled brightly. Transitioning to the divine code family, there is not a single person, only his brother and the dark code come to take care of him. Additionally, P'Yotha is someone who doesn't like taking photos, so we don't have any pictures to post for everyone to see.

It hurts to think. Just scrolling through the timeline for a while, the jackpot came.

Suddenly, friends from all over the department invited each other to post couple photos with someone. Surely I know each other, because we just talked to each other less than 10 minutes ago. No matter how much his body and face resemble his twin brother, the expression and posture seen in the picture show that this is definitely a friendly person, Faifah.

The question is, just after we separated, are you going to clear the land again?

Not enough. I thought there were only 2 people I met, but where does the whole timeline only have his face? In addition to the girls, there are quite a few boy gangs. They write steamier captions than anyone else.

"Jay, you know P'Faifah right?"

"Ah yes." My tall best friend turned his back to me, while his eyes were focused on the computer screen opening the legendary game show.

"What kind of person is he?"

"Am I going to go that far? Try investigating yourself."

"He really helped me a lot."

Thinking for a long time, I finally decided to go to another person's Instagram myself.

Because he is famous in the whole school, his account is public, so it's easy to see. Even though he doesn't post many photos, only 2 to 3 hundred, but when I click to see the tagged photos, I can only say one word - countless!

Solo photos, couple photos, group photos, many shapes and places, I've gone to all the cafes. The pub also has pictures of people clinking glasses with this person and that person, which are not duplicated. I'm starting to feel uncertain, are you coming to focus on studying or going to a parade to meet the masses?

"It's like taking all of P'Yotha's energy." Watch and mumble for the handsome guy opposite to hear.

"Ho, don't say just P'Yotha, I think this guy will suck all the energy from the whole world."

"That's right."

Every now and then Jay has the same view, since we've been arguing for many years.

I sat looking at photos from my phone until I was tired. Until 10 minutes later, the notification from the video call rang out. The call was from a number I didn't have saved, but out of curiosity, I quickly picked up the phone.

"Who is that?" The image on the screen swayed back and forth until it blurred, before the person's phone was switched to the front camera without any preparation.

Damned!!! To the point of being shocked, my face trembled when I saw that the person making the video call at the same time was P'Faifah.

I didn't know how to behave because I wasn't mentally prepared to immediately see his arrogant face. I didn't know where to start, so I just rolled my eyes for a while until I found my tongue.

"Is there anything wrong with calling me?"

[You forgot something in my car.] After saying that, he bent down, searched, and pulled something out. It is a black wallet that is not familiar to the eye.

"This isn't mine. It probably belongs to someone who came home with me or something."

[Really? That's it.]

"Yes."

Coming quickly and disappearing faster than Flash. As soon as I hung up the phone, it was time for me to sit alone and summarize the situation that had just happened. I didn't think that after a while, the owner of the old phone number would video call again.

"What's wrong, P'Faifah?"

[I saw this book in the back seat, is it yours?] First it was the wallet, this time it was the book 'Love Quotes' with a sweet cover that I have never seen in my entire life. But I guess it probably belongs to a friend on the same road that he picks up all year round.

"This isn't mine either. Try calling the person who rode your car before and see what happens."

[Who do I pick up? Last week there were not many people.]

Not many people are your father. Before that, there were hundreds of oppressions.

"Be honest."

[I can't remember.]

"Is that your boyfriend?"

[What kind of injury*, they're all friends.]

*à¸à¸'à¹Šà¸ is bo, also a halberd.

"Friendzone is too large."

[Sure. As handsome as you are, you already have all the zones. Zone is just a lot of brothers.] Ugh... [I've classified yours too, I owe you karma* zone.]

*are people who owe each other a past life, or create karma

"What, I'm sure you don't owe me karma." Listeners chuckled before entering serious mode.

[Okay, okay. Let's try calling and asking someone else. Sorry to bother you.] Then my call was interrupted. Less than 5 minutes notice from the video call came back again. I'm really asking.

I can't even pick up the phone. I'm afraid Faifah's crazy mode will appear, so I'm probably even more unlucky.

"Did anyone else forget anything in your car this time?"

[No one forgets anything, but I forgot to tell you something.] Both eyebrows began to frown, staring at the handsome face through the phone screen.

"Tell me something?"

[Don't forget to save my number.]

"Just that?"

[And I have to save the most special names, like 'I was born to meet someone so handsome'.] Crap. Is this the name of the owner of the phone number or the thesis sent to the lecturer? It's long but I don't feel embarrassed about my phone's memory.

"Can I please cut a few words? Just the sentence 'born to meet' is enough."

[Good teasing, good provocation. Oh, there's one thing I haven't asked yet.]

"Why do you say there's only one thing? My time is money." Talk a little too much, find a story so as not to lose my image. Just keep talking, no doubt hoping I go crazy first.

[So don't ask anymore? Hang up.]

"N... wait, why are you so sulky?" Playing the game and making the wrong move is sad, doubting that talking to unusual people is probably the same. "And what else is going on?"

[Yotha asked me to ask for your number, but I haven't given it to him yet, so I called to ask for permission first.]

"The senior has the same code as me, anyway, I had to give it to him." Matching the brother with the same code number, the owner of the nickname 'darkness', even forgetting the phone number of juniors like me.

[If someone else asks, will it be given?]

"For me."

[Easygoing.]

"Not like you, handing out numbers everywhere."

[How do you know?]

"Guess so. So is that really the case?"

[Yeah, like that. Just ask everyone at school, they all have my number.]

"It's really you."

[How are you?]

"It's as you see."

The definition of him for me is probably only one sentence: 'I was born until now', according to the name that should be saved in my phone.

2.2

Chapter 2: Faifah above is tomorrow's Faifah - 2

[4690]

P'Yotha, representing the whole village, contacted me last night to make an appointment to give me the documents from last year's lecture. Jay, Ben and I took this opportunity to wake up early and go to have breakfast in the cafeteria of the Faculty of Engineering.

In the middle of eating, guessing what the department's activities would be today, the handsome dark gentleman walked in with the most boring expression of his life. I want to know if he ever smiles or changes his mood? Seems very good control.

"Hello P'Yotha." My friends greeted each other and bowed* with bright faces. He also nodded in response before giving me the white bag containing everything.

*This is the Thai greeting

"Materials and books have been prepared."

"Thank you so much. I didn't think I would be this lucky." After a long time I have bad luck to meet someone.

"Nothing. If you need help or have any questions, just say so." He still spoke in a smooth voice, but there was still gentleness in it. Whoever loves him is truly lucky.

"It's OK."

We talked a little more before the tall man separated and went another way. Seeing that his friend was waiting for him, I didn't invite him to eat together. While waiting for class, I took out the old textbook I had just

received to look at it. I don't know how much my senior with the same code loves me and gives me every subject, or maybe he's too lazy to sell used books. But it probably helps a lot.

"You." After being silent for a long time, I finally turned to ask the person next to me before Jay answered quickly.

"What?"

"Does someone like P'Yotha ever have moments of pursuing his lover in a lovely way?"

"When we have love, we can do anything. What are you wondering?"

"No, I just find this message adorable."

Janjob leaned over to read the message from the physics textbook. Even though the paper was full of words written in blue ink, there was still an empty corner with orange ink appearing. Looking at the handwriting, I can tell that the writer is not P'Yotha, but I guess that person is probably quite special.

"If we get an A in this subject, we will be willing to move to a new room together."

Then there was a message from the owner written in green writing next to that sentence.

"Let's pack up and wait for you to move."

Seeing such sweetness and sugar reaching the eyes, the image of Arunothai suddenly appeared in memory. Hoi! My life did not end that pitifully. After comforting myself, I took the book out of my bag and continued reading.

Studying in the industry also passes as quickly as the blink of an eye. In the afternoon, we had to study in the entire Science department building with first-year students from other departments, so we invited each other to move our bodies and stomachs to eat under the Computer department building.

Backpacks were put down to hold the table before friends split up and lined up to buy food of their own liking.

I'm someone who prefers rice to fiber. In addition, the curry rice shop makes extremely fast, so I will choose one among the many shops around here. But I didn't know which store would make it delicious, so I decided to choose the store with the longest line because it was guaranteed to be the best.

Step forward with both feet until stopping and standing behind the senior at the end of the line. One of them was very tall and had a very good figure, so much so that even looking from behind, one could tell he was handsome.

"Aw hee!"

Accidentally shouted right when the owner of the wide, tight back turned around and looked at the right time. Because I see that the person who praised me just now is not a stranger.

It's P'Faifah here. But today there was something strange that made me unable to remember. That's his hair color. Normally used to having jet black hair, no different from his twin brother. Different today when the other person's hair is dyed smoky.

To be frank, I like all versions of him. And I also feel a little jealous as to why I was born so cool!

"Aw hee!" The deadly atmosphere lasted for many seconds. Finally, the neurotic senior spoke again with the same sentence as me.

"Hello. Are you coming to eat?"

"If you stand in line at a restaurant, you have to eat, what else?" Ah ha. Why are you so stupid? Buffalouuuu.

"Are you cursing me in your heart again?"

"It's not like that. I'm praising you in my heart. Plus you look so strange today, I'm not familiar with it." Hearing that, P'Faifah immediately raised

his hand to stroke his hair 2 or 3 times. Oh my god, that's so cool. Whoever passes by must die next to it.

"I was bored when people greeted me wrongly all the time, so I started playing all the time." Seriously, if it wasn't the first time we met, would people still mistake you for Mr. Dark? "But unfortunately this color doesn't last long. Once it fades, it will be dyed black again."

"Bald head."

"Are you worried about the health of my hair?"

"Still haven't said a word."

"So say it, say it now." Messed up to death.

"You keep teasing people, is this your code after all?" Before I could argue, a boy's voice standing in front suddenly interrupted. He is a guy with white skin, a bit taller than me, probably about 180cm. There is also a feeling of familiarity, like being a senior in the department.

"No no." The owner of the deep voice answered him.

"If not, let's introduce ourselves a bit."

"This is N'Nguong*." I'm sleepy at home!

*nguong means sleepy

"Hello, my name is Wine."

"Your face looks drunk all the time." They are very good friends, one person says I'm sleepy, the other says I'm drunk and cranky. "And my name is Phuri."

"Nice to meet you, P'Phuri." He gave a friendly smile before changing his expression and quickly turning away to talk to his best friend.

"Yeah, Kong and Cun texted, he'll come to eat together later."

"Ok ok."

The long line like a snake's tail began to get shorter. Meanwhile, P'Phuri turned away and focused on texting on his phone, leaving me standing there laughing with Faifah and the two of us.

"Isn't there the first day of activities tonight?" I nodded after hearing the question from the taller person.

"Welcome the violent juniors, right?"

"Oh, people gave up on that a long time ago. The only thing left is to do social activities."

"So normally what do they do with that activity mentioned?"

"It's not much, like giving food to someone with a good personality and it must be someone named Faifah."

"Um..." It's better if I don't say it.

"I'm a rare commodity."

"I can bear it, I can bear it all."

If you hadn't met him in person or seen him with your own eyes, you might have thought that he was the hottest guy in this area. Switch the scene to reality again. Just hearing the word 'get in the car', the image that pops into my head is just turning the steering wheel to pick up passengers on the road.

"What should you get?" The curry rice shop owner's voice was like a life-saving bell, not allowing us to waste time talking nonsense for long, instead quickly ordering food. The handsome face turned to look at me while speaking with a soft downy voice.

"What do you want to eat?"

"You?"

"Um."

"I want to eat basil fried rice."

"More fried eggs?"

"Yes."

"We're right again." He mumbled. Then turn around and talk to the shop owner again. "Do you still have enough basil fried rice for 2 plates?"

"There's only 1 plate left."

"Then give me a plate of basil fried rice." The slender index finger pointed towards me standing behind, I was confused.

"What about you?"

"I can eat something else."

Famous good people of the university. Even though I've cursed a lot in my heart for a long time, Faifah is still like that, often turning the situation around so that I can't find anything to curse anymore.

The food I had just ordered was put on a plate next to the food cabinet. I quickly took the money out of my wallet to pay before turning to thank my tall senior with gratitude, almost causing tears to fall.

"Thank you. Why are you so nice to me?"

"I told you, I'm willing to do it."

"I'm excited."

"So what did the handsome guy end up ordering? Now there's only enough left for a plate of phanaeng*." Uncle asked again, but instead of answering immediately, he turned to look for his sister standing behind. Looking at the way you dress properly from head to toe, you can definitely tell that you probably won't be able to get out of the freshman zone for sure.

* red curry rice

"Aw, N'Jaynin."

"P'Faifah."

"Since when have you been standing behind?"

"It's been a while."

"That's great, since we already know each other, I'll let Jaynin order the food first."

"Yes?" The person in question looked confused until she finally understood. "Ah, thank you."

"Do you want to eat anything in particular?"

"I was going to order phanaeng pig."

"Hey, we're on the same page again."

"..."

"So, uncle, it's better to let this girl order first."

"Thank you very much, P'Faifah."

"It's okay, I'm willing."

Oh, sorry for thinking too much. Sorry for thinking I am important. Huh! I ask for a little, from the bottom of my heart.

Older brother!!!!!!!!!!!!! Will you be able to eat in this life? This crazy guy.

My friend returned to sit at the front table. Ben ate chicken curry rice and bought another bowl of noodles and water. As for Jay, he's also pretty much the same guy. He probably has a whole menu of fiber dishes like crispy

fried noodles to sit down to eat. If I had decided to order with them from the beginning, my spirit would not have been so crushed.

Because whenever I look down at the fried egg basil rice, tears almost fall.

"Wine, why are you opening your mouth?"

"I'm emotional."

"Nerve." Really annoying my friend. It's still good that Jay didn't curse back and quickly changed the subject. "Yeah, I saw you standing there talking to P'Faifah just now, he has a new hair color, he's really handsome."

"You need to calm down, sometimes his spirit has nothing to do with his face."

"I say you're jealous that he's handsome."

"I was born to be more jealous of your skin. I'm tired, Jay, who else should I be jealous of?" The two boys heard them giggling and sat down to continue shoveling their lunch. However, all attention flew to two people who came to place a plate of rice and sat at the same table as P'Faifah and the group.

One person is tall, has a beautiful figure, and if he smiles, someone will definitely die. The other person is a bit of a bookworm, wears glasses, has wavy, messy hair, but looks pleasing to the eye and looks a bit strange.

"Who is that? Why have I never met him before?" Ben sat with his back to the target table. Hearing that, he quickly turned around to look. I've been studying for a week now, and I come into the faculty building almost every day, but when I arrive, I've never seen him.

"You don't know them?" Question thrown by my friend.

"What? Do I have to know everyone or something?"

"You don't need to know everyone, but you should also know the person who loves you and your code, right?"

"Huh? Who is the person who loves my brother?" This is bad. I know that Mr. Dark has a lover, and I've seen him show off his sweetness in the textbook, but at first I didn't think it would be a boy.

"Someone as adorable as a beagle puppy."

"I understand." If someone has a face like a puppy, I will immediately know.

"And the other person is the legendary ship with P'Faifah. I saw everyone in the department screaming so much."

"Oh."

This time Jay, who had been silent until now, had the opportunity to scream. They were so excited. While I'm still drowning in the word 'shipped couple'.

"Do you know the word ship?"

"Ship? Bao Thanh Thien*?"

* ship = à¸ˆà¸'à¹‰à¸™ (jin), Pao Bun Jin = Bao Thanh Thien

"Oh you buffalo. How can you survive in this flourishing medical era?" Then Ben sent a meaningful link to the ship from Google with a depressed look on his face. After reading it, I fully understood the meaning.

"In the real world, they can just be friends, but when we ship, they can love each other anyway, right?"

"Something like that. If you also ship with Jay, let's create the hashtag JayWine to fight."

"Hatefully." Like me and Janjob? Do not dream. "But why does it have to be this couple? Faifah knows people all over the world, so why doesn't he ship with someone else?"

"Other people also have ships, but this person is a friend in the same group."

"There are a lot of friends in the same group."

"You're asking too many questions, you bastard. Let's eat."

In the end there was no answer, so he changed the subject. I was the only one still paying attention to the 2nd year senior sitting a few rows away. When you look closely...

P'Faifah and the person shipped with him look compatible.

Image of the Faculty of Engineering in the imagination.

Wearing a workshop shirt, wearing gear, looking like a bad guy, wherever he goes, girls scream, because he's so cool. Switching the scene back to reality completely destroys everything.

I don't have a shirt, and I don't have a gear ring. The only images that can be seen are a few kids yesterday wearing t-shirts, gym pants, and slippers squatting, each holding a brush to scrub the hallway with an extremely bored look on their faces. Even if I think about posting a cool profile picture, I can't do it anymore.

"Guys, try your best." What do you want me to fight* with? With the stains on the department floor?

* à¸ªà¸¹à¹‰à¹† = susu, meaning try your best. à¸ªà¸¹à¹‰ = su, meaning fight

The lives of Mr. Weesawa and his friends still cannot overcome the week when hell broke loose.

Why did they say there wouldn't be a welcoming ceremony for the juniors, it would be light-hearted. What is this? Do everything, except holding a sword on the battlefield. The first few days were a little good for activities in air-conditioned rooms, ice breaking and playing games here and there. Before that, the seniors completely tricked us into trusting them with the buddy pairing. Everyone will have a lot of fun, because they will get to meet new friends.

Buddy I am a boy, studying Mechanical Engineering. Because neither of them were good at communicating, they just gave each other gifts and then separated. The day after that was called a real hell with... doing public service for the department.

Do it all from scrubbing gears, cleaning fish tanks, trimming bushes, repairing damaged equipment. I really doubt if the budget to hire someone to clean will be over, so the first years have to bow their heads and do everything for them.

"Guys, don't be so angry. To finish this place, there will be seniors with the same code waiting to fill the hallway with takeout items, guaranteed to be pleasant."

* take care = take care

"Honey, I don't want to accept takeout."

"So what do you want?"

"Want to go back to sleep."

"Okay. Sleep for a while, don't need to go to the ward until the day you receive your gear."

"Ho, what?"

I... knew that many first years wanted to have gears and use them as necklaces to show off to girls. Plus, this year they don't sell it at the club room anymore, so how can you get it other than participating in activities? Looking at it optimistically, I am doing a public service for the department, but it also has its disadvantages. We call it laziness.

Today, the Computer Department was assigned to clean the small activity area adjacent to the club room, including the rusted fan area that needed to be scrubbed, scraped and painted.

"Where to put this?"

"Let's move to the warehouse above." Truly exploiting Computer people. Because our friend was kind enough to volunteer to help the seniors move a mountain of stuff from the club room to the new room. Instead of resting, the guys who had just finished cleaning the stadium had to split up to do their duty here again.

A bunch of cardboard boxes containing multi-purpose items were carried up, and both feet slowly walked up each step of the stairs. It's not that slow at first, but when energy starts to run out, it's more like a sloth pushing itself to the finish line.

Then the guy in the locker room said that it was on the 4th floor. Why didn't you choose the room on the floor below?

"Poor thing, I'm dying, there's someone dying in front of me."

This kind of voice... should go and clean it up.

After turning back to look at the owner of that teasing comment, I saw the gray-haired senior standing in front of me, smiling brightly, blocking the path up, to the point that the hand holding the box began to shake violently.

"If you don't want me to die, step aside first." People are already tall, but they still have to raise their heads to argue, it's tiring.

"Ok."

Just saying that, the other person immediately moved his foot to the side, out of the way for me to continue. But instead of going our separate ways, he turned around and walked with me. It looked like he was even reaching out to eat French fries, they were so delicious.

Are you intentionally teasing each other? I look like I'm both tired and hungry right now.

During the activities, P'Faifah often appeared to join in. In addition to being a staff member who takes care of clowning, they also wait to cheer for the

first years. So it's not strange that many kids in the department were so excited that they bragged openly.

If you have any problem, I will give my all to help. But he didn't come to meddle in anything with me. And this is probably the first time in many days that we have talked to each other.

"What are you doing following?" Not sure about the final intentions of the person next to me, so I have to ask to reduce suspicion.

"Let's help cheer for you."

"The truth is, shouldn't you help me carry things?"

"Why do I?"

"Aw?! You've always been nice to everyone."

"Whose responsibility is theirs? Do you want to eat potatoes?" Saying that, the thick hand handed him the fries.

"Don't eat."

"Open your mouth quickly."

"No!"

"Haaaa." I said I wouldn't eat but still teased my liver non-stop. When being looked at with hope for a long time, can someone like Wine endure it? Accept eating food from the other person's hand until it's done.

The first bite hadn't been chewed yet. P'Faifah fed me a second and third bite continuously, to the point where I couldn't concentrate anymore on whether to go up the stairs, carry things, or eat potatoes.

"Can you stop feeding me? The potatoes are about to stick to my throat."

"I saw a lot of food, so I thought you liked to eat."

"Hoi~"

"Wine, are there more things to carry down below?" The two of us stopped walking on the stairs between the 3rd and 4th floors, turned to look at Jay leaning over and shouting from the upper floor.

"It's almost over."

"Good, good. After the activity, can we go eat shabu?"

"Okay."

Janjob walked down the stairs with a better look on his face with shabu as a consolation after enduring such heavy work. Before passing, he did not forget to say hello to his twin brother who liked to tease.

"Hello, P'Faifah."

"Hello." After passing Jay, I started walking again. But the person next to me asked the question "Who was that just now?"

"Jay, that's my best friend."

"Are you studying in the same major?"

"I have to say, from high school to college."

"Have you ever been separated from him? Being together makes you tired of his handsomeness, stealing other people's scenes so much." We went to the same school in the province. Even though there were many students, Jay's overwhelming handsomeness made him known to every grade level.

"Then don't follow anymore. Let's separate." Then look at P'Faifah's way of solving the problem, it's so creative.

"Too much."

"Being with someone who's so handsome, he's fighting for you."

"Then you have to stay away from me too."

"I'm okay. I'm crazy, you can stay with me." What did he say?

After hearing this, I could only shake my head and quickly walk away before placing the heavy cardboard box in a corner of the room. This time, I have one more thing to bear. There's only one thing left unresolved, and that's the handsome man standing here munching on cake.

"Being so close to Jay, you didn't think you'd be close to someone else, did you?" Still not stopping yet.

"I'm also close with other people, probably the best relationship with Jay. Plus, these past few days, I don't know what's wrong, but my friends keep ship me with Jay."

"Where does the word ship come from?" He frowned and his face was about to turn into a bow.

"It's from your bag, the legendary FaifahKongkiat."

"Ouch, is it that popular?"

"Wait."

"So shy."

"Is it funny?"

"How do you know about Kong?"

"You tell me."

"So what else can you tell me?"

"It's like you two have really good chemistry. When you're together, girls scream." As we know, P'Faifah still doesn't have a lover, and P'Kong is pursuing a girl in the department. No matter what the truth is, imagination is always more important.

"So you and I don't scream?" He asked again as he left the room.

"No, I'm just screaming because of Jay."

"Here, it's called no reaction."

"..."

"Try shipping with me, it's definitely better."

"With yoy? I won't accept it."

The truth is, it's not just P'Kong who ships with the school, but his chemistry with the whole school as well, to the point where it's not hard to count, just look at his tagged status on Instagram.

I moved away a bit. But while going down the stairs, my wrist was pulled by a tall relative. The owner of the owl used strong force to pull me along according to his will, until the two of us stopped, standing in front of the elevator on the left side of the department.

"Can we use the elevator too?"

"Why can't you use it?"

"So..." I was speechless, looked at the other person who was pressing the button next to me and waited calmly.

"Did the second years say you can't use it? Because you can use it."

Wow!!!!

"Then why didn't you tell me? It took so long to carry things up on foot."

"I..."

"Heartless towards juniors." My knees almost collapsed when I walked up and down, it was a joke. Then it looked like the cruel person was happily giggling while teasing.

"How's it going? Ship couple with me?" Back to the old story again. You're so good at repeating it over and over again.

"No. Couple has so much imagination, if one day I want to have a lover, I'm afraid it will be difficult to solve."

"There's no hope of having a lover."

"Aren't you lonely?"

"Look at my life, why do you get lonely? Just spending time paying attention to the people around you is enough."

"Is it good that you care about everyone equally? If you look at it from a certain angle, it looks like you don't care about anyone at all."

"..."

"This is just your personality, what about your emotions?"

"It doesn't go that deep. There's no reluctance on my part to treat people well."

"It has to be something different from others, something you do for that person alone. But looking at it now, I probably never have."

"Who said it hasn't?"

"What?"

The elevator door opened and the two of us stepped inside. Then the previous conversation is continued again.

"I once bought a teddy bear for a friend." He said with his chest puffed out proudly.

"Buy it for yourself too?"

"That's right. Because I've never bought teddy bears for anyone, I've only bought stuffed rabbits, stuffed pigs, and stuffed unicorns for others." Fuck it... I shouldn't expect too much.

"This is not what people call special. Are you joking?"

"Or is..."

"That's enough!" The elevator was almost to the lower floor so I quickly ended the matter.

"Wine, but I dyed my hair."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"So here it is, I've never cared about myself for a long time..."

"..."

"But I quickly changed my hair color because I were afraid someone would get it wrong. Isn't this special?"

Thing!!

The elevator door opened. I have no answer back. And P'Faifah didn't say anything else other than stepping out to greet his friends outside like the previous conversation...

... never happened.

- End of Chapter 2[4690]

Chapter 2: Faifah above is tomorrow's Faifah - 2

P'Yotha, representing the whole village, contacted me last night to make an appointment to give me the documents from last year's lecture. Jay, Ben and I took this opportunity to wake up early and go to have breakfast in the cafeteria of the Faculty of Engineering.

In the middle of eating, guessing what the department's activities would be today, the handsome dark gentleman walked in with the most boring expression of his life. I want to know if he ever smiles or changes his mood? Seems very good control.

"Hello P'Yotha." My friends greeted each other and bowed* with bright faces. He also nodded in response before giving me the white bag containing everything.

*This is the Thai greeting

"Materials and books have been prepared."

"Thank you so much. I didn't think I would be this lucky." After a long time I have bad luck to meet someone.

"Nothing. If you need help or have any questions, just say so." He still spoke in a smooth voice, but there was still gentleness in it. Whoever loves him is truly lucky.

"It's OK."

We talked a little more before the tall man separated and went another way. Seeing that his friend was waiting for him, I didn't invite him to eat together. While waiting for class, I took out the old textbook I had just received to look at it. I don't know how much my senior with the same code loves me and gives me every subject, or maybe he's too lazy to sell used books. But it probably helps a lot.

"You." After being silent for a long time, I finally turned to ask the person next to me before Jay answered quickly.

"What?"

"Does someone like P'Yotha ever have moments of pursuing his lover in a lovely way?"

"When we have love, we can do anything. What are you wondering?"

"No, I just find this message adorable."

Janjob leaned over to read the message from the physics textbook. Even though the paper was full of words written in blue ink, there was still an empty corner with orange ink appearing. Looking at the handwriting, I can tell that the writer is not P'Yotha, but I guess that person is probably quite special.

"If we get an A in this subject, we will be willing to move to a new room together."

Then there was a message from the owner written in green writing next to that sentence.

"Let's pack up and wait for you to move."

Seeing such sweetness and sugar reaching the eyes, the image of Arunothai suddenly appeared in memory. Hoi! My life did not end that pitifully. After comforting myself, I took the book out of my bag and continued reading.

Studying in the industry also passes as quickly as the blink of an eye. In the afternoon, we had to study in the entire Science department building with first-year students from other departments, so we invited each other to move our bodies and stomachs to eat under the Computer department building.

Backpacks were put down to hold the table before friends split up and lined up to buy food of their own liking.

I'm someone who prefers rice to fiber. In addition, the curry rice shop makes extremely fast, so I will choose one among the many shops around here. But I didn't know which store would make it delicious, so I decided to choose the store with the longest line because it was guaranteed to be the best.

Step forward with both feet until stopping and standing behind the senior at the end of the line. One of them was very tall and had a very good figure, so much so that even looking from behind, one could tell he was handsome.

"Aw hee!"

Accidentally shouted right when the owner of the wide, tight back turned around and looked at the right time. Because I see that the person who praised me just now is not a stranger.

It's P'Faifah here. But today there was something strange that made me unable to remember. That's his hair color. Normally used to having jet black hair, no different from his twin brother. Different today when the other person's hair is dyed smoky.

To be frank, I like all versions of him. And I also feel a little jealous as to why I was born so cool!

"Aw hee!" The deadly atmosphere lasted for many seconds. Finally, the neurotic senior spoke again with the same sentence as me.

"Hello. Are you coming to eat?"

"If you stand in line at a restaurant, you have to eat, what else?" Ah ha. Why are you so stupid? Buffalouuuu.

"Are you cursing me in your heart again?"

"It's not like that. I'm praising you in my heart. Plus you look so strange today, I'm not familiar with it." Hearing that, P'Faifah immediately raised his hand to stroke his hair 2 or 3 times. Oh my god, that's so cool. Whoever passes by must die next to it.

"I was bored when people greeted me wrongly all the time, so I started playing all the time." Seriously, if it wasn't the first time we met, would people still mistake you for Mr. Dark? "But unfortunately this color doesn't last long. Once it fades, it will be dyed black again."

"Bald head."

"Are you worried about the health of my hair?"

"Still haven't said a word."

"So say it, say it now." Messed up to death.

"You keep teasing people, is this your code after all?" Before I could argue, a boy's voice standing in front suddenly interrupted. He is a guy with white skin, a bit taller than me, probably about 180cm. There is also a feeling of familiarity, like being a senior in the department.

"No no." The owner of the deep voice answered him.

"If not, let's introduce ourselves a bit."

"This is N'Nguong*." I'm sleepy at home!

*nguong means sleepy

"Hello, my name is Wine."

"Your face looks drunk all the time." They are very good friends, one person says I'm sleepy, the other says I'm drunk and cranky. "And my name is Phuri."

"Nice to meet you, P'Phuri." He gave a friendly smile before changing his expression and quickly turning away to talk to his best friend.

"Yeah, Kong and Cun texted, he'll come to eat together later."

"Ok ok."

The long line like a snake's tail began to get shorter. Meanwhile, P'Phuri turned away and focused on texting on his phone, leaving me standing there laughing with Faifah and the two of us.

"Isn't there the first day of activities tonight?" I nodded after hearing the question from the taller person.

"Welcome the violent juniors, right?"

"Oh, people gave up on that a long time ago. The only thing left is to do social activities."

"So normally what do they do with that activity mentioned?"

"It's not much, like giving food to someone with a good personality and it must be someone named Faifah."

"Um..." It's better if I don't say it.

"I'm a rare commodity."

"I can bear it, I can bear it all."

If you hadn't met him in person or seen him with your own eyes, you might have thought that he was the hottest guy in this area. Switch the scene to reality again. Just hearing the word 'get in the car', the image that pops into my head is just turning the steering wheel to pick up passengers on the road.

"What should you get?" The curry rice shop owner's voice was like a life-saving bell, not allowing us to waste time talking nonsense for long, instead quickly ordering food. The handsome face turned to look at me while speaking with a soft downy voice.

"What do you want to eat?"

"You?"

"Um."

"I want to eat basil fried rice."

"More fried eggs?"

"Yes."

"We're right again." He mumbled. Then turn around and talk to the shop owner again. "Do you still have enough basil fried rice for 2 plates?"

"There's only 1 plate left."

"Then give me a plate of basil fried rice." The slender index finger pointed towards me standing behind, I was confused.

"What about you?"

"I can eat something else."

Famous good people of the university. Even though I've cursed a lot in my heart for a long time, Faifah is still like that, often turning the situation around so that I can't find anything to curse anymore.

The food I had just ordered was put on a plate next to the food cabinet. I quickly took the money out of my wallet to pay before turning to thank my tall senior with gratitude, almost causing tears to fall.

"Thank you. Why are you so nice to me?"

"I told you, I'm willing to do it."

"I'm excited."

"So what did the handsome guy end up ordering? Now there's only enough left for a plate of phanaeng*." Uncle asked again, but instead of answering immediately, he turned to look for his sister standing behind. Looking at the way you dress properly from head to toe, you can definitely tell that you probably won't be able to get out of the freshman zone for sure.

* red curry rice

"Aw, N'Jaynin."

"P'Faifah."

"Since when have you been standing behind?"

"It's been a while."

"That's great, since we already know each other, I'll let Jaynin order the food first."

"Yes?" The person in question looked confused until she finally understood. "Ah, thank you."

"Do you want to eat anything in particular?"

"I was going to order phanaeng pig."

"Hey, we're on the same page again."

"..."

"So, uncle, it's better to let this girl order first."

"Thank you very much, P'Faifah."

"It's okay, I'm willing."

Oh, sorry for thinking too much. Sorry for thinking I am important. Huh! I ask for a little, from the bottom of my heart.

Older brother!!!!!!!!!!!!! Will you be able to eat in this life? This crazy guy.

My friend returned to sit at the front table. Ben ate chicken curry rice and bought another bowl of noodles and water. As for Jay, he's also pretty much the same guy. He probably has a whole menu of fiber dishes like crispy fried noodles to sit down to eat. If I had decided to order with them from the beginning, my spirit would not have been so crushed.

Because whenever I look down at the fried egg basil rice, tears almost fall.

"Wine, why are you opening your mouth?"

"I'm emotional."

"Nerve." Really annoying my friend. It's still good that Jay didn't curse back and quickly changed the subject. "Yeah, I saw you standing there talking to P'Faifah just now, he has a new hair color, he's really handsome."

"You need to calm down, sometimes his spirit has nothing to do with his face."

"I say you're jealous that he's handsome."

"I was born to be more jealous of your skin. I'm tired, Jay, who else should I be jealous of?" The two boys heard them giggling and sat down to continue shoveling their lunch. However, all attention flew to two people who came to place a plate of rice and sat at the same table as P'Faifah and the group.

One person is tall, has a beautiful figure, and if he smiles, someone will definitely die. The other person is a bit of a bookworm, wears glasses, has wavy, messy hair, but looks pleasing to the eye and looks a bit strange.

"Who is that? Why have I never met him before?" Ben sat with his back to the target table. Hearing that, he quickly turned around to look. I've been studying for a week now, and I come into the faculty building almost every day, but when I arrive, I've never seen him.

"You don't know them?" Question thrown by my friend.

"What? Do I have to know everyone or something?"

"You don't need to know everyone, but you should also know the person who loves you and your code, right?"

"Huh? Who is the person who loves my brother?" This is bad. I know that Mr. Dark has a lover, and I've seen him show off his sweetness in the textbook, but at first I didn't think it would be a boy.

"Someone as adorable as a beagle puppy."

"I understand." If someone has a face like a puppy, I will immediately know.

"And the other person is the legendary ship with P'Faifah. I saw everyone in the department screaming so much."

"Oh."

This time Jay, who had been silent until now, had the opportunity to scream. They were so excited. While I'm still drowning in the word 'shipped couple'.

"Do you know the word ship?"

"Ship? Bao Thanh Thien*?"

* ship = à¸ˆà¸'à¹‰à¸™ (jin), Pao Bun Jin = Bao Thanh Thien

"Oh you buffalo. How can you survive in this flourishing medical era?" Then Ben sent a meaningful link to the ship from Google with a depressed look on his face. After reading it, I fully understood the meaning.

"In the real world, they can just be friends, but when we ship, they can love each other anyway, right?"

"Something like that. If you also ship with Jay, let's create the hashtag JayWine to fight."

"Hatefully." Like me and Janjob? Do not dream. "But why does it have to be this couple? Faifah knows people all over the world, so why doesn't he ship with someone else?"

"Other people also have ships, but this person is a friend in the same group."

"There are a lot of friends in the same group."

"You're asking too many questions, you bastard. Let's eat."

In the end there was no answer, so he changed the subject. I was the only one still paying attention to the 2nd year senior sitting a few rows away. When you look closely...

P'Faifah and the person shipped with him look compatible.

Image of the Faculty of Engineering in the imagination.

Wearing a workshop shirt, wearing gear, looking like a bad guy, wherever he goes, girls scream, because he's so cool. Switching the scene back to reality completely destroys everything.

I don't have a shirt, and I don't have a gear ring. The only images that can be seen are a few kids yesterday wearing t-shirts, gym pants, and slippers squatting, each holding a brush to scrub the hallway with an extremely bored look on their faces. Even if I think about posting a cool profile picture, I can't do it anymore.

"Guys, try your best." What do you want me to fight* with? With the stains on the department floor?

* à¸ªà¸¹à¹‰à¹† = susu, meaning try your best. à¸ªà¸¹à¹‰ = su, meaning fight

The lives of Mr. Weesawa and his friends still cannot overcome the week when hell broke loose.

Why did they say there wouldn't be a welcoming ceremony for the juniors, it would be light-hearted. What is this? Do everything, except holding a sword on the battlefield. The first few days were a little good for activities in air-conditioned rooms, ice breaking and playing games here and there. Before that, the seniors completely tricked us into trusting them with the buddy pairing. Everyone will have a lot of fun, because they will get to meet new friends.

Buddy I am a boy, studying Mechanical Engineering. Because neither of them were good at communicating, they just gave each other gifts and then separated. The day after that was called a real hell with... doing public service for the department.

Do it all from scrubbing gears, cleaning fish tanks, trimming bushes, repairing damaged equipment. I really doubt if the budget to hire someone to clean will be over, so the first years have to bow their heads and do everything for them.

"Guys, don't be so angry. To finish this place, there will be seniors with the same code waiting to fill the hallway with takeout items, guaranteed to be

pleasant."

* take care = take care

"Honey, I don't want to accept takeout."

"So what do you want?"

"Want to go back to sleep."

"Okay. Sleep for a while, don't need to go to the ward until the day you receive your gear."

"Ho, what?"

I... knew that many first years wanted to have gears and use them as necklaces to show off to girls. Plus, this year they don't sell it at the club room anymore, so how can you get it other than participating in activities? Looking at it optimistically, I am doing a public service for the department, but it also has its disadvantages. We call it laziness.

Today, the Computer Department was assigned to clean the small activity area adjacent to the club room, including the rusted fan area that needed to be scrubbed, scraped and painted.

"Where to put this?"

"Let's move to the warehouse above." Truly exploiting Computer people. Because our friend was kind enough to volunteer to help the seniors move a mountain of stuff from the club room to the new room. Instead of resting, the guys who had just finished cleaning the stadium had to split up to do their duty here again.

A bunch of cardboard boxes containing multi-purpose items were carried up, and both feet slowly walked up each step of the stairs. It's not that slow at first, but when energy starts to run out, it's more like a sloth pushing itself to the finish line.

Then the guy in the locker room said that it was on the 4th floor. Why didn't you choose the room on the floor below?

"Poor thing, I'm dying, there's someone dying in front of me."

This kind of voice... should go and clean it up.

After turning back to look at the owner of that teasing comment, I saw the gray-haired senior standing in front of me, smiling brightly, blocking the path up, to the point that the hand holding the box began to shake violently.

"If you don't want me to die, step aside first." People are already tall, but they still have to raise their heads to argue, it's tiring.

"Ok."

Just saying that, the other person immediately moved his foot to the side, out of the way for me to continue. But instead of going our separate ways, he turned around and walked with me. It looked like he was even reaching out to eat French fries, they were so delicious.

Are you intentionally teasing each other? I look like I'm both tired and hungry right now.

During the activities, P'Faifah often appeared to join in. In addition to being a staff member who takes care of clowning, they also wait to cheer for the first years. So it's not strange that many kids in the department were so excited that they bragged openly.

If you have any problem, I will give my all to help. But he didn't come to meddle in anything with me. And this is probably the first time in many days that we have talked to each other.

"What are you doing following?" Not sure about the final intentions of the person next to me, so I have to ask to reduce suspicion.

"Let's help cheer for you."

"The truth is, shouldn't you help me carry things?"

"Why do I?"

"Aw?! You've always been nice to everyone."

"Whose responsibility is theirs? Do you want to eat potatoes?" Saying that, the thick hand handed him the fries.

"Don't eat."

"Open your mouth quickly."

"No!"

"Haaaa." I said I wouldn't eat but still teased my liver non-stop. When being looked at with hope for a long time, can someone like Wine endure it? Accept eating food from the other person's hand until it's done.

The first bite hadn't been chewed yet. P'Faifah fed me a second and third bite continuously, to the point where I couldn't concentrate anymore on whether to go up the stairs, carry things, or eat potatoes.

"Can you stop feeding me? The potatoes are about to stick to my throat."

"I saw a lot of food, so I thought you liked to eat."

"Hoi~"

"Wine, are there more things to carry down below?" The two of us stopped walking on the stairs between the 3rd and 4th floors, turned to look at Jay leaning over and shouting from the upper floor.

"It's almost over."

"Good, good. After the activity, can we go eat shabu?"

"Okay."

Janjob walked down the stairs with a better look on his face with shabu as a consolation after enduring such heavy work. Before passing, he did not

forget to say hello to his twin brother who liked to tease.

"Hello, P'Faifah."

"Hello." After passing Jay, I started walking again. But the person next to me asked the question "Who was that just now?"

"Jay, that's my best friend."

"Are you studying in the same major?"

"I have to say, from high school to college."

"Have you ever been separated from him? Being together makes you tired of his handsomeness, stealing other people's scenes so much." We went to the same school in the province. Even though there were many students, Jay's overwhelming handsomeness made him known to every grade level.

"Then don't follow anymore. Let's separate." Then look at P'Faifah's way of solving the problem, it's so creative.

"Too much."

"Being with someone who's so handsome, he's fighting for you."

"Then you have to stay away from me too."

"I'm okay. I'm crazy, you can stay with me." What did he say?

After hearing this, I could only shake my head and quickly walk away before placing the heavy cardboard box in a corner of the room. This time, I have one more thing to bear. There's only one thing left unresolved, and that's the handsome man standing here munching on cake.

"Being so close to Jay, you didn't think you'd be close to someone else, did you?" Still not stopping yet.

"I'm also close with other people, probably the best relationship with Jay. Plus, these past few days, I don't know what's wrong, but my friends keep

ship me with Jay."

"Where does the word ship come from?" He frowned and his face was about to turn into a bow.

"It's from your bag, the legendary FaifahKongkiat."

"Ouch, is it that popular?"

"Wait."

"So shy."

"Is it funny?"

"How do you know about Kong?"

"You tell me."

"So what else can you tell me?"

"It's like you two have really good chemistry. When you're together, girls scream." As we know, P'Faifah still doesn't have a lover, and P'Kong is pursuing a girl in the department. No matter what the truth is, imagination is always more important.

"So you and I don't scream?" He asked again as he left the room.

"No, I'm just screaming because of Jay."

"Here, it's called no reaction."

"..."

"Try shipping with me, it's definitely better."

"With yoy? I won't accept it."

The truth is, it's not just P'Kong who ships with the school, but his chemistry with the whole school as well, to the point where it's not hard to count, just look at his tagged status on Instagram.

I moved away a bit. But while going down the stairs, my wrist was pulled by a tall relative. The owner of the owl used strong force to pull me along according to his will, until the two of us stopped, standing in front of the elevator on the left side of the department.

"Can we use the elevator too?"

"Why can't you use it?"

"So..." I was speechless, looked at the other person who was pressing the button next to me and waited calmly.

"Did the second years say you can't use it? Because you can use it."

Wow!!!!

"Then why didn't you tell me? It took so long to carry things up on foot."

"I..."

"Heartless towards juniors." My knees almost collapsed when I walked up and down, it was a joke. Then it looked like the cruel person was happily giggling while teasing.

"How's it going? Ship couple with me?" Back to the old story again. You're so good at repeating it over and over again.

"No. Couple has so much imagination, if one day I want to have a lover, I'm afraid it will be difficult to solve."

"There's no hope of having a lover."

"Aren't you lonely?"

"Look at my life, why do you get lonely? Just spending time paying attention to the people around you is enough."

"Is it good that you care about everyone equally? If you look at it from a certain angle, it looks like you don't care about anyone at all."

"..."

"This is just your personality, what about your emotions?"

"It doesn't go that deep. There's no reluctance on my part to treat people well."

"It has to be something different from others, something you do for that person alone. But looking at it now, I probably never have."

"Who said it hasn't?"

"What?"

The elevator door opened and the two of us stepped inside. Then the previous conversation is continued again.

"I once bought a teddy bear for a friend." He said with his chest puffed out proudly.

"Buy it for yourself too?"

"That's right. Because I've never bought teddy bears for anyone, I've only bought stuffed rabbits, stuffed pigs, and stuffed unicorns for others." Fuck it... I shouldn't expect too much.

"This is not what people call special. Are you joking?"

"Or is..."

"That's enough!" The elevator was almost to the lower floor so I quickly ended the matter.

"Wine, but I dyed my hair."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"So here it is, I've never cared about myself for a long time..."

"..."

"But I quickly changed my hair color because I were afraid someone would get it wrong. Isn't this special?"

Thing!!

The elevator door opened. I have no answer back. And P'Faifah didn't say anything else other than stepping out to greet his friends outside like the previous conversation...

... never happened.

- End of Chapter 2 -

3.1

Chapter 3: Isn't that Faifah? Isn't Faifah adorable?

[3655]

Start my day with a fresh morning. Friends' activities on weekends are also very diverse. Some went home, others went shopping. There's someone there! Drive to the beach for his birthday. As for Jay and I, the other boys from other provinces are too lazy to go somewhere far away, so we have something new to learn together. That's what...

Cleaning.

Room 101's housework class has begun! Be more serious about learning things.

Since my parents no longer care for me, my life has become much more difficult. Like washing clothes, you have to do it step by step, but basic things like sorting clothes before washing are also important. Other people may see it as simple, just choosing by color, but for someone who has to learn everything again, it's a sweat.

While choosing clothes, I picked up a shirt with both hands. At that moment, many memories came flooding back. I wonder why I haven't taken it out and worn it once, why is it suddenly in the pile?

"I wonder how Toey is doing now?"

I couldn't help but mutter to my roommate. I used to buy this shirt with Toey. I remember that at that time I wanted another striped style, but Toey whined and said that she liked this stripe better so I decided to buy it.

"Stop it. Take the time to remember Toey and go pick out some clothes." I hate Janjob when he never entered into anything with me. Damn guy.

"I'm choosing. I just happened to remember something old, just a little nostalgic."

"That's crazy, you."

"Give me some time."

"Write all your nonsense every day into a joke, it will probably be a best seller."

"Please, don't challenge me. To write the truth is to catch a cold."

"Whoa!"

"Jay, you haven't deleted Toey's Facebook friend yet, right? Tell me a little, how is she these days?"

The listener's eyes widened. He was silent for a while, then finally complied with the request by turning around, holding the phone on the desk and scowling.

On days off like this, Jay becomes even lazier. Lying curled up in bed no matter how high the sun is, it doesn't matter if you even lie down to play on your phone.

"Toey updates daily life every hour. I wonder if Mr. Weesawa would like to see the pictures?" He sounded challenging and teasing. "But be warned, if your heart is not strong enough, don't watch it."

"Yeah, my heart isn't really strong. Just telling me if she's happy is enough."

"Recovering life."

Jay turned over and lay on his side, his finger hovering over the screen. I focused on choosing things in the basket to kill time while waiting for news updates from my roommate in the opposite bed.

"She also looks happy, uploading couple photos with her lover often. 'As long as I have you, I don't need anything else #saylove' same red heart icon,

one yellow heart icon."

"Just telling is enough, no need to read the status." Even trying to tease each other, this bastard.

"Then it's okay, Toey seems to be very good with new people."

"Did she mention me?"

"Move on, why is she still mentioning you?"

"Sure?" I repeated it again, so I heard the sound of tongue clicking in the throat from the other person. Jay still didn't put the phone down, he was still focusing on something. Until a while later, when he found something to talk about again.

"2 or 3 days ago, Toey posted another polaroid photo. The caption was 'My ex-lover's things. If you want it back, please contact me." Then the tall figure quickly crawled from the bed straight to find me. "Is that yours?"

The screen showed a picture of a real item, and I also remembered buying it for her once. Always thought that Toey was probably thrown away, never thought about it, nor dared to dream that one day it would appear on the timeline again. Plus the price of that Fujifilm Instax* isn't cheap at all, it would be a shame to let him leave.

* polaroid camera

"That's mine." The voice at the end of the sentence almost disappeared in the throat. That bastard Jay raised his hand and gave me a big smack on the forehead.

"Bad drama. Do you need me to text her to take it back?"

"Is it ok?"

"She doesn't need it anymore. At least taking it back and selling it would be better."

"YES."

"Then let me handle it."

"Thank you very much."

"Don't think too much. Do you know what's more stressful than trying to forget someone who doesn't love you?" I shook my head and looked at my tall friend's face in silence. The sad life epic was mentioned to the point where it was almost impossible to catch a breath. "It's that you're not sorting clothes before washing them correctly."

"You son of a bitch Jay!"

Seniors in the Computer industry all say that the time when we speak human language best and is easiest to understand is when we are in our first year. Because after studying in later years, we will slowly absorb more and more of the language of computers. Until the day we become people that talk to people who still don't understand what they are saying. Um...

Perhaps that's true. Because I see many people starting to separate, coming to a new world. Soon we will probably sit and talk to AI more often than our classmates. So before my friends and I started studying so intensely that we were exhausted, first year was the time we used to live and do everything.

"What pair of running shoes do you think I should wear today?" I rolled my eyes and looked up.

Yesterday we cleaned the room, today is more special in that our activity schedule includes jogging to stay healthy. But I think the main purpose is not because he wants his body to be healthy, Jay just wants to go out to show his charisma on the track.

Then how could I, who was not idle, refuse? No matter how attached you are to your room, you need a moment to go out and open your eyes. There's

just one thing, his mom made an appointment to go jogging at 4:30, now it's 5 o'clock and he's still busy choosing outfits in the wardrobe.

"Whichever pair you want to wear, just choose one pair."

"Black or white?" More than his wife is Janjob. When I told to choose, he never chooses, to the point that people like me who can't decide anything have to give in to him.

"Black."

"Nike is there Adidas?"

"Nike."

"Ok... Should I change shirts?" Please take a deep breath.

"This is ok."

"Do I need to bring my jacket? This is going well." The thick hand reached for a jacket from the closet before trying it on and asking for opinions. "Please leave some comments."

"Ugly."

"Don't lie." He turned to face the mirror, smiling flirtatiously at himself. "That's crazy! Like Robert Pattinson in His Highness Nolan's movie."

I'm out of words with it, too lazy to determine what form Pattinson is in.

"Come along when you're done. I'll go down and wait in front of the dormitory." I didn't want to waste time arguing, so I quickly turned the doorknob and walked straight out without hearing the grumbling behind me.

With these things, Ben was satisfied and did not participate in the activity 'jogging for health' Because he was busy with housework, Jay and I just walked in the yard to warm up our bodies. But before I could wait for my

friend to get off, a motorbike drove up and parked right on the path in front of me.

At first I was a little surprised, but when the owner of the car took off his helmet, my heart immediately dropped into a heap right at my ankles. This is clearly a bad fate from a previous life.

"Nonggggggggg*." It's not enough to act like a father, but also force your voice to be low with me. Adorable and not shy with his twin brother.

* nong : is a word to call someone younger

"Hello P'Faifah."

Normally I only see him driving cars, why did he change to motorbike mode today?

"Where are you going, little brother Wine?"

"Jay asked me to go jogging and exercise."

"What a great time, I'm going jogging too. Interested in coming along?" It is known that from the central courtyard to the dormitory, each person is in a different area. Why did you drive to this area? Even though the confusion was still there, I still chose to put it aside and answered yes in return for the kindness.

"Uh... okay."

"And I invited my friend to come with me. Are you ok?"

"I don't have any problem. It's just fun to run in crowds."

"Then come hereeeee." He patted the back seat and chirped as an invitation.

While I began to see that something was about to happen little by little, I silently prayed that the old situation would not repeat, when he drove to pick up each of his friends until he stuffed them like canned fish like last

time. Before is enough. Because if you keep forcing it like that, the next person will probably end up sitting like a devil.

"But I need to wait for my friend first. If there's no more room in the shared car, I'll be miserable."

"Where is the suffering? My motorbike can sit a lot."

The back saddle is only so much, it's a lot from your father's house!

"So are you coming to pick up anyone else?"

"Who else is there to pick up? My friends have arranged to meet us at the yard."

While waiting for the other people to gather, we chatted with each other. I don't know why I suddenly remembered the things that Mr. Faifah's guests left in his car.

"I wanted to ask, have you finally met the owner of the wallet and joke book?"

"Once you see it, bring it back to the place." As if it's messenger*, I doubt there are really people who often forget things. "Here it is, your friend has followed."

* Delivery service in Thailand

The topic of conversation changed suddenly. He focused his eyes on my tall best friend walking down with fully elaborate clothes, hair, and face. Jay frowned in confusion, so P'Faifah was the one who greeted him most indifferently.

"Jay, right?"

"Yes sir. But what are you doing here?"

"I'm going for a drive and jogging, so I wanted to invite you to go together."

"What a coincidence, right at the same time Wine and I went jogging."

"Then get in the car, let me take you there." I hope you don't turn the corner and die in the middle of the road first.

When confidence reaches this level, is there still rejection? Quickly step up and sit on the back seat. Before my tall best friend sat up and followed, squeezing the three of us together like this, there was almost no room left for the soul to fit in, ohhhhhhhhhh.

"Are you comfortable sitting down?"

"Yes."

Absolutely amazing.

In less than a moment, the motorbike glided forward at a speed of 40 km/h. Looks like P'Faifah will be happy with the wind and sightseeing. Sometimes I will greet people on the street and ask about their health. As for me, I almost wanted to kick the bike's kickstand down and chase him away to talk to him to make him approachable and easy to understand.

From intentionally going jogging, now it almost seems like it has changed to a public meeting activity.

"Uncle, is it okay to sell today?" Not long after he had been muttering in his mind, he would occasionally let off the accelerator and slow down the car, before parking the motorbike on the sidewalk to say hello to the owner of a small herbal drink shop not far away.

"Not much."

"That's too bad. So you closed the shop late again today."

"It's okay, I like it."

Letting the two talk to each other for a while, the three of us took the opportunity to continue on our way. But the place we returned to was not

the jogging field as we thought, but just in the middle of the road we had passed.

"You guys should be a little excited."

"What do you want me to get excited about? Why did you ask me to go jogging together?"

Transition to reality.

The person was sitting on a motorbike but was holding a bottle of juice and a bag of home-made cookies in his hand with an extremely bored expression on his face. Don't talk about me, it's like Jay is ready to say goodbye to the world at any moment.

What we need is not here, brother.

Foreshadowing from the beginning that the story would not end with just greeting the shop owner, the owner's kind generosity started working by supporting him immediately. Finally, as seen, the motorcyclist went on patrol and then stopped by the road to distribute cakes and drinks. It's still good that there's not much left over, after going around the university.

But that's not much, damn... it filled the whole basket.

"It's good to stop by and do some work before jogging. Be a hot-tempered young man." Then watch what he says.

"If you're as calm as me, you probably won't be able to handle it."

"Oh. Let's give out all the water and cakes before we leave quickly."

Because I was afraid I wouldn't be able to run and distribute it, I gave each person many bottles of juice. And Jay is no less, using this opportunity to create a trend by posting photos on social networks at once. By the time the job was done, it was almost 6pm.

And we finally dragged ourselves to the running field. Our university has many fields for jogging and exercise and a number of soccer fields

distributed throughout the areas. One place where people like to run the most is the center field. The peak time is 4 to 5 pm, but we just arrived with a guy who likes to chill, so it was almost 6 pm when we arrived.

"Please relax a bit."

Yes, please.

"Where is your friend?" We started with a simple warm-up next to the field. But wonder if his gang isn't here?

"Oh heh. I heard they would follow, where have they gone? Here, I haven't finished my sentence yet, it's hard to see you." The tall relative mumbled, pouting at the person who had just arrived.

I prepared myself, there probably wasn't just one friend of his, no more than 3 at most. And as expected, 2 of his friends followed. The first person is not a stranger but the legendary ship, P'Kongkiat. The other person is the lover with the same code as me.

"Why are you only here now?" P'Faifah questioned.

"Because I know it will take many lifetimes until you're done, so I subtracted the appointment time by 50 minutes." Oh, I really like P'Kong's thoughts. Predicting that it is very suitable to be friends for a long time. "But this is..."

The speaker shifted his gaze to look at me and Jay alternately back and forth. Just as he opened his mouth to introduce himself, the tall person was the one who spoke first.

"He has the same code as Yotha, named Wine. And this is his friend, named Jay."

"Hello sir."

"Hello. My name is Gun, and this damn guy's name is Kong."

"Can you please take the word 'damn' out of my name? Hate."

"So honey, this person is my friend... that bastard Kong."

"I'm sick of this nonsense." The twin made a bored face before interrupting their conversation. "Hey, let's go run first."

Get ready to warm up, your date has arrived, it's time to go on the field.

Jay is hotter than anyone else. From jogging at first, it turned into running like a ghost. He kicked his legs so non-stop that he left a distance from us. I don't have long legs like him, so I let him perform while I blend in with the rest of the crowd.

During this time, the neighboring area has never been silent. Normally when jogging, I always take out my airpod to listen to music. But today I don't have a chance to use it because someone has already created the color for it. Who else but the happiest person in the world?

"Are you coming to jog today too?"

"Um. I didn't think we'd see each other, Fai." On the way we passed a person, our ears quickly heard a greeting from a tall relative.

"The weather is good so I want to run. Do you want to run together?"

"If you want, come."

The first person ran past, the second and third people also followed. Knowing what was going on, in addition to having experienced it myself, I also observed P'Kong and P'Gun's faces and eyes rolling out of habit.

"Bell Savitri, have you been running long?" See, I don't think there's anything wrong with that.

"It's been a while."

"All the best."

"Faifah also do your best." Well, the thing I hate the most is being able to remember both my nickname and my real name. Extremely obnoxious.

"Hello handsome guy."

While running together as a "faculty group", the gentleman of cheerfulness didn't stop at that, he also made statistics to greet everyone he met. This time it's a kid, you crazy guy! From the looks of it, he's no older than 10 years old.

"Hi senior."

The two gave each other a friendly high five. From then on my younger brother also joined the line.

"Who is that?" With doubt filling my chest, I asked.

"The manager's kid in the Humanities Department." Huh? Even if you're a descendant of a school employee, you won't be spared. How can we get to know each other? I'm really asking. "Meet him at the comic book rental store."

Haven't asked yet, it's like he just intuitively told me.

He always surprises me. We started out with only 5 people, but on the road we had to maintain the same spirit as keeping the goods in an online game. I don't know how much time has passed, but the number of people running together has doubled. It's faster than the rotation of the second hand.

Well, in this situation, I'm thinking of the running scene in the movie Forrest Gump.

And I have the same responsibility as the news team when I have to run to cheer for the people next to me. Well done, welcome to many people.

Thinking about it makes me want to cry, I don't know if it's sweat or tears flowing down now. A saying that quickly comes to mind is what I wanted to say to P'Faifah, 'running with many people is fun'.

Because I think it's probably not many friends he invited, it's probably just as he said at the beginning. Scene change to present... there are 10! And perhaps more slowly along the run.

In short, the whole yard is his friend.

No matter how hard I tried to look for my beloved Jay, I couldn't find even a shadow. Only saw a stranger along with another smiling person.

I really shouldn't trust you, I shouldn't.

I believe it, what the teacher said in the interview room that day.

'If you study here, you'll probably encounter something new that you never had much hope for.'

I met him today. But if I were to choose, honestly, I probably wouldn't want to meet someone like that. Huuuuuuuuuu.

3.2

Chapter 3: Isn't that Faifah? Isn't Faifah adorable? - 2

[5120]

Not knowing what condition I was in when I got back to the room or what my spirit was like, everything was vague. It's like going jogging and then throwing your brains out at the track. As for the body, someone brings it back as a responsibility.

At this time, the clock on the phone had run to 8 pm. Before that, Jay stopped by to buy a boxed lunch to eat in his room. After that, he jumped in to play a game next to me, leaving me to sit and reminisce about the memories of that night alone.

(Rrrr â€" Rrrr â€")

Before I could think much, the sound of a video call from the phone brought back the soul that was wandering in the distance.

"Damned..."

When I saw the name 'I've only just met since birth' jumped in front of me, I quickly took a breath into my lungs, gathering my bloated energy because I was sure that I had to use a lot of energy to talk.

"What's wrong?"

[N'Wine, you forgot something in front of my car.] In addition to the cute face that makes me hate teasing people, there was also a black wallet shown on the screen. The problem is that it's not mine again. Next time someone goes with him, please put your name on the item, so it can be returned to the right person.

"This is not mine."

[Aw?! Or Jay's?]

"I remember Jay's stuff. This isn't his. I think it must be P'Kong's, otherwise it's P'Gun."

[Not theirs.] The speaker made a bored face. [N'Nguong, are you free tomorrow night? I plan to invite you out to eat at a delicious restaurant.]

What's wrong with him? While we're talking about wallet, how can we talk about whether we're free or not free? I can't keep up.

"I'm not free tomorrow, I have an appointment with P'Yotha."

[That's okay, let's do it again later.] The voice at the end of the sentence began to fade, and his face also looked visibly sad. Dude, there's no need to study engineering anymore, it seems better to become an actor in a drama.

"Sorry."

[Why does it have to be Yotha? Then I'm not important?] Why do you say it's okay?

"You're important too, but he has the same appointment code."

[I have pain in my heart.]

"Sham." You have to sulk with me a lot and then you get kicked. I don't know who is you now?

[I asked how many hours later?]

"Two days."

[Ho ho, I'm two days late. So next time, I'll make an appointment with you first, so I'll block my schedule.]

"What day?"

[From the day after tomorrow until the next life.] Woe. Do you never meet anyone in this life? [Have you eaten yet?]

"I've eaten. What about you?"

[Not yet, can't eat it. I'm worried about you.]

"What about you?"

[Sorry, I invited too many friends when I ran.] Ha ha. It's not much, probably about the size of a mini marathon.

"I'm chill, today is fun."

[Really? So will you come again next time?]

Why does your face look so eager?

"Er... please think about it first." If you have excess energy today, answer yes, but if you're more tired, you probably won't be able to drag your body anywhere. The feeling is that it's not the running that consumes energy, but getting used to the endless rush of people.

[You don't want to come with me?] Using drama again!! How should I answer?!

"Who said I don't want to go? If I am free, I'll definitely go."

[The coolest thing ever. This part is confirmed.]

"Confirm what?"

[Confirming everything, I'm always free aaaaaaa.]

Running out of words. I really want to ask if he doesn't go to school every day, doesn't meet the lecturer, doesn't do reports and homework? But I was afraid that the question would be too long, so I could only smile bitterly while still wondering in my heart.

Why does one's college life look so sad!!!!!!!

I checked my neatness in front of the mirror after taking out many shirts from the closet to try on, and finally ended up wearing my favorite band T-shirt that I had worn to the point of almost falling apart. When I saw that there were no more mistakes, I grabbed a bag with the same pattern to prepare to face the big world. The goal was not far away, it was the restaurant I had arranged to meet with the same code.

As soon as I arrived, I saw him waiting inside the restaurant first. It's embarrassing because in addition to making him pay for the food, I also makes him wait first. So I hurry up to find my tall relatives and greet them with a bright smile.

"Hello, P'Yotha."

"Greet."

"Wait long?"

"Just arrived. Order food first." He brought the food menu. To avoid wasting more time, my stomach begins to send signals that I am hungry, so I should quickly sit down on the chair. I open the menu with the thought of choosing the cheapest dish first, because I don't want to bother the other person too much.

"Don't be shy, just order whatever you want to eat." It was like he knew what I was thinking, so he said it ahead of time to block the way.

"I ordered... fried egg rice."

"There's no fried egg rice in the dorm?" See, he's teasing me.

"Yes in the dorm, but I want to try eating here and see."

"Okay." The other person doesn't force any more questions and complies with everything. We ordered more drinks before closing the menu. While

waiting for the food to be served, P'Yotha made a big surprise again by bringing out a simple paper bag.

"For me?"

"Yes, it's a gift for Wine."

"I'm shy, but in order not to disappoint your kindness, thank you very much." I received it and tried to open it. Damnttttttttttttt!!!! What is that!!!

It's like colorful pajamas. But the thing that makes me cry the most when I see it is the pattern on the clothes. I play with them all, including ducks, dolphins, rabbits, many animals to choose from.

"Let's wear it."

"I promise to sleep in it every night." I'm sure Jay will tease me for a long time after wearing it.

"Oops, what a coincidence."

While praising him for his cute pajamas with the same code number, his impatient ears heard someone's familiar sound. And when I turned to look at the source of the sound, my heart suddenly skipped a beat. Not because it feels good, but because of the fear in the bottom of my heart that disaster is slowly coming, not long from now.

"Fai." P'Yotha sighed before calling his younger brother's name with a depressed look on his face, facing the newcomer who happily looked like he wanted to kick him.

"I didn't think we'd meet here."

"Actually, it's okay to act like you don't see it."

"People have seen it, but they can't do it." The two brothers talked to each other naturally, before the younger twin sat down on the chair next to me without waiting to be invited.

"Move your feet away."

"Hungry. Have you finished ordering?"

"If you come later, sit at your own table. Today I'll bring you and my code to treat you."

"Called what?" I'm so jealous I could die. Whatever P'Yotha said, P'Faifah pretended not to hear everything. Quickly changed the target to smile at me, asking with an incomparably cunning voice.

"N'Wine, what do you call it?"

"I ordered fried egg rice."

"Open your mouth and scream, the menu is really creative. So I'll order the same." Are you mocking? It was so loud that I didn't know the right reaction except to smile back.

I don't know how he ended up here, or whether it was coincidence that led us to meet each other. But whatever the reason, now P'Yotha and I have to muster the energy to talk to him for a long time. Wine's life is like karma. No matter how much we want to hide from each other, the more times fate brings us together.

I just prayed in my heart that P'Fai wouldn't think of something weird, or find a painful story to tell the whole table. It seemed like he was really effective, everyone kept their heads down and silently handled the food on their plates until their stomachs were full. But the trick is not expected to last long. This time P'Yotha was the one to break the silence.

"Fai, take a picture for me and him." The thick hand took the communication object out of his pants pocket and prepared to give it to the other person. But the other person was quicker to refuse with a loud voice.

"I can use my phone camera, I just bought it. Yours looks right, I can change it."

"Someone like you, always updating every new model."

"Aw, it's technology." P'Faifah raised his eyebrows upward, before he took out the important tool from the adorable mangosteen-shaped bag. Oh my god... is this a phone or an iPad screen? Damn big. "Choose beauty mode?"

"Be nice to me! A normal camera is fine."

"Portrait?"

"Do you understand the word normal?"

Listening to brothers â€‹â€‹quarrel was fun for a while. I'm in the middle so I have no words to say except rolling my eyes and smiling. In my heart, I pray that they will fight at the restaurant, so that they can have a happy story to tell their friends.

P'Faifah moved to stand at the head of the table, spreading his legs a small distance apart and holding up his phone with a large screen.

"Smile."

I followed that statement with a small smile. The scene changes to him and the code making his face tense to the point that the blood vessels in his neck are bulging. Is he really smiling or is he preparing to duel with someone?

"Cup!"

"Fai, you don't need to do sound effects."

"I like it. Cup, cup, cup." Extremely hellish situation. Just taking pictures gives me something to hold my head over. It feels like I'm going to press the button to take a bunch of photos until the teasing sound stops.

The tall owner still refused to return to his seat. He stood tapping on his phone screen for a while, looking like he was focusing on something that gave him a different feeling each time.

"So cute." He mumbled to himself. But his twin brother asked back immediately.

"What's cute?"

"You and your brother."

"Send me pictures too."

"Let me tag you too."

I wait in hope. Five minutes before the photo of the sacred code family became prominent on social networks, because a permanent cameraman was the one who posted the photo.

P'Faifah's camera is as good as expected. To the point where the photo of the tree behind me was still clearer than my and P'Yotha's faces. As a thank you, I quickly sent a multi-heart emoticon below the comment. Frankly speaking, all actions are just a disguise, because what I really want to say from my heart is...

You're focusing in the wrong place!! Evil brother!!!

Choosing whether a human face or a tree looks better is also not right.

Do you know what's sadder than being dumped by your boyfriend? Take a photo that's blurrier than a tree? Or is it getting to know the happiest person in world history like P'Faifah? The answer is... that I have to sit and sip coffee with him even when I don't want to.

Ho ho, what happened after we were about to split up and go our separate ways. The cheerful gentleman of the department opened his mouth and invited me to sit and sip together again. It should be said that P'Yotha didn't really want me to be with his younger brother, but I really wanted to know where his twin would be the craziest, so in the end I accepted the invitation to follow.

And Sweet Song CafÃ© is an extremely bad place to choose.

"Cold mocha with iced cocoa has arrived."

Order a new drink and the staff has already arrived to serve it. Looking around inside also gives a warm feeling. Small cafe, decorated in modern Japanese style, but many decorations do not match each other. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why customers are sparse compared to other nearby shops.

As for the music, I'll say it right here, there's no connection between the melody and feeling with the restaurant's name. The shop's name is "Sweet song - Sweet song", but as soon as I heard it, I just wanted to hide in the toilet so I wouldn't have to listen to it anymore.

"I just knew there was a shop like this."

"My friend, that guy Phuri, got a job as a waiter here. So sometimes I stop by to help him."

"Aide or a harasser?"

"Huh!" The tall relative raised his fist. Wow... that's all it takes to scare you.

"So P'Phuri didn't come to work today?"

"No. He works on weekdays in the evening." Hearing that, I nodded in understanding and raised my cup of cocoa to drink. "The truth is, a lot of my friends work part-time jobs. Gun's lover, Yotha, also works the evening shift at the cafe. But I want to take you to this cafe because it feels like family."

"What a real family." Getting to the sofa is like carrying it from home. Then where did I find a stinky tomato-shaped pillow decorated on it?

Oh! It seems like Sweet Song said that it is a cat cafe.

"Dude, where are the kittens?"

"Ah, it's lying there naked over there."

Hiiiiiiiiii, are you three or four looking for a sleeping corner for himself over there? People don't call this type of cat cafe, they just call it normal cat

raising. They just stayed still, and looked like they didn't want to interact with anyone except to sleep.

"So, P'Mihun's family is mostly in the termite extermination business. The remaining money is used to open a cafe for the children to sit and play in, selling it for no profit." P'Faifah continued explaining to me with an extremely proud expression even though it was extremely contrary to reality.

"But a cup of coffee costs 170 baht." I didn't mean to say it, but it was really confusing.

"This is a high-class coffee."

"Cocoa 120 baht."

"Cacao is grown on Mars, so shipping it is expensive."

"This is not fun." I put on a serious face, but the person across from me, that ultimate cunning person, was able to hide the situation in front of him so well.

"Do you hear people crying?" This is my voice, crying because of your impenetrable humor.

"Aw, Fai."

"Peek pee, surprised~" I and the owner of the name turned back to the source of the sound. Saw an unfamiliar boy standing right at the door next to another girl. Immediately the reaction of friendly people to the whole world changed.

From already being happy, now it's multiplied tenfold. I know... without asking, I already know that this is probably a friend of his who often appears with the gang. I don't know where I'm going to present myself, but I should prepare myself first, right?

"Bringing her to eat?" The person who had just arrived strode closer with the question in a friendly manner.

"Yes, and you came with your lover?"

"Oh sure. Love drunk, understand?"

"So what about me, Nong? What am I? Can't I be more than a friendzone?"

"Is that my dad, you bastard?"

One thing that is considered an advantage of knowing P'Faifah is that I can expand the world and meet many people with different personalities, each with their own personality. If I were still the same person in the room as before, I probably wouldn't have seen anything like this, even if I had to use my brain to remember the names and faces of countless people.

"N'Fai, come to the shop today."

The cycle repeats as before, guys. The greetings and sayings were repeated over and over as if they were programmed into a program. From the first moment he sat at his table, after a while he started to stand up and go to that table, this table, plus sometimes he even picked up his phone to take pictures as souvenirs. Pit! So I just sat and smoked cocoa and watched the entertainment in front of me to relieve boredom.

It's true that the restaurant has few people, but the highlight is that customers are always coming in and out. Since the main customers are usually college kids, the stereotype just follows that.

Open the door and enter. Startle. Hello P'Faifah. Order a drink. Talk to each other happily. Take a photo. And left the shop.

There's nothing wrong with anything like that!

But what's not the same is probably the mocha you ordered. The ice has started to melt. I was about to call its owner home for a drink, but I was afraid it would become ill-behaved, so all I could do was observe the situation.

By the time he finished greeting this person and asking that person, I almost put myself down to sleep on the sofa to wait until it was late. Unexpectedly,

when the troubled man returned to the table, his ears would hear an extremely sympathetic sentence.

"Wow~, the ice is all melted."

"What now?"

"N'Wine, you don't have to worry." He said in a very good mood before turning to talk to the person at the bar.

"..."

"Honey, give me another mocha first!"

Um...

Hey man, he haven't had time to drink the old glass yet so he ordered a new one. Then if someone accidentally walks into the shop again, there's hope that the second mocha guy will disappear just like before. What should I do with hin?

"When you go talk to your friends, bring coffee with you. I'm sorry."

"Don't go anymore, I'll stay with you." Should I be emotional? Left me alone for so long, I couldn't even see my head. "Is cocoa good?"

"Tasty."

"What else do you want to eat?" Ask as if wanting to please.

"I don't want to, I'm full."

"Don't you even eat cake?"

"No."

"Where do you want to go next?"

"Go back to my room. And where are you going?"

"A while ago, my friend invited me to go to the pub late, but I refused." I couldn't believe I would hear something like that from his mouth. Normally P'Faifah knows who else to refuse? I've been wanting to go out for a long time now.

"Why don't you go? Do you want to act like an example for me?"

"It's not true. If you drink too much alcohol, you'll urinate often. I'm too lazy to go to the bathroom."

Life...

How many times have I done it, every time I accidentally complimented him, I had to throw it away like always. Devilish guy.

"Hey, are you playing any games?" I asked for certainty, but when I saw the serious expression on his face while answering, I knew...

"Seriously."

"Heh heh."

"N'Wine, let's just say we don't know each other very well, do we?"

"Knowing each other like this is probably enough, we don't need more than that, it's embarrassing." Thinking about it, my eyes immediately filled with tears. Just like that, life is almost over, what else do you want to show me inside of you? Do not...

"Why bother?" Still not, don't you know yourself yet? "When Yotha wants to get to know someone, he makes a questionnaire for people to fill out. But I'm not like that. If I want to get to know someone, I just ask."

"But I don't have anything worth getting to know."

"Yes." Not feeling good at all, more scared. "Let's get to know each other better."

"I can't think of how to talk about myself. Can I just hear your story?"

The listener shook his head before turning his eyes around to think. A moment later, he turned his eyes towards me with a more serious expression than usual.

"There you go. Define yourself in 5 things."

"5 things?"

"Yes. Let's start with me first. First of all, they like to call me 'the fun of the department'." Uh. But it seems like he said something wrong. The truth should more accurately be called 'the joy of people around the world'. "Here you go N'Wine."

His demeanor was strangely cheerful. Do you want to know what's going on with the people?

"Can I define... sleepy? My face looks a bit sleepy."

"Ok. Next point 2. My friends are as many as dogs."

"That's right." Extremely on the same page with this.

"Hey, you don't argue back at all, do you?"

"Why do we argue with something that is already true? As for the second thing, I'm the type of person who stays in the room."

"From now on, it won't be like that anymore. Let me take you everywhere."

"I don't want to go to hell with you."

"The kid argued every word." He blinked again. I smirked to escape while dragging the conversation back to the old problem.

"Not at all. Where is your third definition?"

"My cheeks are so soft."

"Deduce for yourself." Not even a few seconds after saying that sentence, the person opposite did something strange and brought his face closer, to the point that I didn't have time to prepare. So all I can do is hold my breath for a long time and look at that image.

Brother, I don't know what you are doing?

"Try pinching my cheek to see if it's soft?"

"N... No."

"Let's try."

"What's wrong with you?"

He laughed loudly and happily before pulling away, so I had time to pull the scattered soul back again. What a crazy person, always likes to do unexpected things.

"So what about your third thing, N'Wine."

"I am so bad at English."

"To teach." The low voice replied back with kindness, it was enough to erase the disturbance in front of them. "Let's do the fourth thing."

"You answer first."

"I wanted to hear yours first."

"I like to keep things as memories. It feels like... If I care for someone a lot, and then that person gives me something, I'll keep it all."

"N'Wine is a romantic."

Don't call it romance, call it passion. Then I couldn't stop myself. One fine day, when I realized and saw the box containing those things again, I started to not be able to close it because it was all crammed with something and kept something.

But I didn't want to be questioned too much, so I quickly redirected the matter to my senior relatives again.

"It's your turn."

"About my 4th thing... Actually, I'm a pretty clear person. If you think that whoever is a friend will only be a friend, whoever is a brother will just be a brother. So there is no such thing as Suitable for friends or brothers who develop a relationship into lovers."

"So how do you know who should be friends or lovers?"

"That first feeling." As if I would understand, my eyebrows were furrowed. "It will probably be difficult to explain. But it can be answered as to which person is right, which person is not. Like Savitri jogging with, that person thinks is a friend."

"What about P'Kong?"

"Oh, that's also a friend. He's been flirting with girls all year, how could I like him? He has to be like you."

"You're my brother."

"I used to put you in the debt karma* zone."

*are people who owe each other a past life, or create karma

"Oh hey, I almost forgot."

But it is many times more miserable than being in a brotherly state. I wanted to cry, but P'Faifah acted like he didn't let me have that time because he still opened his mouth to continue talking.

"For me, if you can't be considered a friend, then you can't be considered a brother."

"..."

"It will grow into a lover who can love everything."

Everyone was silent as if time in this world was temporarily stopping. His words, his voice, along with his expression and eyes didn't look as joking as usual.

And because of that statement, it indirectly led us to forget to talk about our definition of the fifth thing to each other.

What happened today is no different from letting yourself sit on a roller coaster on winding tracks. Even to the point of opening the door to the room, I understood more and more the gloomy atmosphere that was ready to take people from the train to the abyss at any time.

"Why did you say you were going out to play with Ben? Come back so quickly?" I put the cloth bag on the bed, not forgetting to say hello to my roommate, Jay, who was sitting facing the laptop at the desk.

Normally, whenever I open the door, I hear his teasing voice greeting me first. Contrary to today, I don't know what happened, I don't know what I dreamed about, but his reaction seems strange.

"Wine, yesterday I texted her to get the box back at Toey's place. Toey replied back today."

"Is that so? What did Toey say?"

My heart pounded uncontrollably, my arms and legs began to tremble, even to the point of trying to control it so it wouldn't show too much.

"She'll send it back, so I gave her the address to our room."

"Did Toey say anything else?" I swallowed the saliva down my throat, afraid of what I was about to hear.

"You always wondered why Toey broke up with you, right?"

"Ph... yes."

"Toey told me that she happened to know something about you, something you didn't dare tell her." Jay was still talking without even half turning to look at me, but just focusing on the laptop screen as before.

The silence makes the surrounding atmosphere quite oppressive. To the point that it forced me to have the courage to ask the other person again.

"Jay, what do you know? What did Toey tell you?"

I'm always afraid, afraid that the reason for being dumped that I once guessed is the truth.

"She didn't say anything, I just wondered the truth... I always wondered but didn't dare to ask directly."

"..."

"Do you remember Toey's stuff that I told you to put away?"

"I gave it all up." I quickly replied in confusion.

"Yeah, you quit. Because it doesn't matter to you at all. So what's that trunk of pants under your bed?" It felt like my heart dropped straight to my ankles. The body is stiff from head to toenails, not even daring to move.

In that situation, even the hairs stood up when I saw my best friend turn around and look at me with unreadable eyes.

"I've never opened it, never meddled in your personal affairs, but I can guess enough after talking to Toey today. Wine..."

"..."

"You secretly like Toey's P'*, right?"

* P' can be brother or sister

Toey is the third child, has an eldest brother and a sister in the middle. But Jay didn't let me reminisce as he opened his mouth to continue speaking with a firm voice that made a shivering feeling surround my body.

"Toey's brother, you like him, right?"

I knew at that moment.

The shocking secret that I tried to hide for so long has completely collapsed. And this is also a reason why I didn't tell the truth about the 5th point directly to P'Faifah, which is that I... likes boys.

- End of Chapter 3 -

4.1

Chapter 4: Little Wine!

[5132]

*Faifah's wine list: Wine Brothers - thá°±ng /eat/ Older brother /phi/ in /nong/ Wine

If I were to mention the beginning of my long-term friendship with Janjob, it would probably have to go back to high school. We knew each other from being roommates among people with the same daring ideal, which was to skip the horticulture class that we absolutely hated.

Me and Jay, we've been through a lot together, both good and bad. Then that courage made our relationship even stronger than before. For a long time, each person has their own life. From flirting with girls, having a first lover, falling in love, even when his mother kicked him out of the house for playing too much video games, my family let him stay and sleep over.

We never had any secrets from each other, even if it was so embarrassing that we wanted to bury it deep in our memories, we didn't care. But there is one thing that I have never dared to tell him directly, even when we have been friends for a long time. That's my sexual orientation. Many times I have gathered all my courage to tell the truth, but then it always fails due to being too scared to say it.

Afraid of being disappointed, afraid of not receiving acceptance, afraid that we will no longer be friends, afraid of many other things because I know for sure that I cannot change my preferences.

Step forward with my legs, moving my body to sit at the end of the bed. My eyes still looked down at the floor because I didn't want to see his disappointed eyes.

"I..." My throat was so dry that I felt as uncomfortable as swallowing a handful of sand, and even making a sound was extremely difficult.

"It's okay, there's no need to tell me. Come on, you can talk when you're ready." As soon as I heard those words, I quickly raised my face and looked at my tall best friend without blinking.

"Jay, I'm sorry."

"What the hell?"

"Because I always hide it from you." The listener remained silent, showing such a calm expression that it was impossible to guess what mood he was in. "The truth is that I stopped loving Toey a long time ago. Damn, I was selfish for dragging Toey in."

"Why do you have to go to such an extent?"

"Because I'm afraid everyone will know I don't like girls."

"If you don't like girls, what's wrong?" The voice that answered was a bit annoyed. I can see that Jay is really angry. "Your mistake is that you lied about getting to know Toey while you yourself liked her brother."

"I didn't lie. At first I really liked her. But I didn't think one day it would change." At this point, it should be like that. "And you know what, there are so many ways I try to forget Toey. It's not because I want to forget she abandoned me, but just because I want to forget the sins I did to her. "

Even if I guessed the reason why I was dumped, I just didn't dare say it. I don't dare to show my face and say sorry to the other person directly, because I'm too cowardly to accept myself.

"At that time, I was confused when I saw her brother. Why did I have such feelings for her brother? I didn't know what to do so I just kept my mouth shut."

Deceive yourself, deceive everyone. But just like, there will be no secrets in the world, one day someone will know. It's just a matter of whether people

say it or not.

"It's not just about Toey." The friend spoke in a tired tone. "Do you know what else I'm angry about?"

I shook my head, pouted, and was ready to cry. Goodbye to many years of friendship, it ends this time.

"Waraat."

"Weesawa go."

"You son of a bitch Wine. I'm angry that you never opened up and told me directly."

"Can you accept it?" I opened my mouth to ask, half daring, half afraid.

"Then why not, I fucking love you."

"Jay! Do you... love me like that?"

"Somewhat of a jerk." Expressing intense emotions as if if he could throw the laptop on the floor, he would probably do it.

I don't know why, as soon as I saw my friend's actions, I felt like I was able to let the mountain off my chest, even though his face was now filled with anger.

I've lived with the fear of not being willing to open up and tell the truth to anyone for many years, whether it's friends or family, which means I still can't accept myself as I am.

"From today onwards, are we still the same? Do you dare to be my roommate? Do you still want to go somewhere with me?"

"It's great at playing the tragic role. It's like from now on you've changed into a special person. In the end, you're still the same Wine, the one who dreams of living off his mother's back day by day." It's almost good, if you don't say the last sentence. "Where, is there anything you want to tell me?"

"So..." Jay moved his butt to the bed, leaned his back against the wall and grabbed a pillow to hug, looking extremely ready to talk.

Then the epic of bending is told in complete detail. Starting from the first time I met Toey, at that time I really liked her. But I don't know why, the more we got to know each other, my attention began to change more to someone else, the person who played a terrible role in my life, because that person was Toey's older brother.

P'Tor is a senior at the same school. I've been watching him since I was in 7th grade. With his cool, kind personality, and being the school's basketball player, everyone knows him. Even though his face wasn't considered as beautiful as a reincarnated god, every time he spoke, hundreds of people were immersed in his words, to the point that they couldn't even raise their heads.

The one year period of getting to know Toey, in addition to me getting to know her, was also the time when I learned more about P'Tor. I'm not sure when I accidentally liked someone I shouldn't like, I just know I have to keep it a secret, no matter who it is with.

Furthermore, he's not gay and has a lover, so there's no reason to say anything.

But one thing is very clear in my heart, which is the reason I broke up with Toey. She knows I'm actually gay. At first, looking from one side, I thought she probably couldn't stand my carelessness and not daring to make decisions. By today there is probably no need to wonder anymore, and I feel extremely guilty inside.

Even though the starting point was not lying about love, from then on, everything that happened was just an attempt to maintain the relationship, hoping to get other benefits rather than it.

I don't like Toey anymore. Oh no, I don't have any love for any girl anymore. But my heart only beats strongly for boys, not only for Tor, but also for many others...

"All boys too?" My best friend frowned and opened his mouth to ask directly.

"No, just with the right person. But I like P'Tor the most."

"What is good taste? Is he handsome like me?" Jay said and smiled brightly with great pride. Well... if he's handsome, I'll like him. Being beautiful enough to be friends is the best thing, that's just his face, as for everything else, let's put it aside and rest first.

"Sometimes I also think, your theory is fucking retarded."

"Aw, so what kind?" I rolled my eyes and thought, but I couldn't explain it with words. Being talkative like Janjob helps limit small interests. "Cute like Tom Holland? Spider Man shoots web pip pip."

"Not."

"Kind of a jerk, daddy, Chris Hemsworth?" I like the movies he stars in, he looks like an idol, but he's not like that.

When he saw the shake of the head instead of an answer, the good guy still did not stop trying and persistently continued to guess.

"Or do you like Korean styles?"

"I prefer to look beautiful like a Korean idol."

"But in reality, it's not possible."

"Damn it."

"The example I gave may be too far away. Let's try to guess the person near us."

"I don't like people near me, especially you."

"It doesn't mean me, what about P'Yotha, can you get through?"

"In terms of appearance, most people already like him, but he's so quiet that I'm scared." I don't know how they can catch fire with P'Gun, their personalities are completely different.

*means how to flirt

"If P'Yotha isn't your type, what about P'Faifah?"

I don't know what face I was making, but the moment I heard someone's name, I couldn't say anything. The body feels the intense heat gradually rising, the heart beats strongly, the limbs no longer have strength.

The reason is not because he's the type that I like, but because he's scared... more scared than P'Yotha.

Lately, I've had quite a few shocking incidents from him. I have to hold my head, otherwise I pray in my heart that he won't do anything weird again.

"P'Faifah is eccentric." After being silent for a long time, I finally spoke frankly about my feelings to my beloved friend.

"I asked about your preferences. I didn't ask if it was strange."

"Oh!"

"How did it end?"

"Let it go, I like it like P'Tor, number one for me."

During this time of opening up, I had many questions pop up in my mind, both finding and not finding answers. But no matter what, in the end, a hobby is just a love in the heart.

"What to eat, what to eat?"

"Egg fried rice ~"

"Coming."

At the end of the hardships in programming class, my friends and I also went into fun mode. When I checked myself, I noticed some slightly different emotions. If it was before, I would have opened my mouth and cried, heartbroken when I heard Toey's favorite dish.

The feeling at that moment wasn't because of heartache when Toey kicked me without saying anything, but rather because I remembered her brother used to make this dish for me to eat when I came by the house. But today, I was able to unlock it, after explaining my frustration to my close friend.

"I'll handle it myself, you go buy some water." Ben assigned me the usual task, and he quickly ran to the food store as requested, when Jay took over the task of holding the table for us.

At this midday time, the faculty cafeteria usually doesn't have empty tables. Luckily, my friends are a bunch of talented people, so they often use their shameless skills when asking for a seat with their seniors. But any time is fine.

After buying the water, I went back to the table to sit with Janjob. While waiting for the food, I took out the book from my bag, scanned the content over and over again, not forgetting to highlight the sentences that made sense.

"What the fuck are you doing?" The person next to me tilted his head, looking like he really wanted to know. I gradually leaned over a bit to hide the message on the other page.

"A joke."

"To?"

"Go find love."

"He already has a lover but you're still stupid." The person talking about here is probably P'Tor.

"Who said it? I'll post it on social networks, just in case someone sees my heart and comes to greet me."

"Who came to greet you?"

"That kid, Wine ~" Still not answering Jay's question, the familiar sound of a rhinoceros rushed to his ears. Oh! In the end, are you going to call me or baby, Mr. Faifah. Just choose one, just make it up. "We met by chance again."

I looked up to see the owner of the voice standing behind me with a scared heart.

"How did you come?" With wonder, I should ask desperately.

"So this is a faculty building, it's not that strange." He said with a grin before turning to greet Jay in a friendly manner.

I don't know when we'll get to know each other better, but I hear we've already finished communicating and we even hang out every day. What's even more funny is that the soul of a cafe person like P'Phuri suddenly appeared, joining another person without even hearing a sound.

"Guys, let's go to the pub tonight, Bangon Pochana." They are so good friends that they don't talk around the bush but quickly get straight to the point.

"Uh..."

"Don't give it away." While gathering his senses and reconsidering the question, the cheerful person of the department was the one who refused.

"I didn't invite my dog â€‹â€‹Fai, I invited my brother."

"He's still young." Besides bringing myself to sit and listen to the twins quarrel at the restaurant before, this time I still have to sit and watch the saliva fight between my friends? I really feel sorry for you.

"The shop sells yogurt and carbonated water."

"They don't let children sit in pubs."

"If you don't let me sit, then stand and drink."

"Stop drinking at your father's house, you son of a bitch."

"What, are you afraid he'll see another side of your dark side?"

"What? I've never had that corner." The speaker began to make restless eyes, opposite Mr. Phuri just smiled victoriously.

"If not, let him decide for himself."

At first, I had no intention of going to such crowded or noisy places, but as soon as I heard the two of them talking to each other, the fire of wanting to know and see burned brightly in my mind again.

The dark corner of P'Faifah, wanting to know what it is.

"I go." Faster than I thought, it was Jay, he spoke up with starry eyes.

"Heard someone invited you to go to the pub? Can you go with one more person?" Next was Ben who appeared from nowhere, but now they were teamed up.

"How are you, N'Wine?"

Coming to this country...

"What time is it tonight?"

---

9 o'clock, at Bangon Pochana, a meeting place for stressed people.

Because I realized that this restaurant is quite chill. Customers like simplicity and do not care much about eye-catching clothes. So my friends and I took out t-shirts and jeans to wear. But why am I the only one who looks so rustic?!!

Walking inside the shop, no one looked back, except Jay, who was still hot. As for Ben, he had to stop and sign for the fanclub because someone recognized him. So what about me, what do I have...

"Wow, little Wine is so cool, his clothes are so cartoony."

But there is still someone who finds words to praise. It's just a little sad that every time he praises me, it feels like I'm being scolded.

"Uh... Minimalist?"

"That's it. Sit down, sit first."

Each person sat down on their own while we are turning to greet the seniors at the table. Except for P'Faifah and P'Phuri, tonight there were also P'Kong and P'Gun appearing happily.

"You guys are free to drink whatever you want. We'll treat you tonight."

The 2nd year adults showed off their daddy qualities, so we all rolled our eyes and wowed each other. At this point, if I refused, it would be a lack of manners, so I quickly nodded and accepted the kindness.

"Can I have some carbonated water?" Alcohol doesn't seem to be suitable for first years even though our table is currently filled with beer bottles in extremely large quantities.

"Great. Then a dozen (12) cans of cola."

"It's so creepy." This trip is definitely full of gas.

Bangon Ponchana restaurant is located near the university, so it is a famous restaurant among students. I heard that before it was only open for drinking and watching football, but lately there have been more and more new performances, especially great bands that often rotate together to create fun.

Like now it's the indie band's turn to sing soothing songs to relax the emotions a bit.

When the drinks are ready, the music is ready, the atmosphere is pleasant, it's time to chat about trivial things mixed with slowly sipping carbonated water and alcohol. The topic of conversation ranged from being an avid fan of Ben's "Eat Here" channel, the fact that P'Kong had been flirting with his buddy for a long time, a whole year and still not being attracted to him, to the problem of The stupid antics of everyone at the table made me laugh as soon as I heard them.

Because I didn't think that the appearance of a new band would create so much trouble. The reason is not because their singing or playing music is bad, but rather because of someone else's actions.

"The Mooooooon is up, oh tiger, oh tiger!"

"Calm down, buddy."

"I would like a little, my friend."

"Fai's doing it again."

I saw P'Kong make a disgusted face, his eyes looking at the tall person running to the front of the stage. He walked with such force that the people in the restaurant laughed loudly with great satisfaction. The waist is almost curved, and the posture is even more semi-circular, giving the viewer a constant heart attack.

"You don't need to be surprised. It's a regular part of the shop, this group's fanclub." The answer from P'Gun eased the doubts in my mind more or less. Do you expect there to be anything better than this to watch?

Still good from the first song, the second and third songs ended, the situation was still covered by silence. There's only one thing, that's the spirit of that guy who won the University position. Who chose it?

"Thank you so much for helping each other sing. Seeing this makes me so happy." The cool singer said with a charming smile, before his eyes turned to focus on the owner of the tall body, who has never stopped dancing from

the first song until the current song. "Thank you too Faifah, you danced so well."

"Wonderful, precious!"

"Apart from dancing, he also sings well. Do you want to hear my friend sing?"

"Want."

I don't want...

"Then please invite our friend Faifah to sing a song."

"Yes."

The owner of the name raised his hand to scratch his neck to relieve embarrassment while his two feet slowly walked onto the stage amid the excitement of everyone in the shop.

Anyone can take me away from this place. At first, the strange dance pose made me feel heavy, this time there was a singing show. You surprise me every day.

Screams rang out in waves, along with flashing lights that were flashing non-stop. In addition to his good external image, he also has an impressive smile, making viewers captivated.

"I'm very nervous, because this is my first time being here."

"First time in a week, jerk."

P'Phuri spoke softly. Even though his voice wasn't very loud, his ears could hear it clearly.

"So I want everyone to help each other sing and dance, okay?"

"Okay."

"I didn't hear anything at all." Not only did he say no, he also turned the microphone towards the viewers.

"Okay."

The power of his confidence is strong.

"If that's the case then... One, two, three, four, five, I love you."

Characteristic vocals and the band in a bright setting begin to perform. The atmosphere full of fun gradually increased when led by the singer.

"Get up and dance together."

People in the shop followed orders as if hypnotized, dancing together to the rhythm of the song. To the point that P'Kong and P'Gun also came out with them. But I don't know why you guys don't look happy at all? More like someone is ready to cry.

But not long after that, I received the answer I was wondering the moment my senior turned to me.

1 second, 2 seconds, 3 seconds...

The world almost slowed down. He looked at me, I looked at him, we looked at each other. If this scene were in a romantic movie, it would probably be the ultimate and dreamy scene for many people. But because this is not a romantic movie, everything ends when the relative looks at me, and he is saying 'you have to dance, if you don't dance I won't sing'.

Damn you.

Bassist, guitarist, or even drummer, damn they're playing waiting.

Everyone moves to the rhythm of the song. No matter how little or how much, they help each other dance. P'Kong, P'Gun, P'Phuri, Jay or even Ben are no less. Surely I'm the only one left?

"N'Wine, Fai is waiting for you." P'Kong leaned over and whispered in my ear while his body kept jumping.

"Yes?"

"Give him a little dance, otherwise you won't be able to go home."

"Let's dance together." The person on stage reminded again. I turned left and right, feeling shy. If I don't dance this song, I probably won't be able to finish, and everyone might not be able to go home. After thinking about it in my head, I forced myself to hold my breath and move awkwardly.

Oh! Let's dance then.

"The cutest ever." Seeing that, the person in question immediately posed with satisfaction while speaking happily into the microphone.

"... That it's just you and me together

In this world, there are only two of us together

Come to my side slowly, don't be shy

Want to know how much I love you."

Damn entertainment.

I used to think about what P'Faifah's image would be like when he looked like this, would he turn into a serious, cautious person, or else he would be full of playboy looks. Get to the truth, dammit. You've gone further than my brain can imagine.

Is this the dark corner P'Phuri talked about at noon? If that's the case, don't call it a dark corner.

Let's call it the craziest corner since we met until now. Huh...

It's still good to just sing one song. But since this is the jovial gentleman of the universe, it doesn't end with him going back to sitting at the table and

talking like before. Like I said, the guy was hot and knew everyone in the whole kingdom, so he stopped by that table, clinked glasses at this table, and happened to meet everyone.

"Is P'Faifah always like this?" I asked the senior at the table, even though I could roughly guess the answer.

"Usually. So did you see that table?" P'Phuri pouted to the target. My eyes saw a tall relative and a bearded man holding their necks, clinking glasses back and forth with loud cheers continuously.

"Clink of glasses, clink of glasses, clink of glasses! Raise them all."

"Don't let those two meet. Wherever you touch, you'll be as drunk as a dog. Challenge that drunkard."

Drinking alcohol wasn't enough, but we also laughed loudly and happily, not knowing what to laugh about to such an extent. By the time he had the chance to return to sit at his table, the restaurant was almost closed. He must have forgotten that he invited his friends and juniors over.

"Sorry, everyone. Just met someone I know a little bit."

"It's okay, we're used to it." P'Kong gritted his teeth and said with a smile. "But why aren't you as drunk as a dog tonight?"

"Worry about the first year." He said while turning to look at me and my friends who were waiting.

"He only drinks cola, don't worry about him, worry about yourself. Are you going to leave the car here so we can take it home?"

"No need, no need, I'm not drunk. I felt like I was drinking alcohol just now, the truth is I was holding it in my cheek when it swelled." Human or hamster?! Every action causes pain in the brain. But to be honest, every time I drink a glass, I see you swallow it all down.

"So what are we going to do? The shop will close in 10 minutes. They also needs to hurry back to the dormitory."

"Ok ja." Tonight's owner waved his hand to check the bill, so the rest jumped into the toilet to prepare everyone to go to their rooms. Here, only P'Faifah and I were left, sitting and surveying each other.

"What are you looking at?" Because I couldn't make eye contact with the other person, I decided to ask directly.

"Look at the person who can't dance."

"Oh, who can be as good as you, jumping until your waist makes you want to bend." The listener stopped laughing and looked damn shy. Does he know that it's all just irony?

"There's attraction, right? Otherwise you wouldn't be looking at me all the time."

"How do you know?"

"I see."

"How can you see it? You go to this table and that table all the time."

"I'm good." The answer is so confusing.

Let it go, in the end there is no hope for anything from him. Plus, at this point, friends are starting to return to the table, it's time to stop the conversation and separate from each other.

But as soon as I found out, the gentleman happily came riding his motorbike. I'm worried about whether he will hit any corners or not.

"The little brother* Wine." The thick hand grabbed my wrist. This situation is very stable, if it weren't for the problem of you calling me brother together.

"Yes."

"When you get to your room, call me."

"I do. I have to call you when I get there. Looking like this, I'm afraid I won't be able to get to the room."

"Still afloat, not too drunk. See?"

"I pray it's true."

"Talk like a lover."

"Um..." If I have a boyfriend in this life, please don't marry someone like me, okay? Seems like the exception to everything.

"I'm sorry today."

"Sorry for what again?"

"The thing about not taking care of you. Then the thing about wanting to dance with you."

"I didn't think so much, it was fun."

"You two, have you finished saying goodbye? If not, please leave first. We're so sleepy, you bastard." P'Phuri stood with his hands on his hips shouting from afar, so I quickly cut off the conversation by waving at the person in front of me. Even in the situation of turning around to leave, my ears still heard the noise following me to the point that I had to turn around to look.

"Little Wine."

"What?"

"Bye bai." He waved his hand like a child, so I answered briefly.

"Yes."

"Baiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

"Yeah, it's a song, it's a song."

As if we won't see each other again tomorrow? It's really tiring!

4.2

Chapter 4: Little Wine! - 2

[4238]

I don't know what other people's university life is like, whether it's colorful or boring, but for me and my friends majoring in Computer Engineering, it's never been quiet. Like tonight, there are still things to worry about.

"It's good that you guys came. Who knows how to chant?"

"Huh? What happened?"

I had not gone up the stairs a few steps when I was suddenly attacked. The surrounding was so chaotic, the voices were so loud that there was no doubt that something must have happened. But they didn't give me a chance to ask, so they quickly flew into a friend's room. The first thing that came to the hearing was the pleading cry of the bed's owner.

He was holding his knees, his body trembling, his eyes moving back and forth like he saw something he shouldn't see.

"Someone please guide me in reciting the sutras. Pay can't do it anymore."

I'm about to lose my breath, what are you chanting...

"I feel them in the closet. Huuuuuuuu, they're there." Nerves in the body twitch from head to toenails. Friends standing around the bed began to show symptoms of recovery, not daring to look at the old wardrobe to find the cause of the problem. Obviously extremely scared.

(Rrrr â€" Rrrr â€")

Damn it! In times of emergency or critical situation, the owner of the number 'I was born only to meet you' calls to the right place at the right

time. But the call still had to be answered, because all eyes were focused on the ringing phone. While he couldn't choose anymore, perhaps fate had sent him in such a critical moment.

"P'Faifah calling."

I told them and then turned around to answer the phone with trembling hands. Before he could make a sound, Ben, the person most afraid of ghosts in his life, opened his mouth and screamed loudly throughout the room.

"P'Faifah, P'Faifah, please help us, my friend saw a ghost in his room."

The line was silent for a moment, then spoke to me calmly.

[Open video call.]

"Yes." After following orders, I quickly placed the phone at the head of the bed so the other person could see the whole situation.

[Don't panic, take a deep breath.] We followed easily before the tall relative continued. [Put your hands together and speak after me. Namo]

"Namo..."

[Do it again, forget. Ommmm.]

"Ummmmm."

[Umami.]

"Umami."

[Wasabi.]

"Wasabi." That prayer sounds a bit strange.

But never mind. Because we were in a state of panic, no one argued. Besides speaking on the other end of the line flawlessly, I don't know if it was due to the miracle of the prayer or by chance, but Pay's crying

immediately stopped, and even the initial state of fear disappeared. gone, it looks noticeably quiet.

"Pay, how are you?" One of the group asked with concern.

"I feel like they're gone."

"Hoo~ P'Faifah is great. Thank you. Thank you."

My group of friends were almost exhausted after the situation settled down and returned to normal. But because Pay was having serious emotional problems, the guys in the male dormitory decided to stay with him first. I quickly grabbed the phone and went out to continue talking to the older person in the room for a bit.

"How did you do that?" From the many things he has encountered, it can be said that he is really not ordinary, there must be something mysterious!

[It's normal.]

"Is that normal?"

[No, your friend is probably just scared himself. I also had the same experience when I opened the room to tell horror stories, then my brain haunted my imagination alone. You don't have to be afraid.]

"I'm not afraid." When speaking, don't forget to look left and right. Are you going to sleep tonight? Good or bad, you have to bring pillows and blankets to sleep in Pay's room.

[Really? Your face is green.]

"I'm just tired."

[If it's okay, that's fine. So I'll hang up.]

"N... wait. I'll stay with you first."

[Come on, why be afraid? There are no pants. That's it.] Then he hung up. Love me so much.

Lately I've been devoting my body to others, but when it was my turn to give it to someone. That's right. I'm just his brother's code, it doesn't matter. Furthermore, ghost stories are just nonsense, not real. Everything is just an illusion, just something created by the mind.

When will Jay come back here? Back in Pay's room, he was afraid his friend would catch him, so he hypnotized himself that it was nothing several times and then went to take a shower and wash his hair.

I watch a lot of horror movies and soul movies. The most boring scene is that ghosts often appear dancing in the mirror, or maybe they like to touch their shoulders while bathing. He really hates himself. When he's afraid of something, his brain likes to imagine it. So spend a shorter time in the bathroom than usual tonight.

Quickly changed clothes, then grabbed my phone and sent a text message to find Jay, but my eyes saw a message from someone sent 5 minutes ago.

'Go down to the dormitory a bit, I'm waiting here.'

I quickly put on my slippers, half-walked, half-ran down the stairs to the lower floor. When I arrived, I saw a tall figure waiting on the bench in front.

"You're back in your room, right?" The owner of the sharp face looked up.

"Then turn around."

"To?"

"Come to keep you company, I see you're scared."

"Don't be afraid, Jay is also with me."

"I'm not afraid if you're not afraid, but the pajamas are cute." I bent down to look at myself. Because I ran so quickly to find him, I forgot to wear the yellow chick pajamas today.

"P'Yotha bought it for me so I should wear it." Having said that, I quickly lifted my hips and sat next to the tall relative. The surrounding was silent, only feeling the cold wind blowing on my face. There are so many things happening tonight, but this is the only time I feel like I can rest.

"When are you planning to return?"

"Ho, I just arrived and you already chased me away." He complained, making a face like he was dying of sadness.

"Is it one o'clock in the morning?"

"Are you sleepy?"

"Not yet."

"So let's talk first."

"What are you talking about?" Encountered many cases of shock to the brain, so my brain was completely exhausted. The person next to me has to come up with a topic for the conversation.

"I remember at that time you said you broke up with your lover, is it better now?" Oh. There are hundreds of things to talk about, so why do we have to come right here?

"Better now."

"Do you like anyone in college?"

"No. What about you?" He shook his head, looked up at the stars like he was in a romantic movie. But it's a bit miserable because tonight the clouds cover it up, there's not even a single star. That's so pitiful.

"For many years, I've never had a lover. Sometimes I'm lonely..."

"..." Drama could die.

"But when I look back, aw! There are so many friends around, it's okay to not have a lover." Bringing it up deep, but in the end you still drive to a place where you have a lot of friends.

Ok. I understand that life has been filled with someone for so long. Just following Take Care and friends alone hardly has time to do anything else, so why bother looking for a lover?

"It's good that you don't have a lover, I also think so."

"It's fine if you don't have a lover, I think."

"Aw, it's limited."

"You need to let me help you scan first. If it's not good, there's no need for a date."

"How good is it?"

"Like me."

"Well, please choose a style that's not as good as me. I'm afraid it's too special."

"You have to be special, you have to choose someone like me."

"Do you understand the word sarcasm?" Crazy as hell. The more I saw him smirking and teasing me, the more tired I became that I almost put my feet on my forehead.

"Do you remember that day we talked about self-definition?"

"Aa aa."

"To this day, you still haven't told me the fifth thing." What kind of mood does he have that brings him back to the past? Actually, I also want to know what makes P'Faifah in the end. As for myself, I already know the answer, I just don't have the courage to say it now.

"I... let me say it first."

"Me? Hm, I hate making decisions. If I could turn back time, I wouldn't choose to be with anyone, not mom or dad." His voice, facial expression, and eyes all conveyed his seriousness, because we rarely see this side of him.

"Then how will you live?" I asked stupidly not knowing what kind of answer I was hoping for.

"I don't know, I didn't think about it, I just didn't choose." He replied with a heavy voice. "You probably don't know that my father and mother divorced when Yotha and I were still young, so we had to choose who to live with. Lately, Yotha has been really hurt because our mother didn't choose him, and I hurt because I don't have the right to choose for myself."

"You're still young, and now you've been chosen."

"Just the opposite. Now I've become someone who's afraid of making decisions or choosing something, so I solve the problem by not choosing."

"..."

"Whether it's a matter of friends, a family matter that's still not going well between the two houses, or whether it's being nice to someone, it doesn't matter."

"Because why do you like to treat me well?"

Even if I saw through it since he brought it into the car and stopped by to pick up passengers along the way, it's okay, he didn't choose to treat anyone special, so I think it's a good thing that he didn't think he would get used to it with someone as a lover. If not, it will definitely kill you*.

*the root word is à¸à¸à¹à¸•à¸à¸•à¸²à¸¢, which is a condition born from intense emotions

We cannot accept that our lover cares about everyone equally. Because deep down, I always hope that that person will consider me more special than

others.

"Then your fifth definition?!"

"What...?" How should I start? I hesitated between telling it all and keeping it until I was confident that he truly accepted me for who I was. "I'm also the one who decides to choose something that doesn't work."

In the end, I don't say what I want to say the most.

"Really?"

"Yes. During the interview, the teacher asked me what subjects I liked, but I couldn't choose. When something has to be decided, I'm usually not decisive, always asking others for their opinion first."

"So why did you come back to me instead of Yotha when we first met?"

"Do you want the truth or lie?"

"Lie."

"You're kind, so I chose you."

"What if it changed to telling the truth?"

"The truth is that P'Yotha's lover is probably waiting, so I'll come with you instead."

"So do you want to know why I volunteered to take you home that day?"

"Please listen to the lie." It's so hot that I can't stand it. He hasn't asked yet but please choose first.

"Because you're my brother with the same code of Yotha."

"So what if it's true?"

"You're cute, so I want to take you home."

"Tell the truth."

"It's true."

"Really from the heart?"

"It's from the heart."

His eyes don't look like someone who is lying, sometimes P'Faifah also likes to act strangely. Some days it makes me laugh, but sometimes it always makes me feel good. Surely no matter how much time passes, one thing I will never forget is knowing him in this life.

People have both brightness, are full of annoying energy, are people who provide positive energy, and importantly, there are not many people... who feel extremely warm when they are with them.

I was so excited after visiting a small cafe with P'Faifah once, so after school today I grabbed my two best friends and went with them. There is no purpose, just wanting to support coffee with unfriendly prices. It's true.

"Wine, did you invite us to the wrong bar?" Janjob flipped through the menu back and forth like he needed to check if the prices posted there were really an illusion.

"That's right, their shop sells high quality drinks."

"Let's order a drink and drink together?"

At first I also thought so. The worst part is when you order it, hold it in your mouth for a long time, then slowly swallow it because you're afraid it won't be worth the money.

"How can that be? The best food channel youtuber in the parallel universe, I always say we have to call everyone and then film a clip to show off." Looks like Ben still hasn't gotten over his impressive content. When he sees

something noisy, he records clips and posts them on his YouTube channel all the time.

"When you come to someone's restaurant, you have to call. But you, Wine, why did you have to come all the way here?"

"Delicious drinks."

"Sure."

"More decorations. Do you see any style?"

"The styles don't match each other, huh? The first thing that caught my eye was that pillow over there that smelled like a tomato." My tall best friend pouted towards the little animal placed on the sofa not many meters away from us. "Where is the definition of a cat cafe when you first walk in and see two or three cats, and there are also a few kids who always make faces as if chasing away customers."

"But there are many advantages, like..." I tried to find a reason. Suddenly, at that moment, my eyes caught sight of someone. He was still in his student uniform, wearing the shop's usual cream-colored apron. "Here, P'Phuri. He works at this shop."

"Wow, so excited."

"Isn't that right?"

"I'm joking."

"Order, in case you like it."

"You didn't come for any other reason, did you?"

"Are you crazy? What reason did I come for?" But when I spoke, my eyes were still looking for someone. Like luck, at the same time the person who was searching just happened to enter the shop.

"Hey guys, it's great, we meet each other by chance."

"Hello, P'Faifah."

"That's great, can I sit with you?"

"It's OK."

"Phuri, please give me an iced americano without syrup."

"You come and do it yourself."

"You're the waiter, you're the one doing it." After standing and talking for a while, P'Faifah returned to our table with a notepad and pen in hand. "I wonder what you should order?"

"Oh, do you work here too?" Jay asked in an excited voice.

"No, just came to help Phuri."

"You didn't help, you came to cause trouble, you bastard." The person in question quickly responded in an unacceptable manner. The two turned away and continued arguing for a while until they returned to take the order as before.

After ordering drinks, it's time to wait. In the midst of this, it was a hellish scene as expected because the happy gentleman never stopped. When he meets someone, he has to say hello, and asks about their health, happiness and sadness. When he smiles, it seems like the whole world is bright and beautiful, really suitable for people of the masses.

"Is there anyone he doesn't know?" My friend whispered with doubt, so I answered back with a heavy voice.

"I think not."

"At first I wanted to be like P'Faifah, everyone knew where I went. But now I look again, it looks tired."

"Think the same."

Sitting, lying down, reading comics and talking about many things in life for an hour. Looking up again, I saw the owner of those long legs still moving continuously. The energy was so full that it was doubtful whether he was a human or a robot.

While Jay hid in the toilet, while BenG lay on the sofa, I took advantage of that situation to stand up and go to the counter, where there was a familiar senior expert in coffee and service.

"P'Phuri."

"What's wrong, N'Wine?" He looked up from the phone, asked with a friendly smile.

"I want to order a glass of iced americano."

"Is it sweet?"

"Don't put the syrup in there."

"Okay, let me do it."

The drinks didn't take long to make and were served at the table. And it was just as expected because not many steps behind P'Phuri, Mr. Faifah returned to the table with a sweaty face but still a smile on his lips.

"Sorry, I just met someone I know. Now I'm ready to sit and talk with you, but..." He looked down at the cup of coffee in front of him before raising his face and blinking at me.

"Call?"

"Yours was thawed. I was sorry so I drank it instead. This is a new, cold glass that I just order."

"N'Wine."

"Um."

"Wine."

"What?"

"This is the first time." He whispered something. "First time someone does something like this."

"That's right."

"To be honest. For so long I've only been taking care of others, but no one has ever cared about such small, small things like this with me even once."

Damn drama. Doing so is just normal, right? As any friend, I would do the same.

Or is it because he always treats others well, is always a giver, so he hopes that he will receive something in return, to the point of forgetting to think that the person who once gave also needs care in return. Today P'Faifah made me see such an angle.

"I'm willing to do it. You take care of others, and I'll take care of you."

"Huh~" He opened his mouth and was about to cry. Before long, he swooped in and hugged my waist while hiding his face in my chest as if I were his own mother.

It's a very pitiful image. Besides the people in the shop, even my friend who had just returned stood scratching his head.

By the time I got rid of his hand that was stuck like a gecko's leg, it was almost impossible for me to live.

"That said, I'll take care of you."

"YES."

"I'll take good care of you too. Anyway, I'm back at the table, let's take a photo together."

Once I return to normal, I'll think of something strange again. This time I'm eager to make more of an impression. The scene changed to two best friends who were smiling awkwardly, and I could only do nothing but cry inside because I couldn't adjust my emotions in time.

"Drink coffee first? Let it thaw too." That's the suggestion, I'll say no later.

"Let's take a few pictures. Come sit close together here."

"If I'm taking pictures, can I let people in the shop or not, can I let P'Phuri take them for me?" After trying to suggest an opinion, the owner of the handsome face turned around without blinking as if he was very puzzled. So I help clarify that question further. "I'm just afraid the image will be blurred again like last time."

"I've never taken a blurry photo before." Very confident.

"When I went to eat with the code family, looking at the picture I almost didn't know it was me and P'Yotha and the tree in the background, which one is clearer." I worked for my friend in the department day after day for a long time, so I didn't want to repeat that blurriness again.

"That was intentionally blurred."

"Are you kidding?"

"He he. The truth is I have a lot of clear pictures."

"Oiiiiiiiii."

"Put your trust in my hands. Everyone, come on camera quickly."

"If you want, do it."

Me, Jay and BenG moved people into the frame easily, before the person who was the focus of the photo created the mood with rhino sounds like before.

"Drunken mangosteen."

"Mangosteen."

"Drunk label."

"Nhannnnn."

"Drunk on dragon fruit."

"Green dragonggggggg." All kinds of fruit were brought out, but importantly, he brought the whole garden. I'm tired. But I still had to do it because I was afraid I wouldn't be able to go back to my room if I didn't finish taking pictures. In the end, it took so many photos, even up to the time of cleaning the restaurant.

Because we are kind and understanding juniors, my friends and I were willing to volunteer to help clear the table and chairs. Guess we won't be able to eat when we get back, and then we'll sleep together like we're dead.

"P'Faifah." In a situation where a senior relative was cleaning a table in a corner of the restaurant alone, I took advantage of that opportunity to go find him.

"What's wrong, little brother Wine Warat Weesawa Unorun?" You don't need to say my whole name or origin.

"Are you teasing me?"

"No." I hate the way you answer and then raise your eyebrows. What's wrong? Cramps? "But what's wrong?"

"I want to ask for your picture."

"I already sent it."

"I don't mean today. I want a picture of the family party, code. I want to send it to show off to my family."

"Ah ha! Then let me send it to you."

"Thanks."

Thing!

In less than a minute, he sent the photo as quickly as light. I quickly opened the photos in the message before seeing that in all of the more than 10 photos, there was not a single photo with P'Yotha appearing, except for a few blurry photos that his twin had tagged on social networks last time.

"P'Faifah."

"Hmm?"

"Isn't there a clear picture taken with P'Yotha?"

Parents want to see a picture of the family's divine code, not the blurry image file.

"Sorry, I took only one picture, but the picture is clearly different."

Definitely clear! I mean, this is my face, that's right.

I wonder what inspired him to do that. In all those outstanding photos, all of my face photos were taken clearly in full HD. There are a few photos that zoom in so close that you can see the neck tendons. Are you trying to make a joke?

"Hey, why are there only pictures of me?"

"Intentionally taking pictures of you must be only you, I don't find it strange at all."

"Intentionally taking pictures of only me?"

"There is."

"To?"

"I want to keep and watch."

"Please give me the truth."

He exhaled and moved his feet closer, catching me off guard. While being stared at by those sharp eyes, all I could do was blink continuously.

"I don't know. At that time, I just felt that having Yotha in the picture was extremely messy, the tree was also messy, the rice plate was also messy."

I tried very hard to control myself, not to let anything show off.

"But when you smile, the troubled feeling in my heart disappears."

"..."

"So I'll just take a picture of you, you'll feel comfortable when you see it."

Symptoms show how fast the heart is beating.

When I heard his words floating in the air.

- End of Chapter 4 -

5.1

Chapter 5: Have you changed or has someone changed you?

[5181]

Days pass by, many things change, so do people's emotions.

Probably similar to the situation that just happened that day. When we first met in a Japanese restaurant, we followed a guy to his car. From then on, we saw the difference in how the other person acted towards everyone.

When I realized it, the relationship between me and the happy gentleman also began to get closer after having the opportunity to share about ourselves in the past. I've seen him take care of the people around him. It's even more fun like crazy when others care for you in return. As for me, he is seen wanting almost everything. There's only one thing that hasn't been revealed directly.

... I'm gay, have a crush and like boys.

This question sounds easy when you think about it, but when you do it, it's extremely difficult. What to do? How should I tell him the truth that I'm not what I appeared to be?

I don't want to continue to hide it, I want to keep a good relationship. But if I say it out loud, I'm not sure, I might lose everything. Is it true that in this life we â€‹â€‹will often meet a kind brother, even if a bit eccentric, like P'Faifah, and then die at some point?

Probably the only rarity in my life.

"Mr. Weesawa."

"..."

"Wine."

"Ha, what's wrong?" I circled back and forth around the bed for a long time before stopping.

"If you call and don't return like this, I wonder who you're crazy looking for?"

"Many things." Jay shrugged, not scared at all by my answer. He was still lying against the head of the bed, one hand holding the phone, scrolling naturally. "If you want to say something, say it."

"I just talked a lot on Facebook to P'Tor." I stopped walking for a moment when I heard the name of the person in my memory.

Since Toey broke up with me, in addition to her deleting all possible contacts on all platforms, Toey's brother also deleted me. So this time, I never knew about the other person. Only Jay here is my eyes and ears, often updating people's stories and slowly telling each other.

"Unheard." As soon as I heard about P'Tor, whenever my brain finished processing it, there was only pain.

He already has a lover, and more importantly, it's a girl. So there is no hope for me to continue loving him anymore.

"You have to listen." But my bastard friend still seduced me.

"I don't want to know how sweet he is with his lover, it hurts."

"On the contrary, yes. Let's just say he's with his lover now..." I was excited about his next sentence. A moment later, I got the answer. "Quarrel."

"It's crazy aaaaaaa." My heart was pounding, but it just didn't last for a few seconds.

So what? In the end, when he broke up with this person, he started dating another girl, so Jay seemed to know that so he didn't say anything more related to P'Tor.

"Then what is this? Heh heh heh heh."

"Not at all."

"Trick the dog, the dog still has to tilt its neck and make a face that doesn't want to believe." Look at that statement, I'm so tired that I just want to say goodbye to having to be his roommate. But it cannot be denied once again, Janjob is the person who means everything to me, even if sometimes his introduction sounds a bit stupid, I don't care.

"What do you think if I decide to tell the truth that I'm gay?"

"With whom? Ben?"

"And Ben too."

"That means it's not already mentioned. Guess that person must be someone you care about a lot."

"Something like that."

"So if I had to guess again, it would always be P'Faifah." Damn! Exactly like walking in the stomach, sitting in the heart, buying a lottery ticket is sure to win the first prize jackpot. I understand that we deserve to be friends for many years. If it were anyone else, I probably would have guessed that I needed to tell my family first.

But the truth is, I fear my family's disapproval more than anyone else in the world. So I have to use a lot more courage than usual, but right now it's still not enough.

Not long after letting the thoughts run back and forth in my head, my beloved friend opened his mouth to continue speaking.

"But you don't need to worry. That guy has already accepted it, right? His twin brother and his best friend also know each other, and I also have the same family code. "

"You have the same code? You mean Ping?"

"Yeah, Ping's lover is a girl." So great! The first time I met Ping on the day of the family reception, P'Faifah said it was her lover who came to pick her up, in my head I kept imagining that it must be her boyfriend. As soon as I learned about this, I understood many things, but the fact that Ping had a lover didn't erase my worries at all.

"But just because he accepts everyone doesn't mean he can accept me." The sound gradually subsided, until it almost disappeared in the throat.

"You're me, why can't you accept it? Unless you like him."

"Humorous."

"Then don't think too much."

"I'll try."

"But I asked for permission to talk about many things so that he could lose his lust for a bit. Why did you choose to tell P'Faifah that? When we've only known each other for a short time."

"I've had a feeling since then..." The images in my head slowly appeared scene by scene. Starting from the first day we met, the day we became closer to each other, the day we encountered many headache situations.

It's no different from sitting on a roller coaster as it reaches the highest point before descending at lightning speed, spiraling along the track to the point of making the person sitting on the train's heart vibrate.

"Are you impressed when he chased away the ghost for Pea? Honestly, the scarier ghost is P'Faifah."

"Not." Why did he steer so far until the night he met a ghost? Our brains are honest. "He's been good for so long, so I just want to take care of him. At least I don't have to endure hiding the truth so that one day he knows for himself."

I want to say it more, no matter what, just say it for myself.

"So what about your parents, when are you going to tell them?"

"When I am ready."

"This life or the next?"

"Okay then let me ask for the next life." The listener puts his hand on his forehead.

"Your parents are damn good, you know? Even if they don't expect you to achieve anything, at least they're proud to have you as their son." That sentence hit me so completely in the chest that I wanted to go back in time and rewrite every word without error.

"Oh, why are you talking so well today, dear friend?"

"I took those quotes from the book." Monkey! Speechless. Don't expect much from it. "But don't worry, I'll help you."

"It's okay if you don't have to, it's embarrassing."

"Hey, we're friends."

Because we are friends, we can see the disaster with his help. 'Will it make it through?' is the first question that comes to mind.

After opening up about my feelings with my best friend Janjob, I started to tell the secret I had been keeping for a long time to the important people in my life, one by one. No matter how much courage it takes, or how much pain it takes to see someone's disappointed eyes, it's something that should be accepted.

This is part of growing up, right?

If so, may there be good things waiting at the end of its path. Maybe it's the fact that people around me accept me for who I am, or more importantly, the fact that I...

How can you open your heart to accept yourself, no need to endure hiding from anyone anymore.

_____

"Where is P'Faifah? I thought he disappeared into thin air."

"I probably know. Probably got hit by Thanos's snap."

I was born with fate always ready to bully me. Many days ago, I made up my mind to tell the truth to the other person. But it's really dead. I haven't seen him for a week. Normally, I see him everywhere I go, surfing social networks and seeing him at this shop or that shop. But he never existed, he disappeared like he never existed.

"Do you want to go to P'Phuri cafe today? You might see him." Jay suggested. It's not bad, just worse.

"I've been going to the point where I don't have money to drink anymore." Drinks are really expensive. So later, just order water to drink and look at the cat's face for now.

"Why are you making such a tense face? Are you interested in filming a clip with me today?" BenG appeared, banging his shoulder and speaking in a particularly good mood. This guy has never known anything, seeing that his only passion in life is to get people to subscribe to his channel and quickly reach 1 million.

"Excuse me." I answered first, with Jay nodding along.

"Then what's the problem? Let's not talk about it."

"Ben, have you seen P'Faifah?"

"Meet."

"Where?!!!" As soon as I heard it, my arms and legs seemed to shrink, I quickly turned around and held my friend's hand as if there was hope. There

was no social network update, and my phone didn't pick up, so I had no way to find it.

"The school's activities room. Don't you know, he's gone to take care of the Moon and Stars competition."

"Who knows? I don't care about their activities." As for the representatives of the Faculty of Engineering, they've been competing with each other since I don't even know when.

"Oh, never mind. Why are you two asking for him?"

"Nothing!"

"It's a bit suspicious."

So sad. Answer each one individually. Hitting his tall best friend's elbow, he also sent a look like he understood. Please help me, answer the question in general.

"In the end, yes or no?" Ben began to cross his arms and asked in a serious tone.

Count 1 2 3... in your heart.

"Have."

"Do not have."

Bastard. The answer again is not the same anymore. The situation is so hellish.

"There's something suspicious."

"What's suspicious? You're thinking too much." I was more anxious than anyone else, so his friend quickly cut off his trembling voice.

"I'm probably thinking too much to myself." The listener mumbled as if following. This time Jay and I helped ourselves to each other and nodded

once after stumbling many times, "Ok."

"..."

"So do you guys want to eat together on my channel?"

"I said no!"

After finishing the Calculus class, we only had 1 hour left before we had to move to the common study building. While walking to the building, I didn't expect to see the person who was always looking for me entering. Today, a tall relative wearing an Engineering workshop shirt and a familiar black backpack walked with a group of friends.

My heart was beating so hard it felt like it wanted to jump out of my chest. But I still controlled myself not to look too nervous. My feet still stepped forward, the distance between us slowly decreased. And when in close proximity, gathered all the courage to speak to him with the same old words as always.

"P'Fa..."

But instead of being greeted until the end of the sentence, the sound ended up being swallowed down the throat. Because besides not being greeted back, he also walked past as if he didn't see me.

His handsome face looked like his mood was no different from normal, so I wasn't sure if the situation that just happened was real or a dream.

Honestly, I'm screaming.

"Do you think that person who just walked past us was P'Yotha?" My close friend whistled and asked, as if he was in the same state of bewilderment.

"No. Look at the color of his hair." Even if he didn't have that smoky hair, looking at his gait, eyes, and even the radiating aura, he could tell that this was his twin without any doubt.

"So what's wrong with P'Faifah? It doesn't look like before."

I shook my head, unable to find an answer for the other person. There's only one thing I can do... move on.

Searching efforts are so lacking that I want to turn over the whole earth for a long time but still can't find them, but there is always a scenario that suddenly appears without having time to prepare anything. Last time, we met on the way through the building and then acted strangely, this time we met again in the faculty cafeteria.

"You, P'Fai is sitting there." I placed my bag on the empty long table before turning to look at the person Jay was talking about. What now? When I went to say hello again, I was afraid of being humiliated, so whatever I wanted to say, I probably had to keep it.

"Let it go."

"Try to say hello. He probably didn't see you last time."

"People, not souls. Coming in front of you like that, if you still can't see it, I think there's a problem." Because I didn't want to bring up the memories of last time, I instead turned around and went to line up to buy food.

The atmosphere at the faculty cafeteria at noon is usually always crowded. The more delicious the food is, or the more special it is, the longer the line will be like a snake. And I'm also addicted to the workmanship of the lady at the shop whose prices are also affordable. Every time the line moved, I had to try harder to pray that the crispy fried pork dish with kale wouldn't run out in fear. I've been craving it for many days, please let me have it today.

But the more I looked up, the more I couldn't see anything, so I had to tiptoe up until my ligaments were stretched.

Damn!

"Sorry." I quickly whispered. After losing my image to the point that I accidentally stepped back and stepped on the foot of the person in line behind me. But even more peaking is that the owner of that buffalo leg is P'Faifah. "D... since when did you come to stand here?"

No trumpets or drums, I thought it was a ghost in broad daylight.

"A time." The speaker kept his face still before remaining silent. He looked so strange in every way that suspicion rushed straight into my chest.

"Are you okay?"

"Are not."

Hate the situation 'dead air' damn this. It's still good that the line is starting to move and it's my turn, so I can escape this situation that brings restlessness.

"What should I get?" The innkeeper asked calmly. He remembers me, buys it often, and he often gives me more.

"Yes, I'll have the crispy fried pork stir-fried with kale."

"Okay. Can I have some more fried eggs?" As soon as I finished the question, I quickly shook my head and moved to the side to receive the food. But my ears were focused on listening to someone's conversation.

"So are you still a baby?"

"I'll get braised eggs with fried pork."

He finished ordering, paid, then took the plate and left without greeting or saying anything more.

If it was before, P'Faifah probably would have talked nonsense non-stop, or else would have asked with a smiling face what he wanted to eat, right? He always helps this person, asks that person, and most importantly, gives up his turn.

To this day, everything has changed like a hand. Surely he wasn't just like that with me, because along the way, he also ignored others like that.

Faifah in this version doesn't look like he has any heart.

I met you right on the way to the building, the restaurant is there, the stairs to the building are also there...

I'm the type of person with good eyes like a spider man or something like that. Because while holding a heavy bundle of reports from my group mates in my hands, my eyes still observed a tall relative passing by but far away. In addition, he still walks long and fast like flying.

If my eyes weren't mistaken or I was haunted, I saw him holding out his hands as if he wanted to help. But when the tall figure began to approach, he decided to withdraw his hand, causing the hope that was growing in my heart to disappear in the blink of an eye.

I wonder what kind of problem he's been having lately, and there's probably no way to know if he keeps his mouth shut and stays like this.

"Hello, P'Faifah." I kept trying to try... to say hello again.

"Hello N'Wine."

He stopped right on the stairs, one step lower, so our faces were just about the same level.

"We almost couldn't talk to each other."

"That's it. Then where do you go?"

"Take my report and submit it to the Science department building."

"It's really far away. So let me drive..." The end of the sentence is missing a word. Along with his expression turned on the switch. Because at first it seemed like he was going to laugh, but why did it end right there with him making a calm face again? "Remember there's next class?"

"It's okay. Ben will take me."

"Then I'll go first. Some classes have some classes."

"And it's noon right now."

"It's an extra class, study alone, busy alone. Let's go."

Before I could say goodbye again, he walked away quickly without leaving anything even a shadow.

Slightly ~ All I can do is sigh and move on. Contrary to the idea of â€‹â€‹always being stuck with someone. Not long ago, I thought I was extremely unlucky to know someone as strange as him. But when we don't communicate for a while, life is so damn lonely. It's the main reason why I want to tell the other person the secret frankly.

At least to keep the sincere relationship between us.

But no matter how much I don't want to lose this person from my life, if one day, he doesn't need me, there's nothing I can do, except accept and understand.

Sweet Song CafÃ© became a familiar place between me and my friends by default. After spending the past week looking for P'Faifah, I wanted to gouge out my eyes, no matter how expensive the drinks and cakes were, it became a small thing when I started to get addicted to this place, and the music had good or not depends on familiarity.

Before that, Jay was shocked when he happened to meet him alone at the track. He said the world would probably fall apart because normally there would be friends running in groups. Honestly, if the world could be broken, it probably would have been broken last week, because P'Faifah doesn't accept anyone. And I'm also tired of looking for answers.

"Hello sir." When I use my strength to push the door open, I usually always greet the person at the bar first if it's a day or time like this, because this is P'Phuri's working time.

"Hello everyone. Wait a minute. Let's go get the order."

He replied briefly before returning to making drinks, so my friends and I went to look for seats, but there were so many empty seats that it took a while to choose. Finally got a corner near the window without having to go through the cat's sleeping area.

"What should I call it?"

"Aw P'Faifah. Come help P'Phuri today?" It was a strange thing, because the person who just appeared right in front of me was not the senior barista as I thought, so I was speechless and changed to Jay to greet me as if I understood everything.

"That's right." The voice on the other side sounded a bit strange. "I was wondering what drink you would need? There are freshly made cakes today."

"I want to drink iced matcha with lots of whipped cream."

"And the remaining guest, what do you want to order?" His eyes moved to me. This is the starting point of the war on nerves.

"Just stay the same."

"I need to apologize. I'm not sure what your previous is."

Just kidding me...

"Iced latte." I answered in a suppressed voice.

"But before that, you like to order iced cocoa without ph..." He paused before coughing lightly. "Yeah, okay. Do you need anything else?"

"This much first."

"Ok. Let me repeat the menu again, large iced matcha for whipped cream, and one cup of each type of iced cocoa."

"Not cocoa, latte."

"Er, sorry, it's iced cocoa."

"Latte."

"Yes yes, latte."

He walked as fast as if he had touched boiling water. I couldn't laugh, I couldn't cry, except for occasionally secretly looking at my tall relatives mixed with talking to Jay.

"Wine, do you think P'Faifah is normal? The spirit is not with the body, the symptoms are like someone possessed."

"Don't say you're the only one who's confused, I still don't understand until now."

"So what to do next?"

"Poke him."

"How?"

"By ordering another latte."

I swear I probably heard the other person argue non-stop that it must be cocoa, cocoa, and cocoa, yes, because it is my familiar drink. I'm really happy.

I prefer going to the bookstore in front of the dormitory rather than going to the big bookstore. Maybe because it brings a warmer feeling? There are many rare books, the important thing is that the shop is almost empty. So I want to be one of those customers waiting to be told that there are still supporters here, don't wait to close.

But among all the good points about this bookstore, I forgot that it also has a bad point.

Because if you have to meet someone who doesn't want to meet you, it's probably the hardest thing to hide your face. Because the shop is so small, every street turns around.

What to do now? Open the door and immediately win the jackpot. Besides staring at each other, no one said hello first. I think this time just acting like we don't know each other like he needs to will probably be more effective than getting embarrassed by being ignored all the time.

Thinking like that, I quickly turned away to avoid reaching the corner of the academic book group. Seeing that his friend recommended a book, I remember the cover by heart because of the extremely eye-catching red background. Before I could finish scanning the shelves, I saw where it was so I quickly picked it up.

"People say this book is good."

Ui!!!!

Good at glimmering like a ghost. I don't know when he came to stand behind me, but the only thing I observed was his action of reaching for the book from upstairs and giving it to me.

"And if you read the book, it will be easier to understand. Plus, there are questions to do at the end of the lesson, this book..."

"I've also heard many seniors talk about it. Thank you." I received the book. It looked like he just realized he had done something wrong so he quickly changed his expression immediately.

"Nothing."

"You buy comic books?" I don't want to intrude too much, just happened to see it, plus it's one of the series that I also follow to read.

"YES."

"This story is so fun, I'm reading it too."

"How far have you read? Is it time for Miew the cat to transform? At that time, it'll be great."

So funny. Man, you keep stumbling so funny. It's like he's trying to maintain a serious image but can't do it for long before accidentally returning to his previous cheerful state. I don't understand why you're forcing it when you look so unhappy. But I didn't dare to ask, let's go with the flow first.

"I've finished reading it. People only talk about this scene, but after that baby Miew transforms into a super-powered boy, the author immediately cut that part. I'm waiting for the new episode just like you. "

"I took the new volume from that shelf." The slender finger pointed to the corner of the comic books. I smiled at him as if thanking him before walking to said corner.

If you choose for a moment, you'll be stunned.

"Fuck!!" Suddenly he poked his head from the row of books on the opposite side, startling me so much that I almost fell over. Are you crazy? Since when did you follow?

"What are you looking at?"

"I didn't look. Can you deduce it yourself?"

"Ah..." His actions denounced him.

"Yes?"

"What?"

"Comic."

"You want to talk to me?"

The other person was silent. Since I didn't want to beg anymore, I continued looking for the latest comic book. But because I was born as a seriously unlucky person, no matter how carefully I searched for what I needed, I still couldn't find it, so I had to humiliate myself and go find the cashier instead.

"I'm sorry. The story of Miew cat's adventures in the galaxy, volume 12 is not out yet?"

"Please allow me to check a little." I waited for the person in front of me to type in the information with concentration. But when I saw my sister's sad face, I immediately knew that perhaps I had not achieved any merit.

"It's over, isn't it?"

"The truth is that there's still one book left in the store's warehouse. But..." I know, the only remaining book is safely in Faifah's hands.

"It's okay." I mumbled to myself and decided to walk around the small bookstore again, just in case I might come across some more interesting books. I'm not sure how much time has passed, and I no longer care about the tall man who was at the store before, I only know that Jay sent a short message.

I took another book, went straight to the checkout counter, and it was such a coincidence that I returned to meet the cheerful gentleman in a possessed body again.

"You go first."

"Um."

If it were normal, P'Faifah would be eager to let me go first. But this time he refused to refuse the kindness and quickly gave the book and credit card to the staff. So while I waited, I lowered my head and continued to reply to my best friend's message, afraid that if I was late, he would get angry and explode the room again.

"It's okay to put the book down." When he looked up again, he was gone.

"These two books."

"Total 395 baht."

"Here." I gave the cash to the employee, waited for everything to be put in my bag, then prepared to leave the store. I didn't think I would be held back immediately.

"I almost forgot. The customer just asked me to give it to you."

"Yes?"

She gave me a book. It's the new comic book I just talked about and asked to find before.

"It's the last book you keep asking for."

To me, P'Faifah will always be P'Faifah.

Sometimes he pretends to act unlovable, but it cannot be denied that he is always cute to those around him.

5.2

Chapter 5: Have you changed or has someone changed you - 2

[4125]

"Are you going to check your phone any longer?"

"Many things."

"It's strange. Lately P'Faifah hasn't made any video calls to look for you." If my leg is free, raise it up and kick my best friend's mouth a little, it's probably okay, right? Just talking to stir things up, making me breathe heavily.

"What's strange? Normally he doesn't call me often."

During this time, I couldn't lie down to sleep without picking up my phone to check. Probably because I'm so used to being able to call and talk to someone. Then suddenly one day he disappeared, so I felt strangely empty. But in recent days it's gotten worse because I often pick up my phone to look at it every time I'm outside.

Like a puppy, it's waiting alone for its owner through the phone screen, wouuuuu.

"So haaaaa? Before, we saw each other contacting each other every day. I guess I was thinking for myself." A cruel guy who likes to poke at other people's weaknesses. "Have you found a chance to tell him the truth yet?"

"Let's talk for more than 5 sentences first. Lately, I feel like something is wrong with him."

"I think so too. It's important not just for you, but for everyone."

"The heaviest thing is just for me."

"Or does he want to be like P'Yotha?"

"To?"

"I guess I know. But if you have any questions, try calling and asking."

"You know what I called him last time." The classic saying rang out slowly 'The subscriber you just called is temporarily unreachable...', so heartbroken I could die.

"Then try calling again."

"Why does it have to be me? Can't you, Janjob?"

"You're close to him, Weesawa."

"Oh, he's close to people all over the world, not just me." I don't want to argue anymore, it's better to hide and enjoy the fresh air outside the restaurant.

Then I hated myself for leaving when I acted like the male lead in a famous music video, but still pulled out my phone to watch. I really want to know what's wrong with him. I don't have any worries.

But alas! Accidentally, I clicked on the saved contact's name with a blank face, almost without realizing it. My body does it on its own, so it won't be too late, it's better to just call.

[Hello.] Not long after waiting for the call, my ears quickly heard a familiar voice answer.

"I... you didn't pick up the phone before, hehe." Unprepared, at first I thought he might not pick up the phone like usual.

[I was busy at that time.]

"Am I bothering you by calling?"

[Can talk.]

"It's just that I feel like you've been looking strange lately. There's something bothering you, can I help you? I really don't want to interfere, I'm just worried, afraid you'll have a problem thinking about it. If you don't understand, you don't have to endure it and keep it alone." While asking, my legs did not stand still, I walked back and forth to the point of dizziness. Probably because he hoped deep inside that he could open up and tell something to him.

[I'm fine.]

But that's it. Hoping for vain things makes you even more important to yourself.

"It's reassuring to hear that. If so... okay, no more bothering."

[Wait... wait.] My hand was about to press end, but the low sound interrupted so impatiently that I had to hold the phone as before. [Have you had dinner yet?]

"Not yet."

[Eat on time, otherwise your stomach will hurt.]

"Thank you for worrying about me."

[Phuri asked me to speak for him.]

"Is that so? We're together. Please thank P'Phuri."

[Um. That's it.]

"Yes." After hanging up the phone, I still spent a long time walking back and forth. Once you understand something clearly, then choose to turn around, open the door and enter the shop as before.

"You really are you..."

"What are you mumbling about?" My tall friend raised his face and asked.

"Do not have."

I sat down on the old chair while turning to look at the long bar, seeing the waiter mentioned earlier sitting and giggling with his phone screen alone. When you hear the sound in your ears, you know you are watching a foreign variety show. And P'Faifah, when did you take the time to talk to your friend?

Something awakened in my heart. Sometimes something inexplicable feels incredibly good.

I didn't think someone would influence us that much. Sad because of him, restless or sometimes even excited mixed in situations. If I were a little more selfish, I'd probably want to make him keep it for myself.

But because he doesn't belong to anyone, I have to tell myself over and over again, don't be too happy every time you are treated well.

"Hey guys, here is the new cake and drink menu, starting to take orders from tomorrow." The thoughts that were drifting away were pulled back again when P'Phuri approached the table and placed a piece of paper containing the menu of the restaurant's dishes in front of it, "The owner changed the menu in the restaurant with new prices. You guys watch." Okay, there are drinks at old prices and a lot of dishes that aren't too expensive."

Just a quick glance and seeing the number, Jay's and I's eyes suddenly lit up as if we had seen a treasure.

"Wonderful. Tears are about to fall. There's a cup of cocoa for only 50 baht. I want to get an inhaler right away." There's no need to keep the premium ingredients, finding the normal kind that the kids drink is better than anything.

"You can come and study at the shop soon."

"Just now having a menu to choose from with such lovely prices, there will definitely be more customers."

"Hopefully so. Well... seeing that the marketing wasn't lacking from the beginning. It's good that Fai tried the idea a few days ago, so he started to think it was okay."

"P'Faifah?"

"Yeah. It's changed a lot lately, I don't know what's crazy about him." P'Phuri mumbled to himself. Don't say it's just you, people also ask the same question marks, but no one has an answer. Even my best friends don't know, let alone a first year kid like me. "You guys can go ahead, I'll go take orders again."

"Yes."

On a hot day, the school building is crowded with people like walking in hell. Suddenly an image of someone flashed in my mind. It was an image of him, distributing smiles to the people around him on an extremely hot day. But there is a sad thing, which is that right now I probably won't see that smile anymore.

"Brother Wine, what's wrong with you making your face look like you want to cry?" Ugh. I was just thinking to myself, I didn't think my tear ducts would react. I quickly wiped my face with my hands before smiling at the 2nd year senior, who held the position of expert on village affairs.

"Hello."

"Hello to the lizard like Gun."

"Your father, Kong."

Haven't stopped joking yet. Whenever these two are together, there's always something to worry about.

"Are you going to continue studying in this room?" At the end of P'Gun's question, I nodded frantically.

"Yes. It seems like the normal room often has bad air conditioning, so I moved to this room instead."

So I went peek-a-boo with my classmates in this room first. The world of Technicians is just that small. Every day we go around and only see each other like that. We can't find love with other people. Or the truth is that they have rekindled many couples together. It's just that I can't attract anyone.

"The air conditioner in this room is also cold. Otherwise, my armpits wouldn't be so wet." Mr. Kongkiat not only spoke, but also flapped his wings, distributing a gentle scent to all his juniors and friends. I know how to be close to P'Faifah. So the behavior is exactly the same. Huh~

The fun and banter never stops, returning to a serious scene is almost impossible to see.

"Brother, let me ask you something."

"Say it. If it's a public matter, I'm ready to answer." Not really. Really right thinking, when I came to meet you two. His eyes are so determined, you can immediately tell that he is that type.

"What's wrong with P'Faifah these days? He doesn't look... like before."

"Hooooooooo~" Are you guys breathing too long?! "Speaking of this, I almost have to put my foot down. Last week, he came back to look for something, but as for the details, I won't say anything, you go ask him yourself."

"I probably wouldn't dare ask. P'Faifah looks so confused right now."

"Even if it's difficult to understand, if you want to understand, it's not difficult." P'Gun raised his hand and patted my shoulder as if he wanted to encourage me, but I was still busy with his confusing words. Over the past time, I have tried very hard to understand, but the other person did not create opportunities for me to understand more.

The feeling is like someone trying to do math, but the teacher doesn't say the equation, so I don't know where to start.

"Wine, I know that you are close to Faifah. If you have a chance to talk to him seriously, even if he says no, just believe it, he will eventually tell you everything."

"You think too highly of me. The last few days we met, he didn't even want to say hello."

"Come on, everything will get better." The first time was a pat on the shoulder, the second time was a headbutt to cheer. I really want to say next time don't fight anything, just saying that is enough. "Then let's go first."

"Is there another class?"

"No, I was going to invite Kong out for a drink to get rid of his headache."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Stressssss. Stress about Faifah soooooo."

I know!!!!

Being alone makes the whole department chaotic. It's so good that I don't know how good it is, because even I can't stop myself from paying attention.

Yesterday two good things happened. The first thing happened so suddenly that there was no time to prepare anything. The second story I already knew but was still nervous.

Starting from the first story, Pay contacted the dormitory manager to ask permission to invite a monk to pray to chase away ghosts in the room. So we made an appointment to invite each other to come together to kneel and worship the monk and pour holy water to ward off all the bad luck.

I don't know if what my friends in the industry saw was a real ghost or just self-obsession, but that situation became an important topic that was told to each other in the whole department the next morning. Even the Technical bulletin board even posted it on the topic 'The Computer Kid with the Ghost in His Closet' to keep as a memorable epic for future generations.

As for the second thing. Janjob's perseverance finally paid off. After calling 3 times a day after meals to ask for a new motorbike from his mother, it finally ended with the super cool motorbike being sent from home to the front of the dorm yesterday afternoon. To put it bluntly, we're shy with Ben. If you're going far away, you can take turns driving, but if you're around school, when you want to go out somewhere, it's miserable. Having your own car helps make things more comfortable.

For this reason, Jay really wanted to fly around the university by carrying BenG behind him to celebrate his efforts. I've been circling for 2 hours now, I don't know which ditch I fell into. So I had to reluctantly sit and eat alone like I saw here.

Fried egg rice shop is one of my familiar shops. Besides, it's not far, I just take the bus inside the school and get off right at the school gate. I walk a little straight and I'll be there. At this time, it's usually very crowded, so it's good that there's still an empty table left, so I hurry up. Quickly reserve the table before going to order food.

"Can I sit with you?"

"Okay." While keeping my face down and writing down the details of my favorite fried egg dish, my body immediately froze before raising my face to look at the person who was sitting down on the opposite side.

I swallowed the saliva down my throat in one big gulp. Suddenly my brain went blank and I forgot what to write next. If this world has the most unlucky people, one of them is probably me. And if this world needs to choose someone to linger with endless randomness, I am that person.

"What do you call it?" The handsome face moved closer, opening his mouth to ask with an emotionless expression.

"F... fried egg rice."

To the point where my voice trembled, he picked up a pen to write down the words 'fried eggs to carrots' up to 4 times.

"I know, this is a fried egg shop. What kind of fried eggs do you mean? What do you put in? Minced meat? Or pork sausage?" Huh?! Never thought that P'Faifah would say a long sentence to me today. Every time I act like I'm afraid the flowers will fall and the leaves will fall.

"I left the carrots, I was thinking if I should put the minced meat or not?"

"Let, let go, very delicious."

"Who doesn't know what to eat?"

"That's you."

"Minced meat is minced meat."

"Give me one more."

It's stranger than usual, then it's fun, then it's serious again, or are you filming a program right now? Yes, tease your friends or people around you to create laughter and then post content on your channel. One time, Ben also invited me to do that.

"You don't ignore me anymore?"

"What? Who cares? No~"

"No butter, no butter." I bowed my head and wrote the list of dishes I wanted for the two of us on paper, then stood up and went to give it to the salesman at the counter. Coming back again, I didn't expect P'Faifah to be waiting with a glass of water, but normally the restaurant lets customers serve themselves.

"Take it." He pushed the glass of water in front of me, the other glass was placed next to my hand.

"Thanks."

"I didn't mean to get it for you. Normally I drink 2 glasses of water at a time, I'm too lazy to stand up and walk."

"If that's the case then it's okay, I can go get it myself." Just as I was about to push the glass back, its owner was as quick as lightning.

"No! Okay, I have to drink, I must drink."

Wanting to be nice but acting like you don't care, there are also people like that. The more he did it to me, the more ridiculous it became, no matter how hard I tried to suppress my laughter, I really couldn't help it.

"What are you laughing at, little brother Wine?"

"That makes me laugh. Thank you. Even though you pretended to ignore everyone all this time, you still tried to be nice."

"Who treats you well?"

"Captured in battle and still don't know it yet."

"I've never been nice to you." He looked away, making a face so clueless that he deserved a slap.

"So what happened at that time? When you pretended to help me hold the documents. When I went to the cafe, I also remembered what I usually like to order. When I went to the comic book store, why did you sacrifice the last comic book for me? Also recommend good study books. And most recently..."

"..."

"You can also pour water into a glass, even if you don't have to be very close, that's fine."

"You think too highly of yourself. You figure it all out yourself, baby."

"Okay, I can figure it out myself."

"Aw, how can you give in so easily? Keep arguing, keep arguing." The trouble is starting to return. I really shouldn't provoke his feelings.

It was good to feel like the bell saved my life because the ordered fried egg rice was served on time, so I beat the drum. Sitting and eating, looking at the atmosphere around the restaurant, most importantly, the TV was playing a TV series after the news, slapping each other around. Anything is fine, as long as it doesn't involve looking at P'Faifah.

"N'Wine."

"..."

"N'Wine Weesawa Unorun."

"It doesn't have to be that full of names, P'Faifah Thanawanyotha." What crazy person is named Faifah whose last name is Yotha? Have you ever felt sorry for yourself when they were your twin brother?

Thinking aimlessly alone for a moment brings my soul back to pay attention to the ongoing conversation.

"The truth, tell the truth."

"If you're joking, eat quickly and go home. You have to go cook ghost-busting noodles in Pay's room."

"Is there really a ghost after all?"

"Just joking, can we get to the point?" I'm a person who often likes to steer through other things rather than talk to each other properly. When I'm about to turn around, I always steer away. Really good at meaningless things day after day.

"I've been trying my best all week. But it's been really difficult with you."

"..."

"It's difficult, extremely difficult..." He bowed his head, banging his forehead on the table so hard that the neighboring tables turned to look. This guy didn't know what to do, so he just raised his hand to comfort his head while smiling shyly at the people around him.

"P'Faifah! Raise your head first, let your forehead break now."

"For me it's really difficult."

"I don't know what problem you have, but please know that I'm always by your side."

He raised his face, pouting obnoxiously before letting out a cry that seemed extremely painful and sad. It can be considered an extremely visually shocking scene because he didn't expect to see a man's tears flowing without stopping.

"Little Wine, why are you so nice to me? Sniffâ€¦ uuuuuuuuuu."

I gave him a tissue on the table, but he shook his head and said in a trembling voice.

"It's okay, I'm not crying, I'm not crying."

Who the hell is crying here? People are racing to look. The more he raised his hand to comfort him, the more he opened his throat and cried louder than before.

"Calm down."

"Just take it, take it all." Instead of obeying, the senior turned into a serious drama scene by taking the fried eggs from his plate and transferring it to my plate without stopping.

"Nh... is it too much?" Fried eggs on the whole plate. Can you eat delicious food with only rice?

"I want to repay you for always being by my side."

"I still don't know, what's wrong with you?"

"It's extremely stuffy in the heart."

To...

"It hurts so much that the heart has pus."

Let...

"The pain is so unbearable even for half a second."

Let it cool down, and here, please allow me to worship baiiiiiiiiiii. Every time there's a drama, his vocabulary is huge. I wanted to hit my head on the table really hard, but I was afraid that the shop owner would call Poh Teck Tung*, so I had to use calmness and peace to restrain my impulsiveness instead.

"Do you think what I did was like giving someone hope?"

"I don't know, maybe sometimes."

"Everyone I know, I just consider them friends. But it's me who makes them misunderstand, right?"

Except for silence, there is no better answer.

Because everything is so real. P'Faifah probably has never thought too much of anyone, but his words, his actions like caring, the care he has for others, it makes people fall prey to those things, to level of self-importance.

Thought it needed to happen, but never expected to hear about it from his mouth.

"So for the past two weeks I've been trying not to be nice to anyone, trying to make sure no one has to suffer from my actions." I listened silently after he started with the source of the problem. "But the more I ignore it, the more forced it becomes."

"I know."

"Wine."

"Yes."

"Just a question. Do you think I treat others well everywhere? Which way is better for me now?"

"I don't know what other people think, but if I had to choose, I would choose the person you used to be."

Maybe it's selfish, maybe it sounds terrible, but that's how I feel.

The one who makes me laugh on stressful days. A warm and kind person. A person who is always generous. Be the one who helps when times are difficult. Is the person who takes me out of my closed world to learn more things.

He makes me feel like this first year life is valuable. And it feels so bad just without him.

"It's not because of how good you are to others"

"..."

"It's because you were really nice to me at that time."

It is this moment when I understand something every time I sit silently and look directly at the other person.

Even if he ignores the people of the whole world, can I just ask him not to do that...?

- End of Chapter 5 -

6.1

Chapter 6: Are you neutral?

[4166]

"I accidentally wronged one person, no, I wronged many people."

The history of misunderstandings is replayed for the third time. Again! 3rd! To the point where you called but I still couldn't pick up the phone because I had to sit and listen to his extremely sad life.

"I'm sorry if I made a mistake." Talking to the point of dry mouth, I don't know if you understand? But I'm afraid I have to endure listening to him talk and cry for a while longer.

"I'm sorry, but it's not that simple." You are truly very good, when you can explain a problem that has become so big that it is a world phenomenon. "Wine, do you understand me?"

"I know."

The truth is that there's no point in understanding anything at all, just having another piece of fried egg on the plate and listening to his sad problems.

The situation is understandable. Next to the fried egg rice shop sold beer, so I ordered him to drink countless cans to cheer him up. The current image is as seen, he was so drunk that his mouth trembled when he spoke, indirectly losing all his handsomeness.

"The thing is..."

Get ready, the 4th time is coming.

"To be?"

"Uuuuuuuuuu." Do you intend to finish talking in this life? It's so annoying that I want to throw away the spoon and fork and escape back to the dorm. This crazy guy. The best at making people crazy. "I secretly overheard a friend tell her that she liked me, and even decided to find a chance to tell me. But the problem is that I don't like her, I just see her as a friend. And it's bad at that. My actions are like giving hope."

"So how did you do it?" I know everything from beginning to end, but just go along with him first, in case he can release his inner feelings, which will help his emotions get better, even if the person who is stressed is me instead.

"I didn't want to humiliate her or make her feel less confident if she was rejected outright, so I pretended to secretly like Gun."

"Ha! That's P'Yotha's lover." Playing so big, the script is obviously old.

This year's Oscar for best supporting actor must have me in the nomination, a bright candidate for every award.

"That's right. Because I thought that if I brought someone else out and pretended to like me, I was afraid the plan would be ruined. If I chose a random name, she would find it. So I thought I'd just play it, then Gun will go." Because no matter what, I won't have the day to confess my feelings to my brother's lover."

"It's the extremely miserable job of finding a way out." From the heart.

Plus I've listened to it 3 times, it's a whole process. Mr. Kongkiat, Mr. Gunyukol and the divine Mr. Faifah, helped each other to play tricks and not tell P'Yotha. As long as the seniors like each other, problems won't arise.

But he also knows that there are still many people who like him more than his friends.

If it's someone else, if you don't like it, say it directly. Why doesn't he understand? I have advised so many people to just tell the truth, then admit their mistakes and correct themselves. But P'Faifah is not an ordinary

person. I don't want him to feel bad, I don't want him to feel humiliated so I have to be vaguely pitiful.

"We were going, but unfortunately the plan fell apart. She knew the truth so she felt an even greater loss." After speaking, he took another sip of beer. Both plates of fried egg rice are gone. Next, a third plate will probably appear as a snack. "It happened because I treated people well, to the point of making them think too far when I was never more than friends."

"I understand. My actions are really like that, to the point where I even take good care of you when I'm with you. If I was a little weak-hearted, I'd probably be super heartbroken."

"But I'll do it honestly, no pretense."

"Well, I wholeheartedly worked for everyone. So what happened after that incident?" Build the story continuously so it ends quickly, then go back to the dormitory to shower and go to sleep.

"As you can see, I'm trying to change myself."

"Trying not to be nice to anyone is because you don't want them to take themselves too seriously, right?"

"Um."

"Are you neutralized?"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

I teased him, he teased me back, and I teased him.

"There's a sentence from that friend that's still in my head that won't go away. That's even though she doesn't know if I can change my personality and like to be nice like this, but if one day I truly love someone, I will change for that person."

"It's also true..."

"But I haven't met yet, so I don't know if I will become a better person or not. But if one day I really love someone, I will probably change for that person."

"It's also true..."

"But I haven't met him yet, so I don't know if I'll become a better person. So... N'Wine, can you help me?" I'm dead, I can't even calm down when I get to work.

"Me? I can't even worry about it anymore." Should I refuse or say yes first? Maybe tomorrow, when he wakes up, he'll forget everything he said the day before.

"Um, that's you. Only you can help me."

Jay always says that drunk people like to talk without thinking, without meaning.

"Why does it have to be me?"

"Probably emotions."

"..."

"Emotions say, you will make me a better person."

But there are many times when drunk people often say what's in their heart.

After falling into the trap with that shocking sentence, I could no longer climb out of that hole. It turned out that in addition to having a headache from studying, combined with my friends who liked to tease me, I had to carry an additional burden, which was to become P'Faifah's confidant.

The task of taking care of others when necessary begins. The truth is, he should ask his friends, or even Jay to help him, it's still better than someone who's stuck in a room and knows very little about the world like me. But let

it be, at this point, if I refuse, I am afraid he'll hug my legs and cry about the drama from 30 years ago.

So Sweet Song CafÃ© becomes the most suitable place for meeting and talking.

I took out the notepad and flipped through the page that was once blank but was now full of my writing. Having thought about it, I'm more serious than studying any subject, knowing that this will be beneficial to P'Faifah and everyone at the university when I didn't know how to go far.

Besides the things already written in the note, there are a few things that need to be checked further to understand more about the senior relative. Whatever action is a problem, let's slowly overcome it together.

"Please let me ask first, in case I know what your main problem is."

"Okay, very ready." He folded up his sleeves, sat up straight, smiled and focused on me.

"Your main problem is arranging the hierarchy of importance to the people around you. Suppose if two people called for help with the same problem, what would you normally do?"

"Then I help solve the problem for both of us." He answered seriously, even shrugging his shoulders.

"So who will have to wait? You can't help both at the same time."

"I don't know, I didn't think about it."

"This is the problem. There are a few cases where you need to choose. List of departures, who is the most important person, or which cases are so important that you have to choose to do them first."

"Okay." He nodded in understanding.

"Nodding like this means you want to refute?"

"Why do you know so much, boy?" Calling me by any number of names makes my ears itch.

"I'll try to give an example. Suppose my car runs out of gas and P'Yotha's car runs out of gas, who would you choose to help first?"

"You don't have a car."

"Aw really he. Ohhhhh! Suppose that's the case, do you understand?"

"Choose you."

"Why does it have to be me? It should be your brother."

"Yotha can take care of himself, so I'll take care of you more."

Just get lost in that magnificent paradise, and you'll get rocks falling from that paradise, because like P'Faifah it's extremely frequent when the word 'worry' is repeated over and over again. Huh! It's not easy to eat me.

"I take care of myself just as well as P'Yotha."

"Choose you because whenever there is an emergency, Yotha is still awake, but you are not."

"Come and punch each other until it's over?"

"You dare to be so bold with me these days? How disgusting."

"You must be very scared?" Chatting for a long time, getting back to the story almost in time. "From now on, just arrange things in order of importance first. Believe me, things will gradually get better."

"Understood."

The tall relative bowed his head and typed what I said just now into the notes section of his phone, in case he forgets himself or chooses to help someone but can't, he can use it in making decisions. When I feel he's done, then continue.

"Next question. Suppose you and your friend go shopping, and your friend stands and looks at an item for a long time but in the end doesn't buy it. What would you do?"

"Buy it for him too."

"Here! Friends don't do that, you will ask if they want it, have they thought about the need, lend money first. Otherwise, if they really want to buy it for them, then give it as a gift on important days. Instead, the recipient will begin to think that you consider them more special than others."

"N'Wine, you..."

"Good, right?"

"Can you talk in long sentences like other people?" Damn it. Please help me focus on my dedication, it's always silly. As soon as he frowned a little, he quickly averted his eyes and fled. "It's okay if I don't tease anymore. From now on I will follow instructions."

Having finished speaking, he enthusiastically typed my instructions into his phone.

"Do you usually pick up your calls?" The next question flew at him quickly, he also answered back without waiting.

"The line is about to burn out, the number is almost unknown."

Even though I had already guessed it, when I heard him say it, my heart still beat in panic. The cheerful gentleman of the department, he uses very familiar items. Driving a familiar car, using a familiar phone, plus paying money to buy things for this or that person is also good, I can't stand the expense.

Whoever is in love is not the luckiest person, it would be more correct to call it unlucky. Because we have to divide it equally with hundreds of other people.

"So when you receive the phone call, what is the first thing you like to say to others?"

"If you don't say the name..." He was silent. And I was so focused on the answer that I almost couldn't sit still.

"So what?"

"I like to say 'What, honey', usually."

"From now on, it's forbidden to call people like that, except for family members."

"If so, change it to 'What's wrong, you bastard?' Is that Okay?"

"Your friends will be shocked to death when they hear it. Calling them by name or greeting them with hello, hello, something like that is enough."

"Receive!"

My heart is so tired. At first I thought the problem would be small, just starting to excavate this much, but I already had to put down roots. I'm thinking that today we won't be able to finish talking until 2 a.m. today. And even though there are problems whose causes we clearly know, it doesn't mean he can do it easily.

People who have lived like this for 10 years probably have no chance of changing themselves in just 3 nights. This is something I know well and always tell myself.

"When going to the pub." Here it is, one of the most pitiful memories of my life.

"There is."

"Learn to sit still in one place, just go around the bar clinking glasses with this person or that person."

"Because of people I know a lot."

"I know. You probably think you want to spend time with everyone equally, but don't forget that your friends ultimately want to spend time with you more than other people."

Come back on the first night to have the opportunity to step foot into Bangon Ponchana and meet the real P'Faifah. He is someone who is always devoted to others, but also often leaves someone behind.

Although it's not certain whether P'Kong, P'Gun or P'Phuri were ever sad or not when they were left at the table, because by the time they came back to talk again, the pub was about to close. But if it were me, the person who let me enter life and have such a role and importance in life, I probably wouldn't be able to fight that self-pity in a normal way.

"You too?" It's like he predicted it, so he asked back.

"Yes?"

"Do you want me to stay with you so we can talk for a long time?"

"Me too."

"Extremely warm in the heart."

Extremely deceitful. Hate your face. What kind of person can be 2 in 1, handsome and rhino* at the same time?

*rhino: roughly refers to a person who often seduces others.

"Forgot to say, when you meet someone at a restaurant, you don't have to give it to everyone. Whoever comes first in line should give it to that person. If you arrive first, you should also be able to order the meal first."

"I understand."

I received his bright smile as an answer a few minutes before starting the next question.

I remember being at the bar since 5pm. By the time my watch dial showed the time was almost 7pm. So P'Faifah took me out to eat, then returned to the restaurant after finishing, not thinking he would let me go back to the dorm.

That's it, today's mission is not over yet. I turned the notepad over another page to write down the details of the day's final task.

"Let's play the 'Must Choose' game together." New situation presented. The owner of the handsome face's eyes sparkled as he quickly answered in the most rhinoceros voice I've ever heard in my entire life.

"Wow, N'Wine has another challenge today."

"Hello Faifah."

Since we're at a cafe, we can't avoid being greeted by new customers. The more he is a gentleman or a public figure, the hotter he becomes, just like a big company artist. It's a little good that today when the person came to say hello, he said hello back but didn't continue talking at length, so I felt more at ease.

This is keeping a promise. I don't need him to cut off everyone or ignore those who approach, but rather behave moderately and stay within the limits of friendship.

"Hello Chalita. Sorry today, we probably won't be able to talk for a long time. I am in the process of changing myself for the better." Well... but when you say it out loud, you haven't changed, that's obvious.

"Go ahead, don't greet anyone from now on."

You've said that a hundred times already, so this time lower your voice and look serious.

"Focus on me."

The tall relative brought his face closer, his eyes staring at me without blinking.

"Is this okay?"

"There's no need to stare that much, I don't know how to behave properly." Probably the concept version forever. If you only want to make 100, you always overdo it and make it 1 million.

"Is little Wine shy?"

"Do not have."

"But I'm shy."

Speak without being afraid of your mouth, wanting to slap it hard.

"This is exactly why you need to change. Some people will be attracted to your words even if you don't think anything of it, that's really bad."

"I really think so." His reason is as hard as a rock.

It's definitely because I have too many emotions. Crap.

"I beg. If you don't think anything of it to anyone, don't say that. It's still good to be me." He pouted and made a sad face. "Let's get straight to it. I'll list out the options. Even though you don't like deciding on any choice, sometimes in some cases it's necessary."

"Let me play alone? Even you are the one who doesn't dare to decide or choose anything. Wouldn't it be better if we took turns asking?"

Go to business. Besides coming to help, I was also attacked without having time to prepare. Actually, I'm not very confident or determined with myself, so from childhood until adulthood, I was the type of person who didn't often like or choose to do something.

I didn't choose because I couldn't decide, unlike him, who didn't choose because he didn't want to choose in the first place.

"Come now."

"N'Wine is so confident."

"Let's start with you. The note is here." I glanced at my scribbled words on the paper, before opening my mouth to ask the first thing, which was probably simple to him... "Wine or beer?"

"Piece of cake."

"Answer first."

"Beer, no need to get complicated. It's up to you." What does that evil smile mean? I'm starting to get scared. "What will you choose between Math and Computer?"

"Hooooooooo, this is a big deal." When I was interviewed for my first year, I still didn't know what to choose, so I told the teacher two things. But because it's a game, you can only choose one thing. Please allow me to grit my teeth and answer in tears. "Let's choose Computer, program writing is not bad."

"Have fun. Play more, ask more." P'Faifah clapped his hands loudly, liking and liking.

"House or apartment?"

"Apartment."

"Tell me the reason too."

"Because my house is far away, I'm lazy to go home. The apartment is more private, plus I can bring many friends home. Let's ask you. Same question, lazy to think."

"I choose the house."

"Why?"

"I grew up there as a child, so it's warmer."

"If you have free time, I will take you to my apartment, it's much warmer."

"This is an invitation for girls. Keep this sentence for serious people." It wasn't enough for him to pout, he also reached out and ruffled my hair. Oh my mind! I smoothed my hair before making a new choice in confusion. "Should I watch a movie or exercise?"

"Do exercise." Reply so quickly?! "And this one has 3 options, do you want me to call you Weesawa, Warat or Wine?"

"I want to call you Wine."

"Wine."

"What?"

"Wine."

"Pull your soul back first."

"Wine!"

Both the voice and the eyes showed that it was inviting the heart to beat violently. He probably didn't know how good he was at tricking others into falling into the hole, and he couldn't even try to climb out. The important thing is that it's still very smooth. Some victims almost don't know they are being scammed, and by the time they realize it, it's too late.

I quickly shook my head to clear away the random thoughts, probably because I was afraid that he would know that I was attracted to him at that moment. Then a question suddenly popped into my head.

"If you could turn back time, would you choose to know me?"

Meeting someone in life sometimes feels like a mistake. Wanting to erase from his brain, pushing memories into the deepest corners. And I'm extremely afraid of becoming that person to him.

"Want." But when I heard the answer, my heart swelled like a balloon.

"Absolutely."

"Then ask the same question as you."

"I want it."

Even though the first time we met, we didn't have any impressions, whatever. The 2nd, 3rd, and even subsequent times, they all encountered trouble because they saw him express the energy of madness beyond the limit to the point of wanting to hide so many times. But sitting down and thinking about it, if it weren't for him, I would still be the same stuck-up person, my life would still be as bland, tasteless, and colorless as it has always been.

"May I ask next?"

"Yes."

"Are you free this Saturday?"

"What?"

"I was going to invite you to watch a movie."

"Is that your classic flirt?"

"No way. This is the first time... the first time asking." The voice is so beautiful, the eyes are so sparkling, the only regret is that the words are unbelievable.

"Like me? I don't believe it. Last time you sang on stage, you said it was the first time, even though P'Phuri said it was the first time in a week." P'Faifah raised his hand to hit his forehead vigorously when his tail was caught. Not enough, still turned loudly to the person at the bar with a loud voice.

"YOU BASTARD PHURI! YOU SELL YOUR FRIENDS!"

"What? What am I doing?"

By the time the love and hate friends resolved each other, I had already crawled to the bathroom and back for a while. Who would have thought that something that was almost forgotten would be brought up and asked again.

"N'Wine, answer the previous question first."

"What about watching movies?"

"Um."

Probably the only choice is to go or not to go. For me, it doesn't matter if I choose or decide something in this life that doesn't work. But there was also one thing that always had an answer in his heart from the beginning, and it was questions from him.

"I already know what you will choose."

6.2

Chapter 6: Are you neutral? - 2

[4254]

My weekend has never passed leisurely, because there are always moments to remember. Like today, I'm also waiting to see what life will encounter, but it definitely has to happen.

Because I had made an appointment with Mr. Supernatural to go see a movie, and I didn't want to bother him with the transportation, so I volunteered to go myself. Meeting each other before entering the theater is not bad, the important thing is that I have already bought the tickets online.

If you have something to say, then say it. There are dozens of movies, so why stop immediately with the drama genre? I'm scared to death of crying. I'm the type of person who often gets involved in other people's life problems.

"N'Wine ~" The sound of a rhinoceros came from far away, to the point where no one could be seen and still know that P'Faifah had arrived.

"Yes."

I turned around, looked around for a moment and saw a tall figure standing not far away. Today he is wearing a black and white striped t-shirt, shorts and slippers. If everything were transferred to me, it would probably look strange, but for this person, whatever he wears is fine.

"Before I came, were you a good child?" The tall body stepped closer before uttering the words that I could only squint my eyes with fatigue. This question is used for small children.

"Are not."

"Why?'

"Never mind."

"I've been teasing you more lately."

"You're trying hard to fight against me."

"Ohhhhhhhhhh. I can't compete, my level is still very far apart. Hehe." I hate that cold laugh of his. While making a dissatisfied face, he smoothly changed the subject as if nothing had happened. "N'Wine dressed so cutely today."

Band t-shirt and old pants? If you say it's okay then I feel okay too.

"You're also extremely handsome."

"Shout. How can you compliment each other so frankly? Do you have a crush on each other?"

"Um." I shouldn't volunteer to help change his behavior. It's clear that no matter how many days have passed, he still keeps talking to people around him, even to juniors in the same department like me.

Isn't it... still not enough? I saw that I was engrossed in arranging the bag of mangosteen I brought with me. A moment later, my heart immediately felt a little scared when I saw him bring it out on the show.

"Today we are all so handsome and adorable, let's take a photo to keep as a souvenir."

See, is it different from what you thought?

"I can take the picture. But please beg me this time, there will be no more blurry before and after." The photo of that tree remains legendary to this day.

"At this level."

"Your class is the scariest."

Afterwards, P'Faifah and I took a selfie to keep that impression as a souvenir before taking each other to choose popcorn and drinks to watch the movie again.

"If you choose to watch a sad movie like this, will N'Wine cry?"

"You? Chill chill."

"Sure."

"Dramas can't do anything to you."

"It's amazing. So we'll wait and see."

I don't know whether it's a hell of hate or a paradise of teasing. The movie has only been shown for only 20 minutes and the movie's content is... a lot more dramatic than expected. It also tells more about situations that are true to real life.

It's about the male lead dating a woman. Before discovering that at the same time, he had fallen in love with another woman. So it got messy, breaking up with that person and then dating this person. In the end, he was left empty-handed because he couldn't take care of anyone. Although tears fell, I had to hold back my sobs, a feeling of fear rose, that my life would be like the ending of the movie.

So there's almost no need to guess what the scene will be like when leaving the theater. My eyes were swollen like lemons, and the t-shirt I was wearing was soaked because I used it to wipe my nose and tears at the same time. If I could, I'd take my socks and wipe them too.

It's good that P'Faifah never teased me, but even gave me tissues many times, even going out together.

"N'Wine, you seem so absorbed."

"A little bit."

"I remember you just got dumped by your girlfriend. Are you okay now?" Suddenly he brought up this incident again. Both the attitude and the eyes looked like they were worried, showing no signs of wanting to mock or fear.

"Not yet."

There has never been a day when I didn't feel sorry for Toey. Even if another 10 years pass, it still won't erase my mistake, that I'm a terrible lover. It's not enough to change my mind and leave her first, but I also refuse to tell the truth that is kept deep in my heart.

"I kept thinking before that, you help me with a lot of things, so I want to help you but I don't know how?"

"Its ok."

To put it bluntly, I'm afraid of being stabbed in the face, so it's better to ask permission to refuse first.

"When we were watching the movie earlier, they said music would help us move on from our exes faster. Do you want to try it?"

"I've tried everything, but it doesn't work."

"If it doesn't work, try something new. Storms don't always hit us, one day it will rain." Wait... What's better than falling rain? I think it's just as intense. "Hey N'Wine, try it."

Really stubborn. Then how can you refuse? Finally had to accept volunteering to help.

"What should I do?"

"Let's find a place to sit and continue talking."

It was a good thing that there were so many people out today, so the spacious empty area of â€‹â€‹the restaurant became my residence with

P'Faifah for the next time. So we took advantage of that opportunity to eat and chat naturally.

"The first thing is that you need to not be afraid when thinking about the past. When you can't forget, you should choose to remember the good things about it. Like the song 'Memories' by Stoondio, they say... Let's keep it as good memories we had together. Some memories are unclear."

"That's enough..." My mind must have turned to crying. "I've lived like that before, it doesn't work. No matter how beautiful it is, it still hurts."

"Really?"

The tall relative nodded to show understanding, before bowing his head and scrolling through his phone to find music.

Crazy. In movies, when people are sad, they listen to music, but he is much more advanced in that he chooses many ways to express his feelings from the lyrics to help me. But I don't know if there will be any results.

"Then let it go. Like P'Pop Pongkul said... Try a little harder, even though you still love her, she doesn't love you. We should let go, let her go."

"..."

"Then it will pass. Then my heart will change. Then one day she will leave. Even though today I still have feelings. Even though I still miss her with every breath."

If he picked up a guitar, he would probably be able to sing. Are you tired?

"I tried to let go, but I couldn't stand it."

"Well, this is bad. So... will you and I go to the forest together?"

"Huh?"

Confused like a chicken losing its hair. What is this?

"So P'Max Jan said, if we're tired, let's go to the forest. At least we won't have to meet bad people like you."

"This is what people imply, oh my god. It's an implication!"

"Is that so? I thought that actually going to the forest would make you forget."

"Even if you go into the forest, you won't forget it when you come back."

"It's so sad."

The speaker made a sad face. I know how much he wants to help, seeing from his efforts, but what he's trying isn't working.

"Thank you, P'Faifah, for everything."

"You helped me too." He said as he picked up the fried pork on his plate, so I also accepted the kindness. But not long after, his eyes sparkled so much that I couldn't keep up. "I figured it out."

"Think of what?"

"How to move on."

*move on = move on, move forward.

"More?"

"This will definitely work, but it will probably take some time." I sat still and listened, waiting for the other person to clarify. "Meeting that new love."

"Hooooooooo, this is harder than everything I've tried." Look at me first, the boring guy who stays in his room and does almost nothing day after day except study and then go back to his room. Decision making is also bad, no qualities to be a leader, who would love. One more thing is that I like my ex-lover's brother, who likes girls. Love is even more impossible to come by.

"You don't have to try, just live your life like that and you'll recognize it when you meet it, like the song 'Similar' by Dept."

So good, can you play the music again?

"And what does it say about the song 'Similar'? I've never heard it before."

"Just listen for yourself."

"Is this to look mysterious?"

P'Faifah didn't answer anything except laugh.

The day ends quickly, many things happen and the brain can remember. One was that the movie we watched together made me cry so hard that my tears wanted to drown the whole theater. Second, all the ways that P'Faifah suggested did not help me forget the mistake I had done to Toey. And third, I have a new song that I need to listen to as homework.

So when I got back to my room, the first thing I did was grab my old laptop and jump on the bed to listen to music.

'On the day everything was about to end

The truth is not as sweet as everyone sees

He hurt so many people

For so long, it's like he never had meaning

On the day when tears are about to dry up

Another flash of light passed by

Leading you away from bad days

Return to the world that makes sense.'

Are the lyrics at the beginning so sad? But it's still good to have hope to feel more relieved. Sometimes I may need to let myself go like what P'Faifah once said, continue living as usual to wait for the day I meet someone like in the song.

Therefore, I will not tell myself to forget Toey anymore, but will wait for the opportunity for the day when I can start again with someone. And I hope one day Toey will also give me the opportunity to say sorry from the bottom of my heart.

When I think about myself, each day seems to pass more easily.

'Right? Is it really you?

When it makes your heart skip a beat

I'm really like that...'

Monday, I was busy trying to form a group to make a subject report.

On Tuesday, the seniors arranged a meeting about the school's sports festival, so first-year friends gathered together to raise their hands and ask for a mission and all. Except I volunteered to be a cleaner instead of choosing something that would show off my talent.

Wednesday, BenG invited me to make a clip about eating giant squid. Then after eating, a rash broke out all over my body, even though I had never had it before.

On Thursday, Jay took me out to eat with the sisters in the department. Before holding each other's neck and leading each other to karaoke, it was just the two of them together, because of the pain of starting to see that she was turning to the brotherzone, that fear was very close.

On Friday, there is a party scheduled to welcome the divine code family.

Saturday, lying silly in bed to watch movies on streaming services, wearing the new mask that Ben received from the sponsor to help promote when uploading eating videos to YouTube.

And today, Sunday...

The turnaround time is a full week, I have the best memories of each day remembered in my mind. But I don't think anything exciting will happen today, until my good roommate kicks in the door.

"You, your kind brother, is running in the yard today."

"Who else is your kind brother?"

Tired and bored. After hearing that there would be a university sports festival, Jay nominated himself to compete in the running category of the Faculty of Engineering. The goal is nothing, he just wants to become the center of attention to get attention from other faculty members. So I don't know if I've encountered anyone who's heart-stopping me now because there are so many that I almost can't remember.

"P'Noinae is the Pharmacy department."

"I can't remember."

"Yeah, you don't have to remember, but you have to be mentally prepared."

"What the hell are you preparing for?"

"Now you have to go run and keep me company."

"Again? Last time we went to eat together, I was so nervous that my throat almost constricted."

"You... I'm begging you, please help me a little. Don't you think my love will help you think about our long-standing relationship? Huhu." Is it necessary to play this big, this damn guy.

At first I intended to refuse with a firm voice, but when I saw his extremely pitiful expression, I couldn't bear it and reluctantly answered yes.

Clothes were also chosen simply, took a pair of familiar running shoes and quickly headed to the university stadium.

In the evening, there are always students and staff coming to use the field, which is very crowded, and in the middle of the field, soccer is being played. No matter which way you run or go, you will always meet someone who fills the entire field.

"Oh my god, she's over there. I'm embarrassed." Janjob almost twisted his body into a spiral when he saw a large group of seniors running in front of him.

"Calm down, boy, keep your image."

"Do you think she remembers me?"

"Have you talked to each other?"

"A little."

"After we talk, come say hello."

"Is it okay?" When you asked, didn't you know what expression you were making? In your heart, you probably wanted to run to greet her at the speed of light. Why are you trying to pretend to ask each other's opinions?

"Scat." I give you fire. In the blink of an eye he ran away into the crowd.

Turns out I have to be alone again like before. Don't remember, don't care! It's still good to carry an airpod with you so you have music to listen to, reducing loneliness.

And the song that I've been listening to over and over again over the past week is still the same "Same" song.

'But you don't need to answer me

Let time turn away.'

The legs began to walk. Then slowly change from fast to running at a steady pace. There's still loud music in my ears and my eyes look straight ahead and only focus on what I'm doing.

One round of the yard. Two rounds of the yard. Three rounds of the field...

My small playlist repeats old songs again. The fatigue from exercising all this time led to the legs gradually slowing down, before turning my attention to the music I was listening to.

'Just looking at you with your eyes changes the whole world.'

"N'Wine."

Who would have thought that this person who had barely seen each other this week would finally randomly appear in front of me.

The situation was that from running slowly at first to stopping running, while the tall relative who was still walking on the opposite side of my running path also stopped running right in front of me. Each person was confused and didn't know how to behave except silence. It's good at the same time as the song from the phone is playing.

'I hope only you will hold my hand and not let go

It's just me, it's just me...'

I took out my headphones. before thinking about going to greet the other person.

"Hello P'Faifah."

"We haven't seen each other all week." He replied back in a slightly panting voice.

"That's right. I'm busy with the school's sports festival."

"And I'm busy at home." He didn't explain further, and I didn't want to question him either. Just meeting each other was good enough.

"Are you busy now?"

"It's all resolved. Who are you going to?"

"Jay."

"Aw! Where did it go?"

"That." I pointed to the other side of the yard when I vaguely saw my best friend's body. The reason the eyes can see it first is not because of anything, the color of the shirt. Wearing such a blinding pink color, sitting in a spaceship and looking at it from the outside world, you can still see it.

"Hey, I'm running to flirt with girls. Are you tired yet? Take a rest first?"

"Yes." I did not refuse but curiously followed my tall relative out of the yard.

Before anything could happen, the bottle of mineral water was stuffed into my hand. He was so attentive that he still gave me only one bottle.

"You drink it, I'll go buy it myself."

"No problem."

"I refuse, I'm afraid."

P'Faifah sighed softly, his eyes staring at my face silently before opening his mouth to speak in a gentle voice.

"So let's go shopping together? I brought my motorbike today, just for a little ride."

"That's okay."

I don't want to continue arguing because I'm afraid things won't end. Normally, we often go somewhere together, so it's better to just go with each other's thoughts. As for Jay, let him run after the person he likes until he's tired and then he'll check for me himself.

The legs followed the tall body to the parking lot. In the middle of the road, he kept looking for this and that and chatted non-stop.

"Hey, when I don't see you, I miss you. But because I'm not free, just calling won't help anything."

"That's right."

"It's not too much. If I don't see you every day, I'm really unhappy."

"You have a lot of friends, why aren't you happy?"

"How is it similar?"

A whole week passed, even though we didn't see each other, we still heard his voice. Many times when I feel lonely, I always remember the crazy things he did. Or will it be the times when he introduces or helps me avoid the pain of my old first love?

Moving on from many songs doesn't help, but it's still good to have new music to listen to to relieve loneliness.

It's him who always treats me well in everything.

While walking, a sudden thought appeared in my mind. It was a thought that was forgotten for a while, but when we met again, the previous determination immediately returned.

To protect our relationship, I don't want to hide or deceive him anymore. Because I'm afraid... afraid that one day if the other person knows the truth themselves, I won't be able to even be a brother. And it's also a pity to lose the most important person.

"P'Faifah."

"What?"

"Do you remember the 5 definitions of self-expression?"

"YES."

He still responded while his legs stepped forward without stopping.

"Last thing, you... didn't tell the whole truth."

I followed him, taking long steps to keep up. At that time, the pace of the person in front slowed down a bit so they could move closer than before.

The body can barely control itself anymore. My heart was pounding, my arms and legs were shaking non-stop. I asked myself many times whether I should say it or not. But in the end, I still lost my initial determination, that is to say. At least, if he doesn't accept it today, I probably won't be as hurt as letting time pass until we're more tied together than this.

I swallowed another mouthful of saliva, exhaled slowly, then gathered all the courage I had to speak frankly.

"It's also true that I'm not decisive in making decisions. But when the time comes, I usually always choose. So it's not something I really want to say." Hearing that, P'Faifah quickly stopped walking, before turning back to look at me with unreadable eyes.

"So what's your fifth thing?"

The calm voice ran through the hearing, suddenly I felt my legs losing strength to the point that I sat down on the ground, only bowing my face, not daring to face the other person directly.

I hoped for an answer, hoping not to be looked at with hate from him. But I'm also afraid that the final answer will not be as expected.

Everything is fighting in my head. I was silent for a long time until I found my tongue.

"N'Wine..."

"The reason why my ex and I broke up was because she knew the truth that I no longer liked her."

Like I said, just live to meet someone. Even though I haven't met today, at least I still have you, the person who gives me the courage to face the truth, and slowly accept myself.

"I don't like girls."

"..."

"I'm gay."

No answer came out of the other person's mouth. For a long time, I started to feel sad but didn't dare raise my face to face him, so I only focused on the concrete floor and my toenails for who knows how long.

"I'm really sorry I only told you now. I don't know if you can accept it, but I needed to say it no matter what."

To move forward, to grow, to let go of bad past emotions.

Did I do it right?

"Wine."

I don't know when it happened, but the moment I raised my face because of his call, my eyes first saw that handsome face.

He knelt down and sat across from me. Lips and a gentle smile help soothe the chaotic emotions inside better.

"What are you sorry for? There's nothing wrong with you. No matter what you love or like, I can accept it all."

"..."

"You're still you, always kind to me."

As for P'Faifah, I'm extremely grateful that this world created him.

At that moment the song in my head played again, it was a part that I remembered by heart.

'Is that right? Is it really you?

Made my heart chaotic. I'm really like that...'

- End of Chapter 6 -

7.1

Chapter 7: The bar's surprise

[5161]

"Little Wine!"

Someone's finger gently patted my right shoulder, causing me to turn around and look. When my eyes met the cheerful gentleman of the department at a close distance, suddenly at that moment my breath was choked for a moment. So I have to step back a little, just enough to let the breath escape my neck.

"Hello sir." A shy smile was sent. You probably know that, right? That its owner is confused, not knowing what to do.

"Are you free today late at night?"

"How late is it? I made a report."

"Until what time?"

"Around 8:30."

"That's good. Let's go to my brother's bar around 9 o'clock." I tilted my head in confusion. I only knew that his brother opened a cocktail bar from P'Yotha's short gossip, but where was P'Faifah in the mood today, wanting to bring an outsider like me to meet him.

Normally, I always keep my mouth shut, so I just assumed he didn't want me to step too far into his private area.

As of today, the puzzle is clear. Part of it was probably due to opening up that day, the day I mustered up the courage and told him frankly that I was gay.

Luckily, P'Faifah wasn't too mean to me. Besides accepting it, we're even closer. It's probably true as many people have said, if you start to open your heart to someone, then one day that person will also open their heart again.

"The bar's name is 16th December?"

"The name is 15th November. Are you teasing me? Going away for a whole month."

"I do not have." The name is long, who can remember it? I can barely remember my birthday. "But why did you invite me this time?"

"I want to take you to get to know the guys at the shop. Besides, there's an important event today."

"Important?"

There will always be a surprise. Pray from the bottom of my heart for it to be ok, don't want to stand there making stupid faces and asking myself 'what the fuck am I doing here' over and over again.

"Yes, so I want to include you." The more I explained, the less clear it became, to the point where I wanted to refuse.

But the curiosity to know, the desire to see twice as much after getting to know someone like him is the reason why I easily answered yes.

"Okay, then I'll go with you."

"The cutest. Don't forget to eat properly, I'm afraid you'll be hungry. Come pick you up at 8 o'clock in front of the dormitory." I nodded as an answer.

We talked for just a moment before separating to study according to our schedule. In the evening, I use that time to do subject reports. JJ and Ben were in a different group than me, I saw they had broken up since noon. But I guess they probably worked and then went out to eat, or they probably went out and then came back to work.

After completing the report, I quickly return to shower and prepare. Think about it, I was so excited that I went down to wait in front of the dormitory 30 minutes before the appointment time. My clothes and hair are completely done, ready to go to the gala dinner. I also don't understand why I'm so absorbed in it. Or is it because the person inviting is P'Faifah? So I'm more enthusiastic than usual.

"N'Wine." Not long after waiting on the front bench, I heard his rhinoceros sound coming before me.

When I turned back to look at the source of the sound, the image of the tall owner in a t-shirt and jeans standing against the car immediately appeared in my eyes. I ask if it's cool? I must say it's very cool. But ask again, whose car is that? This cannot be answered.

I stood up and walked towards the other person quickly.

"I made an appointment at 8:00, why are you here so early?"

"Because I knew you would wait first, I didn't want you to wait too long." Ummm, people are dying around here. You're really good at saying sharp words.

"Why are you such a good person?"

"Oh sure." Now it's not good anymore, I hate the tone in which he replies, I can't stand it anymore.

"And whose car are you leaning against?"

"This? I don't know."

"Ouch."

"My friend's car." Your friend is from university. Annoying.

"Where's your car?"

"Here you go." If you look opposite the luxury car, there is still his favorite motorbike parked. Today I wonder if we can hang out together again like before, but I like it. I like when we slowly drive through the wind and uh... stop by to say hello to people along the way. "Are you going now?"

"Yes."

Being with P'Faifah often makes my thoughts go back to the time when we first met. That day he went into the restaurant and focused on opening the menu. As for me, I had a big misunderstanding that the other person was the guy with the same code number, so much so that I boldly went to sit with him in an inexplicable way. Also order food calmly.

Whenever I think about this, my face gets hot. So embarrassed that I wanted to crawl underground and hide.

Even though I knew it was a funny story and wanted to bury it for the rest of my life, I still remembered it. This is what people say no matter how much time passes, someone's image will always be clear in the memory.

Am I really studying Engineering? Good at illusions.

The motorbike glides forward. In the end, P'Faifah did not stop to greet anyone in the middle of the street as I feared, so it was considered quite surprising to me. Guess the event being held at the bar was so important that it couldn't wait.

I raised my face to welcome the wind, scanned the surrounding lights before circling the back of the person in front of me. He's tall, warm, and dreamy, so it wouldn't be strange if someone fell in love so easily. Today he is only wearing a white t-shirt and light blue jeans, which is considered a common image on weekdays. Should make you feel closer and easier to touch than the days of dressing handsomely from head to toe.

Sitting and thinking for a long time, the sound of the motorbike finally stopped when he and I arrived.

After stepping inside the shop, the first thing that hits me hard is the atmosphere that is completely different from the outside. Except for the silence, there were still no guests sitting at the table as expected from the beginning.

15th November is not a big bar, just a small bar elegantly decorated with some strangely beautiful things. The interior is mainly black and white. There is also a very eye-catching point, which is the large black marble counter bar.

"Fai is heree."

Someone ran up and attacked the tall senior until his face woke up. Judging from his face, the man's age was probably around 20 years old, otherwise he was closer to 30. Wearing a white shirt, straight-leg trousers, with shiny leather shoes, plus the difference more than anyone else was probably his hair. Being groomed looks like you're preparing to go to an important event somewhere next.

"Are you nervous? You're sweating all over."

"Both nervous and embarrassed." The two spoke intimately, before focusing their eyes on me together. "Forgot to introduce, this is P'Nop, my brother's friend, joint stockholder in the shop. And also the groom."

"Hello, my name is Wine." But wait, just now P'Faifah introduced the other person by the title 'groom'? That means the wedding must be close, right? No wonder... the aura spreads.

"Nice to meet you. I see Faifah often likes to tell your stories."

"What about you?" Always confused. Why are you cursing me?

"Yes, he said your face looks sleepy." Damn it... "Sleepy in a cute way."

Making excuses won't get any better.

"Sleepy is not cute."

"Let's continue arguing, please take time to discuss with New first." He quickly finished. His right hand patted his younger brother's shoulder twice before turning around and going another way.

One corner of the shop is a gathering place for a group of people I know, some of whom are strangers.

"That person is the family's big brother, named Newton." The tall relative pointed to a boy whose face resembled the deadly twins in many places. In addition to being handsome, he is also surrounded by the scent of promiscuity.

"Ah."

At first I thought I wouldn't know how to behave or that I would feel stuffy, because I hardly knew anyone. Luckily, in addition to the happy gentleman, there was also P'Yotha and P'Gun with him.

Not being allowed to stand alone thinking any longer, my right hand was grabbed by a thick palm and led him along. He chose to introduce me to his oldest brother, P'Newton, to get acquainted. One more thing that is known is that the eldest brother of the family is extremely cunning and smooth-talking.

Anyone who doesn't love or die is crazy. The son of this family is too scary.

"And what's going on today? There are so many people who know each other."

In a scene where the people in the restaurant started to run away in different directions, I stood alone and scratched my head.

"N'Wine, you hold the flowers." I accepted the white rose but it was still okay while my head was full of questions. "Tonight P'Nop will propose to his lover."

"There~"

"We have to help create a surprise."

"What's the plan?" Before receiving an answer, the scene was even more chaotic than before.

I was pushed from behind to run and hide in a corner of the shop, pressing my face against the frame of the drinks cabinet to see what was happening outside. Not long after, the lights began to fade out, probably leaving only a little light to help see the objects inside the shop.

"N'Wine give me your ear." The tall body stood behind so much that one could feel the warmth. I easily complied with the request by tilting my face a bit, but just happened to encounter a handsome face that was also moving closer, so the tip of his nose high touched my earlobe. And it makes goosebumps all over the body automatically.

"Ticklish." Speaking according to the truth, the person behind me sounded fierce.

"Are you going to listen?"

"Then tell me." I replied back in a whisper.

"What shampoo do you use?"

"This is the plan?"

"No, I mean your hair." Don't make me hot! If you ask me what shampoo I use in a situation like this, are you crazy?

"You're so damn annoying. Get to work or you'll miss something."

"In short, if P'Fai goes in..."

"Which fai?"

* à¸à¹‰à¸²à¸¢ is read as faai, different from the name Faifah, à¹„à¸Ÿ is read as fai

"P'Nop lover." I nod my head in understanding and tilt my ear to continue listening. "New will run out and tell P'Fai to wait for P'Nop at the bar first.

As soon as the groom comes to stand at the bartending position as planned, the music will start right then, and it will be time to propose. If P'Fai answers yes, we will appear to congratulate."

The plan to create a very romantic surprise. But wait...

"There's nothing wrong with this. If it's not like that, I mean..."

"What if she doesn't agree? Never thought about it."

"Aw?!" The crab fell on the side of the road, and at the wrong time, it landed on a pile of buffalo dung.

"No need to worry. It's not like if you want to propose, you'll propose right away. They've been talking about getting married for a while now, but there's no good day to propose like a surprise." Relieved, I thought it was natural to want to be surprised without asking the girls. Because I think we humans should have precious time together. If those things have gone through reflection on both sides, then that's good.

But what is not considered is his actions. What's wrong with my ears? Once you suck it, you'll probably chew it and swallow it.

"Put your nose a little farther away from my ears."

"How far can it be? The place is so narrow." He used a harsh voice before reaching out and lightly hitting my shoulder when he saw a girl walking through the bar door.

The image in the eyes is clear. She's a girl who's not very tall, has her hair cut almost to her earlobes, has bangs, and wears a short-sleeved Hawaiian shirt. At a glance, you can immediately tell that she's probably very indie, from the hairstyle to the way she dresses.

P'Newton came out and was the first person to meet her. He spoke a few words but we couldn't hear him. We could only try to read his lips. After a while, he invited her to sit and wait at the counter bar.

Minutes passed. That girl took out her phone to play to relieve boredom. After a while, P'Nop came out. I don't know why I held my breath and was so excited that I almost did a somersault even though it was none of my business.

The light in the shop began to change color, from orange to pink, along with slow but sweet music playing.

"P'Fai is not surprised. There are also days when our shop plays music like this." The owner of the warm voice explained slowly.

"Very romantic."

"Actually, there are some couples who meet and then make a deal, a one night stand."

"How good is it?" I turned to stare at him but the situation was not good. The tips of our noses touched each other only halfway before I quickly returned to normal.

P'Faifah didn't say anything, everyone remained silent and used that time to observe the couple in front of them.

P'Nop is standing in the familiar position of the bartender, greeting his lover with a smile. Then start making drinks to serve her attentively.

The two talked, laughed and talked loudly. And sometimes even listen attentively to someone else speaking with concentration.

I don't know what he will propose or how sweet his words will be, but in the moment my eyes see a boy take out the ring box and open it in front of the girl he loves, even though there was no kneeling down, no filming a clip, but this still brought out all of the lover's emotions.

My world seemed to fall into a state of stillness. The music in the ear seemed to fade gradually as both people looked into each other's eyes, before the proposed party nodded with a smile. At that moment, the music and my world transformed once again, becoming a world filled with joy.

"Yeah ~ Congratulations to the coupleeeeeee."

P'Faifah half dragged me out of the little corner where we were hiding and went straight to the bride and groom before giving her the bouquet. Clapping, whistling and loud howling took turns. The sweet song's melody quickly changed to Mho Lam* music, stimulating the rest of the group to show off their powerful hip-swinging dance.

* Mho Lam is a northeastern Thai music

Switching to the image of the groom with his close friends and P'Faifah, it's like everyone has their own thing.

"Don't cry, baby, don't cry, my love." P'Newton was the first person to fly to hug P'Nop while crying without any hesitation, his mouth opened to say a sentence that was almost inaudible.

"I'm not crying. Suck... huff... huffcccccc."

"Nop calm down, take a deep breath."

"I'm touched." Crying non-stop, especially P'Faifah, tears running down to his feet, looked more absorbed than any other groom.

"Come hug, hug again."

"Faifah, I thank you so much for helping me come up with this plan. In this life... I will never forget it."

"It's okay, I'm willing to shout~"

"Newton, Yotha, come here and I'll hug you."

It looked like P'Yotha didn't want to play along, so the three men gathered together, including the groom, P'Newton, and the cheerful gentleman of the department who jumped into each other's arms while crying and screaming like a little child. Only me and him with the same code were standing there staring blankly. As for the bride, she just scratched her head and made the most depressed face of her life.

"Are they at this level?"

If I were the bride, I'd say the same thing.

The atmosphere outside the restaurant is a bit quiet. In front there is a seating corner for guests. But on days when the shop is closed, especially activities like this, it is also suitable to sit apart and enjoy the fresh air. I followed my tall relative outside and sat next to him, even though the symptoms of screaming still didn't subside. I'll have to think about it or not.

"Tissues?" I gave him the things I held in my hand. So P'Faifah turned around and pouted, ready to cry again. "Don't cry anymore, so you won't be handsome."

"Huh. Thank you, N'Wine. Huuuuuuuuuu." He took the things from my hand and blew his nose so hard that I got bored.

"You look so absorbed."

"Right."

"Do you dream of getting married?" He shook his head, before explaining in a sobbing voice. But if it's not okay, just rest.

"Not excited... just happy that P'Nop is getting married."

"You look like you love P'Nop very much."

"Caring is more correct. Actually, getting married is not a romantic thing for me, but I'm happy because of the romance here, it made my brother happy at that time. He decided to choose his own path."

Located on a small road so there is little traffic, with a gentle breeze blowing on your face. He and I immersed ourselves in tonight's story together, even though it seemed too far-fetched for people our age to even talk about it.

"I also want something like this."

"Married?" He turned to ask innocently, and that action made me laugh.

"No, it's about being happy to see the person we love happy."

Having watched many movies and seen many love music videos filled with tears, I tried to convey that congratulating others is a normal thing that always happens. But when it comes to real life, it's not easy to do. If I try to put myself into that character, the person I love so much, but I also know that I have no way to have it, it will really hurt.

By the way, when I found out that P'Tor had a lover, I also had a similar feeling but it wasn't quite the same. Maybe because I knew that the other person would definitely never like boys, I also prepared it from the beginning.

"I almost forgot." The low voice of the person next to me pulled me out of my imagination, turning my attention to him as he was giving me a white rose. "Hey flower, give..."

"Why give it to me?"

"Because I'm lazy to keep it." Thank you for your words straight from the bottom of my heart, crazy.

"Aren't you going to congratulate P'Fai?"

"There are many people who give it."

"Strange. Seeing people so happy, don't you feel like you want a lover? Lately you don't take care of people like that anymore."

"No, wait for Newton first."

"Why wait?"

"It's difficult for him to love someone. If he loves someone, I will think again that day."

"What's the point of letting yourself depend on others?"

Judging from his eyes and gestures, P'Newton is that player*. To the point that when he was in the shop, he still secretly saw his friend asking him if he didn't bring this or that person along. Hoping that one day he will love someone is quite difficult. Is it good or not to realize that for the rest of your life you may never think of stopping with anyone?

* à¸•à¸±à¸§à¸žà¹ˆà¸: refers to a leader in a certain field. Here it means that Newton was a good womanizer.

"If you don't want to depend on others, then wait until you're good enough first."

"I'm better." From the first day we met, until the day we started to change ourselves. "No lying."

"Think so?"

"Yes, just need to find the right person."

Take out P'Newton and there's still P'Yotha, which was once told as a legend. The story is about the darkness of science combined with the fear of starting to love someone. But why did he remove the wall? Isn't it because of meeting P'Gun?

So I believe, everything really changes because of someone or something.

"Cheer it's just me, there you are N'Wine. Can't tell each other who is the person you like?"

I really tempted you to ask so many times, but how do I say it...

"He likes girls. No need to talk about it, it's just puppy love, unrequited love."

"So what about after puppy love? Have you ever looked at anyone else?"

"Yes."

I'm not the only one who has feelings for P'Tor, there are still many other boys passing by. Some people only meet him once but are so crazy that they think he's so handsome, so good, imagining how good it would be if they got closer like this. But that image also ended when I woke up from the dream.

Start a new day the old way, going out to meet people here and there. It's just that...

There have been changes since entering college when meeting someone. The person just mumbled to himself that he was so handsome, so kind, so warm, but also teased him to death.

That someone is you...

"But it doesn't mean that if you look at someone, you will want that person to become your lover."

That's right, you're always my brother.

"So can I just ask for one thing?"

"What?"

"If one day you really like someone, can you tell me? I don't have to be the first, just say it."

"Me too."

"Well, I'll say you first."

It's not a promise, it's not a rule that must be followed in a rigid way, but my heart dictates that it must be him.

He must always be the first to know.

Two days ago we were tired of creating surprises and confiding in P'Faifah, so today we have time to relax. Stop going out somewhere after school to lie down and read comics.

At night, I take a shower, brush my teeth, change clothes and jump into bed. Before going to sleep, I don't forget to pick up my phone to check the news. As for the roommate, the owner of the opposite bed, he is extremely annoying because he is in a state of in-love, going back and forth talking on the phone on the balcony for 2 hours.

Janjob is the type of person whose heart always comes before reason. Many times he meets someone and then uses his emotions to decide. It's a pity that its senses don't work very well. No matter how many good sisters he meets, he still only sees him as a younger brother.

Holding the number 1 'brotherzone' position in the Computer industry to the point where friends want to vouch for it too.

(Rrr - Rrrrr -)

After saying bad things about your friend in my heart for a while, the sound of a video call from a familiar person interrupted. Just seeing the name 'We were born and now we meet', I almost didn't let him wait for even a second, and quickly pressed the phone to pick up.

[Little Wine! You forgot your wallet in my car.]

Before he could speak, he quickly interrupted. That wasn't enough, he also showed me a hand-sized black leather wallet. It must be expensive and it's a brand name, but I'm not familiar with it.

"This is not mine. Who else did you pick up?"

Just think that if you agree to not be a hospitable person anymore, you don't think that history will repeat itself. A little bit...

[I can't remember.]

"Maybe it's from friends or siblings at the party."

[Oh that's right.] Not surprising, because besides P'Yotha and P'Gun, there were still many unfamiliar people at the party, so it was probably someone else's.

"I hope to meet the owner."

[Um, it must have been sent to Newton, otherwise Yotha would follow up, they'd be at the regular shop.] I pretended to listen because I couldn't help in this matter. But there is a question that comes to mind. While you're a brother in the shop, why don't you go find it yourself or bring it back?

"Don't you come to the shop often?" It's okay to say many things, because I want to know.

[Yes, but I usually don't like the atmosphere very much.] What do you mean by atmosphere? There were still questions lingering in my mind, so I seemed slow to understand so he opened his mouth to continue. [It doesn't have dance music to shake your waist around. I prefer to dance vigorously and shake my hips.]

Well, if it's like the way it was at Bangon Ponchana, it won't work. Dancing so fiercely that your shoulder blades slide isn't enough, and showing off your singing skills that I'll remember until the day I die.

"You really changed a few things, except for dancing and singing."

[What is this? Don't be disappointed yet.]

"Not going anywhere today?"

[Don't go, take a shower. Hey, I have something to show off.] He pulled the camera angle down a bit to see the cute, sweet-colored pajamas, so it was similar to the one I was wearing.

"Couple shirt, oops! It just so happens to be the same color, it's just that N'Wine's is K'Oab, and P'Fai's is a rabbit." So adorable that I want to squirt. He is really good at finding things that make me dizzy every day. His creativity is always full. It's understandable that the store makes a lot of pajamas to sell, but people this tall still have sizes to choose from.

"Where did you buy the sword? You're talented."

[Ask Yotha, then Yotha goes and asks him for his code.]

"See, I bought it from the same store."

[Cute? Just being praised for being cute.]

"It feels good."

[Cute?]

"Lovely is lovely."

I talked to him about many more things, some situations were not even connected to the previous story. Wondering how to talk to each other? P'Faifah has a highly natural personality, is good at talking, and has many stories to tell, so it's not strange that we talked to each other to the point that we lost track of time.

Not sure where the last conversation would end, when Jay would come back into the room, and who would fall asleep first, all I knew was the moment I sank into my subconscious.

... In the dream, there are only images of him around.

7.2

Chapter 7: Surprising stories from the bar - 2

[4252]

"Little Wine, are you alone today?"

"Yes."

I was greeted by the 2nd year senior who had the roles of barista, cashier and server, P'Phuri. He always greets me with a fresh voice when he sees me walking through the door into the shop.

Since Sweet Song CafÃ© added new price options for cakes and drinks, there hasn't been a day when there's been an empty table. It can be called the prosperous period of the restaurant, so that's good. It's really good that the shop has a profit to use for renovating the shop in the future.

"Where did BenG and JJ go?" He continued asking while I turned left and right to look for an empty table.

"Jay went to flirt with the seniors, and Ben had an appointment to make a clip in collaboration with the channel 'Eat to your heart's content, stop when you go to the hospital'."

"The channel name impressed me a lot."

"It is."

"Peek pee! Met someone cute today too."

P'Faifah, haven't you changed your residence or something? There are days when I think I won't be there, but there are many things going on. Like today, appearing from the back of the kitchen alone wasn't enough. You also

played loudly by bulging your eyes while forcing your voice down to talk to me.

What's more unusual than usual is the shop's new pink striped apron that he's wearing.

"I told you not to say that to others."

"Someone else? You're brother, right?"

"No more arguing. Come help P'Phuri today?"

"Exactly, stay idle, have nothing to do." You can use that time to read books. "I wonder what this guest wants to order today? Ah, if we say it the same way, it's probably an extremely delicious iced cocoa, without whipped cream. Later on, we'll emphasize that it's only 50% sweet, right? huh?"

"How do you know so much?"

"Please pat my head as a reward." He walked closer quickly. Because I couldn't react in time, I just stiffened my body to think about the teasing words.

"Can I change your hand, please?"

I held out my hand like an owner waiting for a tricky puppy.

"Okay then."

I thought he was just answering, but he actually returned to a taller position than before to place his palm on top of mine. To the point of being motionless, I had to swallow many mouthfuls of saliva down my throat.

It's too cute. Human or dog? Just like to be fascinated.

"Er... well, the restaurant doesn't always have empty tables, sometimes..." I quickly took my hand away while fumbling around.

"No need to stress. While you're waiting for a free table, come sit with me first. Right here." Besides talking, he also walked to the crumpled sofa in the corner of the shop, which was also a special corner for the staff. But if I just sit with you, I'm afraid I'll be even more stressed than before.

"I am shy."

"Don't be shy. Come sit down quickly, I'll go make you a great drink." I'd rather let P'Phuri do it. Every time he volunteered to do it himself, there would be something to drink that strained his throat.

A tall relative ran over and pushed my back so I could go sit on the sofa. It's too bad there's no free desk so I have to take out a book to read instead of summarizing the lesson's content. While waiting, in addition to P'Faifah who was the number 1 harasser, there was still a cold-faced cat lazily coming to look for him. It looked at my face as if to say this is its place.

As soon as he saw that I refused, he immediately jumped up, lay down on the empty spot on the sofa, and fell asleep.

"Carrots come to lie down together?"

"What's that baby's name?"

"Yes, this is Carrot, that is Tomato. There's also a rather cool one named Bell Pepper. And that chubby guy named Cowpea." I'm the last one. Mom wants to cry. Why does my child have a different cute name and I have this name?

"And this is cocoa, from N'Wine." Really good at connecting stories.

The thick hand brought the drink to me, I thanked him and quickly accepted it. Then look at P'Faifah's devotion. He knew there were no empty tables here, so he put the drink in a plastic cup for me, and wrapped a thick layer of freezer paper around the cup.

"Phuri is accepting customers now." The deep voice continued, his eyes turned to look at the counter. "There are no more chairs, can I sit with one

more person?"

"Okay. But where it is..."

"Sit down, I'll sit down for a bit." After saying that, he immediately left the crowd with me.

The truth is that the spot on the sofa would still be empty if Carrot hadn't jumped up and taken its place. Along with the nature of being shy even with cats, the lotus cats have to fend for themselves.

"Are you comfortable?"

"I'm about to chew your head off, help me get my face out a bit."

"Why are you so annoying? I have to endure sitting and smelling your hair without complaining."

"Then I'll go home." When I stood up, the opponent quickly and stubbornly held back.

"Don't let me go home, we have to sit together first. Read a book." Who can read it? Sitting and playing with the wind blowing on the back of your neck so close, even your hands still don't know where to put them.

That's it, the cheerful gentleman's thick-facedness will probably cause trouble at first, but after sitting together for a long time, I start to get used to it and don't feel anything anymore.

Customers gradually went in and out of the restaurant for many hours until we fell into the same place. Unfortunately, P'Faifah suddenly become lazy and refused to stand up to help his friend. He said he would help clear the tables when the restaurant closed, so we had to stay together like this. Teasing each other back and forth to the point where the cat would wake up and make a tired face and then go back to sleep, come to think of it.

"Damn, suddenly the rain." The tall relative mumbled and looked through the window outside.

"It's been raining often for the past few days, I'm used to it." Having said that, I quickly put the books in my bag and prepared to go home. In not many minutes, the shop will close, and there are almost no customers left at this time.

"How are you going home?"

"Ride a motorbike."

"Can I take you home?"

"It's OK."

"Wait a minute, let's help Phuri close the shop first. If the rain still doesn't stop, think again." P'Faifah held his foot and then he stood up completely, walking leisurely to find his best friend who was usually right at the bar. As for myself, I had so much free time that I didn't know how to be free anymore, so I volunteered to help stack chairs on the table, pay for drinks, and other trivial things.

It looks like the shop owner doesn't have time to stop by and look after the shop, so it's the part-time employee's responsibility to take care of everything, even the keys.

"It probably took a while." The tall body sighed, looking at the rain that probably wouldn't stop any time soon.

"Don't worry, I can go home on my own. Take care of yourself."

"I also came by motorbike today."

"Well."

"But there is a raincoat." The answer reassured me a bit, I was afraid I would get so wet that I would get sick. I'm okay alone because I've liked the rain since childhood, but the other person doesn't believe it. "N'Wine, can I take you home? To save money."

"But you'll have to run around again, it's embarrassing."

"If you're shy, then come back to my room with me?"

"There is?"

I'm more confused than before.

"Yeah, so let's keep it that way."

"Still haven't answered anything yet."

"Bye Phuri, see you at the department tomorrow."

"..."

"Let's go! Let's go together!"

I'm so confused that I don't want to ask any more questions except... Well, let's go.

I went through the rain with his raincoat. It's good because there are two to wear to fight nature. But by the time we got there, we were already wet.

"Please." Inserting the keycard to open the door, I followed the owner of the room inside. The room of this apartment is quite spacious, divided into space proportionally, and not as messy as expected.

"It's so clean."

"I hire a maid once a week to help clean up for me." I knew it right away, it looked surprisingly neat. "I'm renting this room. After I go to work to make money, I'll move out and buy a new one."

"It can be done, it will be done in a few years. But having a job is another thing."

"Really?"

"I think so." I placed my backpack on the floor next to the sofa, scanning my surroundings in surprise. It's the first time I've entered his private world,

but wait, I'm sure I'm not the first person to enter this world. "Have you ever taken anyone to your room?"

"Frequent."

"Don't deny it at all."

"YES."

"About sex?"

"Studying hard. Normally I like to take my friends home to do reports, watch movies, or just lie around being silly after returning from some pub." After speaking, he quickly opened the door and entered the bedroom without me making any resistance.

He always looks clearly drawn, but his eyes and gestures are ambiguous. Whether he has a one night stand or brings someone home is his right, as if he's afraid I'll scold him, even as a junior.

Coming out again, P'Faifah handed over a white towel.

"You're all wet, go take a shower first, so you don't catch a cold."

"But I don't have any clothes." For those who don't, the only things in their backpack are study materials, a ruler, and an iPad.

"Don't worry, I'll look in the cupboard for you. There's a freshly peeled toothbrush in the bathroom."

"You're such a good person that tears are about to fall."

"Boyfriend Material." Please allow me to hide after hearing this sentence. Confidence like no other.

I'm tired of P'Faifah's excessive self-boasting, so I'd better go take a shower first. If you don't get stuck in the middle of the path, your eyes will bump into an item that is placed near the TV.

"P'Faifah."

"What?"

"Is this the wallet you asked about the other day? Haven't found the owner yet?" It's definitely not wrong, that black wallet is still in his room. So the problem is that the owner won't be worried to death?

"No, I couldn't find a chance to give it to Yotha to help find it."

"Really?" Wondering about not being able to pawn something so valuable, the owner of the item looked strangely unimpressed.

"Hurry up and take a shower."

"I'm going." After answering, turn the bedroom door handle to use the bathroom inside. I took off my wet clothes and started showering. The smell of his shampoo and shower gel is so fragrant, every time I'm with him I always smell this light scent from him.

Spend time immersing myself in the bathroom for a long time, then come back and see his clothes are already placed at the end of the bed. The owner of the room was not there. Guessing from the sound of the TV playing outside, I knew that he was probably killing time by watching entertainment programs.

I quickly changed clothes and neatly hung up my towel before going out. Because I was so worried that I would get sick after sitting in the car in the rain that I forgot to take care of myself, so P'Faifah looked like this, sitting with his clothes all wet. It's not like tall people can't get sick.

"What are you watching?"

"Just change gradually."

"Then go take a shower first. If you catch a cold, you'll be miserable."

"Okay. When I come back, you should order food. Or if you're hungry, if you want to eat first, I don't say anything."

"Wait for you, how can I eat first?"

"Try your hair dry too." He walked over and ruffled my hair until he went into the bedroom.

Normally there isn't much of a problem with drying my hair, just a little bit of wind and it'll be dry. So I use my free time to consider the neatness of the room. Every corner is really clean, but the sink no longer works. A pile of dishes and dishes piled up. Then there are 2 or 3 more drinking glasses, a nest of bacteria for sure.

I'm not good at housework, even my blanket folding skills are terrible, I don't know how to do anything and many times I don't want to do it. But as soon as he saw the image of his bowl, he had the desire to do it.

After thinking about it, I took the sponge, turned on the faucet, and dripped dishwashing liquid to wash the dishes. The 'housework 101' class begins again...

Being engrossed in cleaning, washing, and finishing dishes in the sink until they were done, the owner of the room also finished showering just in time.

He came out wearing only a towel, his tall body still had drops of water stuck to it. If someone saw it, they probably had to look until their eyes widened. But he's a good guy who likes to ruin a good atmosphere. Besides not posing coolly, he also secretly walked over to look while scanning the pile of dishes that had just been washed with sparkling eyes.

"Normally it's just people making a mess, but you help clean up. It's so nice that I want to share a room. Ho~"

"That's right, I don't know what to do either, but when I come to ask for a room, I have to perform better."

"N'Wine, what do you want to eat? I will give you a very worthy reward."

"You? It's up to you..."

Knock Knock knock.

Truly hellish situation. Just as he opened his mouth to answer, there was a knock on the door from someone outside. Both of us turned around and brought our attention to the source. Before the owner of the room walked to the door and turned the handle to open it with an extremely bored expression.

"What are you doing at this hour?"

He spoke to his twin brother who had a calm face without a care in the world.

"Normally I come too. You do, what the fuck is wrong?" Not wasting any time, P'Yotha quickly inserted himself into the room before his karmic eyes landed on me standing awkwardly at the sink. Heh heh heh. What now? Laugh it off first.

"Brought him here?" The person who received the nickname 'The dark gentleman of the department' opened his mouth to ask his younger brother. But I was faster and quickly greeted him with the code.

"He.. hello P'Yotha."

"Hello Wine." He greeted me back. Not long after, he turned to retaliate against P'Faifah. "How?"

"It was raining, so I took him to avoid the rain."

"Is that so? Just heard that I'm driving by, can you take him home instead?"

"Many things." Karma, will they fight? "I also have a car."

"Then take him home. If you're lazy, tell me. Anyway, I have to go meet Beagle at the cafe near the university."

"Hurry up and get to work."

P'Faifah tried to change the subject. I don't really understand, but maybe it's partly because we already told each other that we would let me sleep here,

and then take me back to the dorm tomorrow, so we don't want to go against the first intention.

"I stopped by to pick up the speaker Marshall left here."

"Then what's the point in having so many urgent things? Just call me and bring it over the next day."

"The speakers in the Computer department are broken, I need to use them urgently."

"Yeah, let's go get it."

Communicating with each other was so brief, the younger twin understood and quickly walked back into the bedroom to find what the older brother needed. While waiting, P'Yotha walked up to the counter and asked in a low voice as always.

"Do you often come to his room?"

"First time ever." I answer according to the truth. To make it even more real, this is the first time I've slept in someone else's room since entering college. But I won't say it, it's better to find something else to talk about.

Then my brain also came up with an idea, thinking about the previous problem that I had just told P'Faifah.

"On Yotha."

"What...?"

"I saw P'Faifah say he wanted to ask P'Yotha to help find the owner of the wallet. I wonder if he told you?"

"Wallet?"

"That's right. The day P'Nop suddenly proposed to his lover, someone forgot his wallet at his place."

"Which?" Before I could answer, the tall figure left the counter and went straight to the entertainment corner, where a wallet was placed on the TV shelf.

"..."

"This?" The thick hand picked it up and asked.

I nodded my head before the other person helped explain clearly.

"This is his, I just bought it."

"..."

"Who else do you need to return?"

Wearing pants.

What's wrong with P'Faifah? Why deceive each other?

Turned into chicken feet in the speed pot because it wasn't enough to boil until it disintegrated. Before I could ask the truth, my roommate and best friend called me first.

[You bastard Wine, where have you been?] After picking up the phone, I didn't even have time to say hello back before he immediately started screaming. The voice was so hasty that I felt guilty. For so long, we've only been together. Jay takes care of me all the time, except when he meets girls who are too much his type. It's just a pity that there are so many people he likes that he can't count them.

"In P'Faifah's room. I texted and said, you didn't read it, bitch."

[Aw, is that so?] The sound became quieter.

"Yeah."

[Then what are you doing there?]

"Avoid the rain."

[It's so difficult, it can be done*. So will you sleep there too?]

* the original sentence is à¸ªà¸£à¸«à¸²à¸—à¸³à¹à¸•à¹ˆà¸¥à¸°à¸à¹ˆà¸²à¸‡, meaning to do something difficult, no one thought they would be able to do it, but it succeeded. I asked a Thai friend and said so, but I didn't know TT.

"Sleep. You don't need to worry about me, worry about yourself first. How's flirting?"

[It's so lonely, why are you? Wait, can you say it? Heartbreaking.] As I said, the old version has been re-edited again. Her face is also good, although the clothes test is not good. As for temperament, it doesn't seem bad. But why do girls like to ignore it?

Also understands the problem that most girls talk about. Some people like people the same age or older, some people like people with mature personalities so they don't want to be easily flirted with by children like them. But so what? Children also have hearts. But maybe we need to wait one day, when we meet someone compatible, but we don't know when.

"Sorry, then go heal yourself and talk to you later."

[Before introducing it to others, please help me turn my attention to your own business.] What's going on? Just this much is enough to give me a headache. [You probably don't know yet.]

"Tell me then."

I'm so hungover that I'm going to pee, my friend from hell, he won't say anything right away.

[P'Tor broke up with his lover a while ago, but just told his friends.]

So that is. How excited should I be first? Not long after breaking up with this person, he no longer suffered and went on to flirt with a new girl. Then my long-standing hope slowly dwindled before being offered.

"So what? Just because they broke up, it's not like he's going to date me."

[Okay, I don't know anything. Because I have an even more twisted story to tell you. Please pay attention and listen carefully.]

"..."

[P'Tor broke up with his girlfriend.]

"..."

[And came out to everyone that he was gay.]

"Fuck." Twist in the twist of the twist again. Tears were about to fall as my hand holding the phone was shaking. "P'Tor is gay? Are you saying P'Tor is gay?"

[That's right! You have hope, my dear. Quickly add friends on Facebook again, right away.]

"Is it okay?"

[It's gotten to this point, don't hesitate, hang up, don't wait, you'll be late.]

"As you are, so am I."

[Yeah, that's it first. Please allow me to go deal with Ben's problem next, he has acid reflux.]

At the end of the conversation, I still sat on the sofa in the same position. The brain is analyzing the data that I just heard one by one, because it never thought or dreamed that something would happen immediately and be so lucky. Even though the percentage of hope for myself is very low, at least there is still a chance.

This counts as good news this year, right? So I don't wait and let the opportunity slip away and go to waste.

I sucked in a breath, slid my hand across the phone screen to the familiar icon. There was a person's name that I remembered so much that it jumped into my head, slowly calmly typing each English letter, before the analysis system displayed his profile image in front of me.

I hesitantly pressed add friend with my finger. Then just wait...

"Talking to you?"

The body jumped when interrupted. I turned to look at P'Faifah, he walked out wearing cute pajamas, before sitting next to me without looking away for even a moment.

"Jay called."

"I didn't eavesdrop, but I accidentally heard your voice. Did something happen?"

His eyes looked like a parent blaming an unloved child. Why do I feel so strangely afraid?

"The person I used to secretly like, uh... my ex's brother, he broke up with his lover."

"Already?"

"And also come out. So Jay wants me to try."

"Still like him?"

"Maybe so."

His handsome face showed no expression, I couldn't read what he was thinking or how he viewed what happened.

Silence reigned for a moment. Outside, there was still the sound of rain falling endlessly, causing the surrounding atmosphere to become even colder than before. The longer I got, the more there was no answer, to the point where my body was almost no longer attached to the chair.

"P'Fai..."

Thing!!

The announcement sounded, interrupting the conversation. I turned over the phone screen and saw the name of the person I liked appearing on it. Everything happened so fast, so fast that I didn't have time to prepare...

Tor Tanakhun accepted your friend request.

In the moment I took my eyes off the means of communication, my eyes immediately saw the tall relative staring at me first. So I had the opportunity to see the calm face gradually turn into a smile, but it made the viewer's heart twitch for no apparent reason.

"If you still like him, can I help you?"

He asked in a kind voice, a voice that made me immediately want to cry when I heard it.

"..."

"It will be done exactly as desired."

- End of Chapter 7 -[4252]

Chapter 7: Surprising stories from the bar - 2

"Little Wine, are you alone today?"

"Yes."

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"Don't let me go home, we have to sit together first. Read a book." Who can read it? Sitting and playing with the wind blowing on the back of your neck so close, even your hands still don't know where to put them.

That's it, the cheerful gentleman's thick-facedness will probably cause trouble at first, but after sitting together for a long time, I start to get used to it and don't feel anything anymore.

Customers gradually went in and out of the restaurant for many hours until we fell into the same place. Unfortunately, P'Faifah suddenly become lazy and refused to stand up to help his friend. He said he would help clear the tables when the restaurant closed, so we had to stay together like this. Teasing each other back and forth to the point where the cat would wake up and make a tired face and then go back to sleep, come to think of it.

"Damn, suddenly the rain." The tall relative mumbled and looked through the window outside.

"It's been raining often for the past few days, I'm used to it." Having said that, I quickly put the books in my bag and prepared to go home. In not many minutes, the shop will close, and there are almost no customers left at this time.

"How are you going home?"

"Ride a motorbike."

"Can I take you home?"

"It's OK."

"Wait a minute, let's help Phuri close the shop first. If the rain still doesn't stop, think again." P'Faifah held his foot and then he stood up completely, walking leisurely to find his best friend who was usually right at the bar. As for myself, I had so much free time that I didn't know how to be free anymore, so I volunteered to help stack chairs on the table, pay for drinks, and other trivial things.

It looks like the shop owner doesn't have time to stop by and look after the shop, so it's the part-time employee's responsibility to take care of everything, even the keys.

"It probably took a while." The tall body sighed, looking at the rain that probably wouldn't stop any time soon.

"Don't worry, I can go home on my own. Take care of yourself."

"I also came by motorbike today."

"Well."

"But there is a raincoat." The answer reassured me a bit, I was afraid I would get so wet that I would get sick. I'm okay alone because I've liked the rain since childhood, but the other person doesn't believe it. "N'Wine, can I take you home? To save money."

"But you'll have to run around again, it's embarrassing."

"If you're shy, then come back to my room with me?"

"There is?"

I'm more confused than before.

"Yeah, so let's keep it that way."

"Still haven't answered anything yet."

"Bye Phuri, see you at the department tomorrow."

"..."

"Let's go! Let's go together!"

I'm so confused that I don't want to ask any more questions except... Well, let's go.

I went through the rain with his raincoat. It's good because there are two to wear to fight nature. But by the time we got there, we were already wet.

"Please." Inserting the keycard to open the door, I followed the owner of the room inside. The room of this apartment is quite spacious, divided into space proportionally, and not as messy as expected.

"It's so clean."

"I hire a maid once a week to help clean up for me." I knew it right away, it looked surprisingly neat. "I'm renting this room. After I go to work to make money, I'll move out and buy a new one."

"It can be done, it will be done in a few years. But having a job is another thing."

"Really?"

"I think so." I placed my backpack on the floor next to the sofa, scanning my surroundings in surprise. It's the first time I've entered his private world, but wait, I'm sure I'm not the first person to enter this world. "Have you ever taken anyone to your room?"

"Frequent."

"Don't deny it at all."

"YES."

"About sex?"

"Studying hard. Normally I like to take my friends home to do reports, watch movies, or just lie around being silly after returning from some pub." After speaking, he quickly opened the door and entered the bedroom without me making any resistance.

He always looks clearly drawn, but his eyes and gestures are ambiguous. Whether he has a one night stand or brings someone home is his right, as if he's afraid I'll scold him, even as a junior.

Coming out again, P'Faifah handed over a white towel.

"You're all wet, go take a shower first, so you don't catch a cold."

"But I don't have any clothes." For those who don't, the only things in their backpack are study materials, a ruler, and an iPad.

"Don't worry, I'll look in the cupboard for you. There's a freshly peeled toothbrush in the bathroom."

"You're such a good person that tears are about to fall."

"Boyfriend Material." Please allow me to hide after hearing this sentence. Confidence like no other.

I'm tired of P'Faifah's excessive self-boasting, so I'd better go take a shower first. If you don't get stuck in the middle of the path, your eyes will bump into an item that is placed near the TV.

"P'Faifah."

"What?"

"Is this the wallet you asked about the other day? Haven't found the owner yet?" It's definitely not wrong, that black wallet is still in his room. So the problem is that the owner won't be worried to death?

"No, I couldn't find a chance to give it to Yotha to help find it."

"Really?" Wondering about not being able to pawn something so valuable, the owner of the item looked strangely unimpressed.

"Hurry up and take a shower."

"I'm going." After answering, turn the bedroom door handle to use the bathroom inside. I took off my wet clothes and started showering. The smell of his shampoo and shower gel is so fragrant, every time I'm with him I always smell this light scent from him.

Spend time immersing myself in the bathroom for a long time, then come back and see his clothes are already placed at the end of the bed. The owner of the room was not there. Guessing from the sound of the TV playing outside, I knew that he was probably killing time by watching entertainment programs.

I quickly changed clothes and neatly hung up my towel before going out. Because I was so worried that I would get sick after sitting in the car in the rain that I forgot to take care of myself, so P'Faifah looked like this, sitting with his clothes all wet. It's not like tall people can't get sick.

"What are you watching?"

"Just change gradually."

"Then go take a shower first. If you catch a cold, you'll be miserable."

"Okay. When I come back, you should order food. Or if you're hungry, if you want to eat first, I don't say anything."

"Wait for you, how can I eat first?"

"Try your hair dry too." He walked over and ruffled my hair until he went into the bedroom.

Normally there isn't much of a problem with drying my hair, just a little bit of wind and it'll be dry. So I use my free time to consider the neatness of the room. Every corner is really clean, but the sink no longer works. A pile of dishes and dishes piled up. Then there are 2 or 3 more drinking glasses, a nest of bacteria for sure.

I'm not good at housework, even my blanket folding skills are terrible, I don't know how to do anything and many times I don't want to do it. But as soon as he saw the image of his bowl, he had the desire to do it.

After thinking about it, I took the sponge, turned on the faucet, and dripped dishwashing liquid to wash the dishes. The 'housework 101' class begins again...

Being engrossed in cleaning, washing, and finishing dishes in the sink until they were done, the owner of the room also finished showering just in time.

He came out wearing only a towel, his tall body still had drops of water stuck to it. If someone saw it, they probably had to look until their eyes widened. But he's a good guy who likes to ruin a good atmosphere. Besides not posing coolly, he also secretly walked over to look while scanning the pile of dishes that had just been washed with sparkling eyes.

"Normally it's just people making a mess, but you help clean up. It's so nice that I want to share a room. Ho~"

"That's right, I don't know what to do either, but when I come to ask for a room, I have to perform better."

"N'Wine, what do you want to eat? I will give you a very worthy reward."

"You? It's up to you..."

Knock Knock knock.

Truly hellish situation. Just as he opened his mouth to answer, there was a knock on the door from someone outside. Both of us turned around and brought our attention to the source. Before the owner of the room walked to the door and turned the handle to open it with an extremely bored expression.

"What are you doing at this hour?"

He spoke to his twin brother who had a calm face without a care in the world.

"Normally I come too. You do, what the fuck is wrong?" Not wasting any time, P'Yotha quickly inserted himself into the room before his karmic eyes landed on me standing awkwardly at the sink. Heh heh heh. What now? Laugh it off first.

"Brought him here?" The person who received the nickname 'The dark gentleman of the department' opened his mouth to ask his younger brother.

But I was faster and quickly greeted him with the code.

"He.. hello P'Yotha."

"Hello Wine." He greeted me back. Not long after, he turned to retaliate against P'Faifah. "How?"

"It was raining, so I took him to avoid the rain."

"Is that so? Just heard that I'm driving by, can you take him home instead?"

"Many things." Karma, will they fight? "I also have a car."

"Then take him home. If you're lazy, tell me. Anyway, I have to go meet Beagle at the cafe near the university."

"Hurry up and get to work."

P'Faifah tried to change the subject. I don't really understand, but maybe it's partly because we already told each other that we would let me sleep here, and then take me back to the dorm tomorrow, so we don't want to go against the first intention.

"I stopped by to pick up the speaker Marshall left here."

"Then what's the point in having so many urgent things? Just call me and bring it over the next day."

"The speakers in the Computer department are broken, I need to use them urgently."

"Yeah, let's go get it."

Communicating with each other was so brief, the younger twin understood and quickly walked back into the bedroom to find what the older brother needed. While waiting, P'Yotha walked up to the counter and asked in a low voice as always.

"Do you often come to his room?"

"First time ever." I answer according to the truth. To make it even more real, this is the first time I've slept in someone else's room since entering college. But I won't say it, it's better to find something else to talk about.

Then my brain also came up with an idea, thinking about the previous problem that I had just told P'Faifah.

"On Yotha."

"What...?"

"I saw P'Faifah say he wanted to ask P'Yotha to help find the owner of the wallet. I wonder if he told you?"

"Wallet?"

"That's right. The day P'Nop suddenly proposed to his lover, someone forgot his wallet at his place."

"Which?" Before I could answer, the tall figure left the counter and went straight to the entertainment corner, where a wallet was placed on the TV shelf.

"..."

"This?" The thick hand picked it up and asked.

I nodded my head before the other person helped explain clearly.

"This is his, I just bought it."

"..."

"Who else do you need to return?"

Wearing pants.

What's wrong with P'Faifah? Why deceive each other?

Turned into chicken feet in the speed pot because it wasn't enough to boil until it disintegrated. Before I could ask the truth, my roommate and best friend called me first.

[You bastard Wine, where have you been?] After picking up the phone, I didn't even have time to say hello back before he immediately started screaming. The voice was so hasty that I felt guilty. For so long, we've only been together. Jay takes care of me all the time, except when he meets girls who are too much his type. It's just a pity that there are so many people he likes that he can't count them.

"In P'Faifah's room. I texted and said, you didn't read it, bitch."

[Aw, is that so?] The sound became quieter.

"Yeah."

[Then what are you doing there?]

"Avoid the rain."

[It's so difficult, it can be done*. So will you sleep there too?]

* the original sentence is à¸ªà¸£à¸£à¸«à¸²à¸—à¸³à¹à¸•à¹ˆà¸¥à¸°à¸à¹ˆà¸²à¸‡, meaning to do something difficult, no one thought they would be able to do it, but it succeeded. I asked a Thai friend and said so, but I didn't know TT.

"Sleep. You don't need to worry about me, worry about yourself first. How's flirting?"

[It's so lonely, why are you? Wait, can you say it? Heartbreaking.] As I said, the old version has been re-edited again. Her face is also good, although the clothes test is not good. As for temperament, it doesn't seem bad. But why do girls like to ignore it?

Also understands the problem that most girls talk about. Some people like people the same age or older, some people like people with mature personalities so they don't want to be easily flirted with by children like

them. But so what? Children also have hearts. But maybe we need to wait one day, when we meet someone compatible, but we don't know when.

"Sorry, then go heal yourself and talk to you later."

[Before introducing it to others, please help me turn my attention to your own business.] What's going on? Just this much is enough to give me a headache. [You probably don't know yet.]

"Tell me then."

I'm so hungover that I'm going to pee, my friend from hell, he won't say anything right away.

[P'Tor broke up with his lover a while ago, but just told his friends.]

So that is. How excited should I be first? Not long after breaking up with this person, he no longer suffered and went on to flirt with a new girl. Then my long-standing hope slowly dwindled before being offered.

"So what? Just because they broke up, it's not like he's going to date me."

[Okay, I don't know anything. Because I have an even more twisted story to tell you. Please pay attention and listen carefully.]

"..."

[P'Tor broke up with his girlfriend.]

"..."

[And came out to everyone that he was gay.]

"Fuck." Twist in the twist of the twist again. Tears were about to fall as my hand holding the phone was shaking. "P'Tor is gay? Are you saying P'Tor is gay?"

[That's right! You have hope, my dear. Quickly add friends on Facebook again, right away.]

"Is it okay?"

[It's gotten to this point, don't hesitate, hang up, don't wait, you'll be late.]

"As you are, so am I."

[Yeah, that's it first. Please allow me to go deal with Ben's problem next, he has acid reflux.]

At the end of the conversation, I still sat on the sofa in the same position. The brain is analyzing the data that I just heard one by one, because it never thought or dreamed that something would happen immediately and be so lucky. Even though the percentage of hope for myself is very low, at least there is still a chance.

This counts as good news this year, right? So I don't wait and let the opportunity slip away and go to waste.

I sucked in a breath, slid my hand across the phone screen to the familiar icon. There was a person's name that I remembered so much that it jumped into my head, slowly calmly typing each English letter, before the analysis system displayed his profile image in front of me.

I hesitantly pressed add friend with my finger. Then just wait...

"Talking to you?"

The body jumped when interrupted. I turned to look at P'Faifah, he walked out wearing cute pajamas, before sitting next to me without looking away for even a moment.

"Jay called."

"I didn't eavesdrop, but I accidentally heard your voice. Did something happen?"

His eyes looked like a parent blaming an unloved child. Why do I feel so strangely afraid?

"The person I used to secretly like, uh... my ex's brother, he broke up with his lover."

"Already?"

"And also come out. So Jay wants me to try."

"Still like him?"

"Maybe so."

His handsome face showed no expression, I couldn't read what he was thinking or how he viewed what happened.

Silence reigned for a moment. Outside, there was still the sound of rain falling endlessly, causing the surrounding atmosphere to become even colder than before. The longer I got, the more there was no answer, to the point where my body was almost no longer attached to the chair.

"P'Fai..."

Thing!!

The announcement sounded, interrupting the conversation. I turned over the phone screen and saw the name of the person I liked appearing on it. Everything happened so fast, so fast that I didn't have time to prepare...

Tor Tanakhun accepted your friend request.

In the moment I took my eyes off the means of communication, my eyes immediately saw the tall relative staring at me first. So I had the opportunity to see the calm face gradually turn into a smile, but it made the viewer's heart twitch for no apparent reason.

"If you still like him, can I help you?"

He asked in a kind voice, a voice that made me immediately want to cry when I heard it.

"..."

"It will be done exactly as desired."

- End of Chapter 7 -

8.1

Chapter 8: Brother, I'm a young man now!

[5404]

I have so many romantic movies in my memory. There are movies that were released a long time ago but have just had the chance to watch them, or some movies from when I was a child that I still never forget. If you asked which series my first love happened to be similar or similar to, it would probably have some parts mixed together.

Toey's image always appears in memories from high school. She is mischievous like Noina in 'My Lover', cute like the female lead like Nam in 'Little Things Called Love'. The difference is that I don't have any similarities with P'Son, the school's hot boy, so I think I'm more similar to Danchai from 'Faenday'.

Today I had the opportunity to watch an old movie that Jay found. It's a romantic movie that Toey used to like very much. Therefore, it is impossible not to watch the movie and talk about her. I finally understood in my heart how the previous karma should end.

The more I know that P'Toh is gay, the more hope I have. But it must be bad to move forward without ending the past relationship. Toey definitely has a new guy, moved on without waiting for me to explain. However, I'm also extremely ashamed of myself for never admitting or telling her anything about who I am frankly.

At least the movie's script should be better than that.

No matter how long I've been locked or refused to talk to her, I still don't give up.

"H... Hello."

Gathering up all his courage, I finally decided to call my ex-lover once.

I have to thank Mr. Janjob to death for helping me get in touch and asking for a new contact. After Toey deleted me from all channels and media, I knew that Toey must be in pain every time she remembered me. But since there really is no other choice, let's face it again.

It was continuous luck that this time Toey did not dodge like before.

[Um.] The greeting when picking up the phone was brief before falling silent.

Toey knew it was me, knew from the moment Jay contacted her until she heard the greeting. We dated each other for a whole year, both happy and sad and stuck together. It's sad that I broke them all.

"We haven't talked in so long. How are you?"

Is what I thought about, then wanted to ask. The only sentence the brain can produce.

[Good, happy.] The voice on the other end of the line is dull, still angry, right? Surely you don't want to forgive, right? It's a question I thought to myself but didn't dare ask.

It took so long to create a deadly atmosphere, but Toey was finally the one to break the silence.

[How about you?]

"Me too. I got my polaroid camera returned from you. Damn it!" Damn!

Who would have thought that suddenly my bastard friend, who was sitting nearby observing the situation, would kick my leg so violently that I was startled. When I regained my composure, I quickly stuttered. "Sorry, sorry. I didn't tell you, I just kicked the table leg."

Namo Amitabha Buddha.* Wanting to call to tell the truth but just starting to tell a lie.

* The original word is à¸žà¸¸à¸—à¹‚à¸˜ à¸˜à¸±à¸¡à¹‚à¸¡ à¸ªà¸±à¸‡à¸†à¹‚à¸ = Buddha, Dharma, Sangha, but that translation is a bit unstable so I changed it to Namo Amitabha Buddha.

But the bastard friend's eyes were sending constant signals, knowing that he was trying to adjust the situation. I'm the type that if I'm nervous, I often say or do something that's not what I think, like Polaroid, which is a look I know I shouldn't mention.

If I miss it, I want to bang my head against the wall.

[Is that so.] The deadly atmosphere returned once again.

"Are you free? Can we talk?"

[Idle. Seeing Jay say you have something to tell me?]

I took a deep breath and regained the spirit that had disappeared before. This time will be something I've always wanted to tell her, something from the heart, whether she forgives me or not, it doesn't matter.

"It's that I know the reason why you left me. The truth is that I was selfish and never told you the truth, it was so bad... So I let time pass to the point that it made you both heartbroken and emotional harm."

[Did you read the script?]

"No, I didn't read it, but I thought about it." You shouldn't, why tell her?

[You are still you. To be frank, I started to suspect it a long time ago, but I didn't dare confirm it. Until the day I see the souvenir box that you keep, so it's even more secure.]

"..."

[I don't see any benefit in finding out the truth or forcing you, it's better to wait for the day when you tell me the truth frankly. But that day didn't come, so I thought to myself, just keep quiet, that's good.]

We are a couple unlike other couples.

We doesn't like holding hands. We've never kissed, only kissed each other's cheeks to the point where our friends teased each other that we were a kindergarten couple. Every day that passes, we always care for each other. She helps tutor me in studying, and I like to take care of her. At lunchtime, we eat in the cafeteria. We wear headphones in each ear to listen to music together. On weekends, we go out to places she wants to go and watch movies she wants to see. And just go around like that.

It's a love like friends, not deep but thoughtful.

"I'm sorry, Toey. I don't know how to say it, but I'm really sorry to say it at this time."

Even though I should have apologized a long time ago, from the day I knew I liked boys, I was too cowardly until I accepted myself and hurt the people I loved.

[Wine, it's not too late for you to accept yourself.]

I didn't expect to hear this answer from Toey, it was like she was the one helping to pick up something that was being carried on one shoulder.

"In the past, the feelings I had for you at the beginning, I never lied to you."

[Why don't you know?]

"The day I flirted with you, I really liked you."

Toey always ties her hair with a white bow when going to school, and wears short socks even if the teachers forbid it. Toey liked to sit under the tree in the yard to practice dancing girl group covers that were popular at that time.

That's the image I always see when I go to school. And it was the truth, the truth that pushed me to muster up the courage to get to know her, ask for her phone number and start talking back and forth.

Even though it hurts me that today we are no longer together, I still hope that she will be happy after having to endure the pain of what I brought her.

"Are you very angry with me?"

[At first angry. Then when I understood, it wasn't easy for you to accept yourself and tell others right away, so I tried very hard not to accidentally ruin all that time for you.] The words gradually subsided, gently and softly. [... And today you also did it.]

"I haven't told anyone about this yet, but there are still a few people who know. Those are the people I had to use a lot of courage to tell."

[Then what?]

"Very good."

[It's good now.]

"Toey! Can we... still be friends?" I'm always afraid, afraid of losing a friend forever. The moment I learned that the other person had deleted all contact with me, my heart was broken to the point that it could no longer be repaired.

[Okay. I tried to hide from the truth all the time, for a long time. But life without you is strangely lonely.]

I smiled at those words, laughing until my cheeks wanted to crack.

"Thank you. Is Patpong good to you?"

[It's called Oak. It's good to decide something, not hesitate. Have qualities to be a leader. It's important to have a clear goal in life.] Oh. If you intentionally curse at each other, just say it directly, because I don't have a single one of what you said.

"If you ask for fun, why are you bragging?"

Hearing loud laughter sporadically heard along the line, it was seen that the stone that originally surrounded her had melted away.

[Wine, you probably already knew about my brother being gay, right?]

"Um, Jay told me."

[I never told my brother about your story, I only said I would delete you from my friends on Facebook. He always understood that I was so hurt when I broke up with you that he didn't want to see you. Until today... I don't have any problems.]

"..."

[If you still like my brother, then try your best.]

That was the last sentence before she hung up, but I was still in the same position, holding the phone to my ear, everything kept echoing loudly.

Can I like P'Tor? Is there still hope?

But the moment I turned to face my best friend, the answer to that question appeared immediately.

Yes, everyone moved on, me too.

Last time P'Faifah played the role of a teacher helping to train how to be a normal person, today the switch is made by needing to rely on his ability to make the life of someone boring and without qualities. The leader, aimless, has bad taste and likes to hesitate, changes into a new person instantly.

A better person than before.

I told him everything I had just resolved with Toey. Except there weren't any words of argument, he just happily said that I did the best, so the confidence that had disappeared increased and filled his whole body.

"There's no neutrality between the two of us, don't you think?" The other person looked away from the cat, Cowpea, who was sleeping soundly in his

arms and frowned. "You're bland and boring, and my life has too many colors."

"Nearly dead good. Just like my brother's pair, the ugly puppy-faced guy and the dead-faced guy, they match so well."

Thinking about it, I feel so sorry for him and his code. If they had known that their younger brother would burn them to this extent, they would have beaten each other face down.

"And we're the ones who are so boringly stuck in the room with that wretched Mr. Faifah?"

"N'Wine, you have a very stupid name." The gentleman happily shook his head, before extending his hand to rub my head as if to comfort me.

Cats also rub, people also rub.

"Hey, will it go well?"

"Come on, let me share some of the color with you. We humans can hold on to others in many ways. Believe it, when you finish the course you will become a confident person. Your self-esteem will explode, it tastes delicious, and most importantly, the meat is extremely fragrant. I'm sure P'Tom will like you back."

"His name is Tor, he's always good at thinking of new names for the people."

He shrugged without concern. A moment later, he took out a small notepad from his pocket and turned the page full of words 2 or 3 times before looking up with calm eyes.

"Last time you analyzed my personality, right, so this time I've finished listing it."

"Oh what, are you real?"

I never thought I would see someone who tries so hard for others. Actually, just having friends listen and meet each other makes me feel so good. But he goes further than that and is also more caring...

"What kind of crazy person is that? Besides being handsome and kind, he's also talented. So proud."

I'm sorry, I'll take back all the compliments I gave you before.

"Let others praise you when it comes to praising others, but I always brag about myself first."

"People need to see their own strengths first."

"Finally, can we get to work?" Probably drove out to the Gulf of Thailand.

"Okay. Here is the schedule of all your activities." His thick hand opened a notepad in front of him, probably about B6* in size, inside was a small timetable with his scribbled letters as instructions.

* B6 is paper size 12.5x17.6 cm

"Uuuuuuuuuuuu, crying." This is true, no lies.

"It's okay N'Wine, no need to be so emotional."

"No, I can't read your handwriting, it looks like a chicken scratching it."

"If I hadn't been in the way of Cowpea sleeping in my lap, I would have stood up and spanked your ass harshly. Even though I'm so kind, I'm cruel." Wow, just joking and complaining about the ferocity is like an epic. Suspicion of the resurgence of gangster blood.

"Sorry."

"Is there any problem?"

"Just a question, are you planning to change yourself or go to a meditation camp? The schedule is packed."

"Give it up, flirt now." I quickly shrank my neck and dodged when the person in front of me raised his hand high.

"Calm down, bro."

The staff slowly serves drinks and cakes as ordered. Because this is not P'Phuri's shift, P'Faifah and I appeared here as customers. It must be said that later on, Sweet Song CafÃ© almost became a meeting place for both of us.

My tall relative pushed a glass of iced cocoa in front of me, while I myself picked up the coffee I had ordered to drink and alternately opened and read the information I had written attentively.

"Even though we know each other quite well, there are still many parts we still don't know. You answer my question first." He said meaningfully in a gentle voice, making me quickly nod.

"How's it going?"

"After answering, the intelligent brain system will be used to analyze the results." Hey, he still hasn't stopped praising himself. We humans really are.

We don't have to wait for anyone to decide to know that this love war will definitely be ruined.

"Can I start yet? It's going to be too long."

"You hot-tempered guy. Let's start right away... Favorite color?" When asked, he made many faces and was extremely annoying.

This question is too easy, so you can recite by heart what color you like without depending on the level of preference.

"Yellow, light blue, navy blue, orange. Actually, purple is also my favorite."

"Do you like every color in the color palette? Choose two or three colors and that's enough."

Damn it. No need to go to Rachadamnern* to have a muay match, it's me and P'Faifah.

* Rachadamnern is a muay fighting ring

"If I really had to choose, there would be yellow, orange, and light blue."

"Sure."

"Sure." The handsome face nodded to show understanding before taking the time to diligently write my answer on his notepad.

Haven't seen P'Faifah in this serious mode for a while. Normally, we only see the mischievous and teasing side more, it seems like this is the Engineer's truly pleasing side.

"What style of music do you like?" The second question follows immediately.

"Soft hiphop. But I don't know the name of the song, don't ask. I usually open pre-made playlists."

"I specialize in this genre. Can I sing a song for you?"

"N... it's okay. Beg, bow."

"Here's the leg." To survive, let's change the subject.

"Just remembered there's a band I heard about but didn't know what genre it was called, because someone made it known." The truth is that it was P'Faifah who made me so addicted that I had to listen to it over and over again every day.

"Name please."

"Dept."

"Addicted to me, right?"

"A little bit."

"What song do you like?"

"Similar."

"It's the same. I like the chorus saying 'Just looking at you changes the world'." Just listening like that makes it really impossible to sing along.

"As long as you're alone, hold my hand and don't let go."

"Only me, only me."

We sang the last part together. Even though it sounded a bit distorted, P'Faifah probably didn't mind because he couldn't stop laughing.

"I know I really like it."

"I like many songs, many bands. If..."

"That's enough, no need to tell anymore, I'm starting to see them dimly from afar." Besides knowing everyone around the university, the music I listened to was probably no different. I've listened to it so much that if anyone asked, I'd probably be able to sing it all. Believe me, even if a new customer comes in, he will coincidentally like the same article like fate.

But even so, I still can't deny that I like you when I just sang a short song just now.

"Let's move on to the next question." This time I pulled him back to the situation.

The tall brother noticed, picked up his coffee, took a sip, and continued asking.

"According to you and P'Tor studying at the same university, the only suitable communication at this time is social networks, right? So let me ask you, if you talk to him, will you start What is the first word to say hello?

I rolled my eyes and thought, then came up with an idea.

"Um... it's a 'Hello', is this okay?"

"If it were me, I wouldn't reply, I'd even lock it."

"How can that be?"

"Okay. The greeting is not creative, do you need me to guide you?"

"Come."

"Hello, copy!" He spoke with a serious voice, so he quickly took the notebook in front of him and brought it closer, holding the pen and preparing to write what he was saying with concentration.

"Copy copy!"

"Hello, my name is Wine, I'm your junior."

"Hello, my name is Wine... I'm your junior." I wrote according to his words slowly, without making even a single mistake.

"I wonder if you still miss me? We haven't talked to each other in years."

"Not even a year, not even a few months, since being unfriended."

Sorry to interrupt, but your information is really wrong, oops.

"Oh okay, we haven't talked to each other for many months. There are many things I wanted to tell you but I didn't have the chance. I wonder if you're happy now?"

"I can't write in time, I'll wait first."

"Hurry up."

"Can you say it again?"

"I don't remember, just remember." Wine's karma. I can write half of it, what about the rest? If you can't think of it, just guess the dialogue. But as soon as he wrote something wrong, his hand was immediately beaten.

"You should write this sentence 'I wonder if you are happy now?'."

"Yes, continue."

"Are you satisfied with your life now?"

"Are you satisfied with your life now?..."

"Have you ever wanted to do business? Travel, rest."

"Wait, this sounds like someone asking you out to a high school in a straightforward way."

"Don't argue! Write it down. Or better, change the sentence later."

It's starting to get a bit confusing. Was P'Faifah intentionally teasing? But from the look on his face at this moment, I could see that he wasn't in much of a joking mode, so he kept his head down and continued to follow orders.

Writing and erasing for a long time, finally finished a sentence.

'Hello P'Toh. We haven't talked to each other for a long time.' That's it, really that's it.

You give me back my 10 minutes.

After finishing the opening greeting to the person I like on social networks, move on to modifying my personality.

"Let's see your face a little." I brought my face closer to my tall relative, but before I could do anything, a thick hand pushed me back immediately.

"It's too close."

"I told you to show me your face."

"It's troublesome kids. Can I pet your cheeks?"

"What?"

I still didn't give permission, but Faifah used his hand to pinch my cheek and then pulled away like he was drunk. Seriously, my skin isn't touching your hands, is it? It's important not only to touch, but also to have a face with a rhino voice accompanying it.

"Ouch, my cheeks are not as soft as other people."

"Alright." One of the 4 definitions presented about yourself must also include the fact that someone's cheeks claim to be softer than someone else's, my friend. Maybe it's really soft, but your face is so thick. "Where do I need to fix it? Should I find a plastic surgeon?"

"It's too much. It's already cute, there's no need to fix anything."

"Hearing what you said pleased me today."

"You're starting to indulge yourself like me."

"No way." As classy as he is, much more ridiculous than me.

Flaunt yourself from head to toe, spilling over into your personality. Hey hey, if it's not good, you'll probably be cursed by the masses for a long time and not be able to reincarnate.

"N'Wine, why don't you try smiling." I complied with the request by smiling widely. But it's a bit bad to feel more embarrassed with a mustache than usual.

"If any child saw this smile, it would definitely haunt him, it would be scary to see his mother."

Well...

"So I don't know what to do?"

"You have to smile like me."

He made an example face, I tried to follow but it was difficult, miserable and extremely tiring. What kind of person smiles like someone who's been dumped? Smile as if congratulating that person when he or she has a new love.

"Wine, I think you're about to cry, that's enough."

"I don't know what to do?"

"Do something cute like me." He not only talks nonsense but also gestures cutely as if there is no one more adorable than him in this world. But I... I absolutely love it.

"That's enough, smile like this."

Aw, is this me laughing? It is almost impossible to notice if a high relative does not speak.

"Are you okay?"

"Extremely good looking."

P'Faifah said I have a killer smile as a weapon, so there's no need to worry too much. Next we move on to changing the style of clothing.

"If you say your dressing is okay then it's okay, but if you say it's normal and unattractive then you can say that too."

So on my day off, I found time to do my duty by moving from the cafe to his room. As soon as we arrived, we piled up countless clothes on the bed. But for a long time I still didn't know where to start other than waiting to hear P'Faifah's instructions.

"Sorry, I'm not good at this."

Both me and Jay are like that. It's just that the other person has a big body and a tall person so it looks good with all kinds of clothes, even if the outfit

that day looks terrible, it doesn't matter.

"I'll help you. Tonight's grand opening will be on November 15th? Invite Jay and Ben to come along too."

"Whatever you do, then me."

"Cutest."

"Using the word cute is such a waste."

"So what? You have to praise the cute baby, right?"

"You're handsome too."

"Ouch, I'm embarrassed." When I spoke, I didn't even look at my own face. I overdid it to the point that I didn't dare compliment him the next time.

I looked at P'Faifah rummaging through so many clothes on the bed. There are sets that come out of the closet with hooks and try this and that in front of the mirror. It took a long time until I was satisfied.

"This shirt suits you very well." He pursed his lips, using his eyes to carefully examine my body as he tried on a neon green shirt. "Try it. Even though it's a bit big, you can tuck the shirt into your pants. There's a big oversize trend these days." After that, I ran around trying to find pants.

And I still can't adapt much. The color of the shirt is so dazzling that even if you stand a kilometer away, you can still see me glowing from afar.

"I borrowed a lot of pants from Gun, but I think this style will probably suit you, it's guaranteed to be popular."

"Giving birth at the event?"

*à¹€à¸à¸'à¸" means born, also means famous

"That's right."

Oh, people diligently wait to have muk* thrown in their faces, but he pushes them away by not playing along. After reaching out to take the pants from him, I quickly walked into the bathroom, took off my extremely normal clothes and picked up his fashionable clothes to put on. I thought just the shirt would be too heavy, but how tight are the pants going to be? Did P'Gun ever wear this style on him?

*is a type of rhyme used to flirt with someone

"Are you done? Come out and have a look."

There was no time to hesitate or complain, quickly rubbed the doorknob and went out to present myself to the people outside. Let's just say here, just walking and my legs already have no strength, so I don't need to think about how tight my balls are being squeezed, because now I can't feel anything down below.

"Okay?" I want to cry but I can't cry out. Is this born from a hell of hate or a paradise of teasing?

If having love is so difficult, I can go back to my old position.

"Still looks light." Then look at his answer, I'm extremely motivated after hearing it.

"Please add a jacket."

Then a black leather jacket flew straight and hit him on the head.

"More hats... an upcoming trend."

Next is a red bucket hat.

Still...

"Glasses too."

Haven't stopped yet!

"Scarf."

Dressed completely, I went to stand in front of the mirror and looked at myself from head to toe, all you could do was cry for.

Oh my god, I thought it was a mobile brand name shop.

"Do you think we're showing off too much? It's starting to get hot too." Even turning on the air conditioner is still unbearable. I think the problem is that the coat and scarf, act like a heater. I'm afraid that even if I walk, I might faint because the heat is too much to bear.

"I think it's okay, not much. Wear it like this and upload a picture on Facebook, I'm sure P'Tor will definitely inbox you." Inbox to curse too.

"Sure." At the end of the question there was a sobbing sound inside.

"1 000 000%, for those who haven't seen it, let me know. Look, Valentino shirt, Chanel jacket, Louis Vuitton scarf, Prada glasses, shoes are not small, even Gucci."

Can't live. Since my birth, I have never seen a single person stuffing every brand alone. Normally people only wear one brand, right? Then this is so hot that my liver is about to burst and you even let me wrap a towel around my neck. Is the air conditioner in the bar very cold?

"Be more confident, boy, just say you're beautiful."

"So if it's disgusting, would you say it's disgusting?"

"If it's you, there's no such thing as a bad word. Do you want to wear it back to the dorm first?"

"Ah, better not."

Please grand opening only on November 15th.

At noon, I stopped by for dinner, and at night P'Faifah drove by to pick me and my friends up in front of the dormitory. Then take me to his room first

to change my appearance. The mood is maybe watching too many movies, getting involved with the silly characters and then looking better overnight, but it's like I would do the opposite.

At first he looked human, but after changing his appearance, he no longer looked human.

The old set is the same as the one at noon, let me ask about the compatibility. Brightly colored oversize shirt, skinny pants, hot leather jacket with brand name scarf. That's not enough, there's also a red hat too.

When it's a good time, go out and perform for your two friends waiting on the sofa to open their eyes. Just like that, they reached the point where they couldn't say anything but clap their hands loudly.

You guys see my destiny, right? This is the harmful effect of asking for advice from someone like P'Faifah.

8.2

Chapter 8: Brother, I'm a young man now! - 2

[4437]

"Uiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

"N'Wine, today is so strange? Did you eat something?"

I can't live.

Walking into the shop with three people together, why was I the only one P'Newton greeted? In addition, the tone of the sentence also has a negative meaning. A little bit! I made the mistake of believing in that crazy guy.

My friends and I squeezed into chairs in the counter bar area, covering our faces with our hands because we didn't want to be seen by the customers in the bar.

"P'Faifah is the one who chooses my clothes."

"Is he trying to tease you?"

"I don't know, but..." The scene changed to a tall person walking straight towards him, attracting all the eyes of the people in the shop to stare.

The real hell must be this person, dressed in the same style as me, especially the black scarf that the client is so proud of.

"I think you two need to get your brains checked." That statement did not come from P'New, but from P'Nop.

"Aw, fashionista nha."

I was running out of words to say, and my friends were even worse, as if they were in shock to the point of losing their voice, so there was only one person left to argue, the troublemaker, the happy gentleman. I don't know how he got the position of male actor, I don't see a single part that looks good enough to convince the eyes.

"Then why are they dressed the same?"

"Wine is not confident, so I wear them together to have friends."

"What a headache. Look at the scene around you, dear brother. There's your brother over there, wearing a T-shirt and flip-flops." Oh, that's true. Plus, the shirt was wrinkled, as if it was normally worn to sleep in.

"Dressing like New is called disrespecting the place." The person mentioned couldn't bear to hear it and turned around loudly.

"You there, respect the temple a lot? When you got out of the car, did you hear the sound of a dog howling?"

"Dogs howl because dogs love you, buffalo."

Let the two cousins â€‹â€‹deal with each other first, from the looks of it, it will probably take a long time. Beautiful, not beautiful, perhaps there will be a fight in front of the shop just because of an argument about clothes.

"Wine, so good." The previous person's problem wasn't over yet, Jay poked my hand.

"What good motherfucker?"

"This shop, the girls are really cute."

"Again, this time if you meet brotherzone again, you won't bully me."

"Hoi ~ I've never heard a proverb that says 'Even though you know that love will hurt, it's still better than not knowing how to love'." If you play this big, you probably won't be able to sit on your chair anymore.

"Go wherever you're going." Before I could finish my sentence, Jay pulled Ben by the neck and flew into the distance.

The bar's customers are mostly working people, certainly not the target of college kids. Unlike my friend, when I saw this place was the target nest. He wants an older lover. At first, I also flirted with my 3rd and 4th year seniors regularly, but later I realized that I liked older people more, the warmer they were like my mother, the better.

When I started to regain consciousness after thinking about random thoughts, there was no one else around. P'Nop was engrossed in making drinks for the guests, P'Newton was missing, and P'Faifah was trying miserably to find me, because his pants were wrapped too tightly.

"P'Nop, give me a pretty colored cocktail, so N'Wine can use it as a prop to create an image."

"What are you guys doing? Or are you trying to impress girls?"

"It's done in color."

After talking to someone older than him, he turned around and raised his eyebrows at me to show off his coolness.

"I wonder what your name is? This scarf is so cute, I want to continue selling it." Damn right...

"My name is Wine. So what's your name? Tight pants, you can even wear them and fly."

Poking back and forth, not giving up.

"My name is Faifah, single, kind, driving Macaroni for 10 million baht each, are you interested?" I took you off the list since you drove Macaroni, you damn son of a bitch. Is it very entertaining?

I don't really understand either. Even though I looked retarded, I was happy to talk about these meaningless things with him.

"Not interested, I just found someone I like."

"Wow, cute people are often cruel."

"What the fuck are you two doing?"

"Whoa!" Startled when he was interrupted by the bartender, he placed the light pink drink in the pretty glass and didn't think about waiting to hear the answer but quickly turned to work in his corner.

And the play we just performed ended, because his handsome face changed to a more serious one than before.

"This is just for props. Don't drink it. Children must drink milk before going to sleep." It's been wrong since you took me to the shop, you bastard. "Raise your hand, rest your chin a little, make your eyes sleepy in that seductive way."

Whatever you command, I follow like a fool.

"This is rolling your eyes, do it again."

"Why do I have to do this pose again?"

"I'll take a picture for you to post on Facebook. Don't ask too much, make your eyes charming quickly."

"Is this okay?"

Learning how to smile and create features was difficult last time, how much harder it is to create seductive eyes.

"Okay, keep this figure, I'll focus a little." He picked up the phone and looked for an angle to take the photo until I heard the shutter click.

"P'Faifah, I'm so hot, can I please take off my scarf and hat?"

"You take off, I'll take off with you."

"If it's hot, just say it directly."

"Don't act like you know. Please change your style, smile a little, laugh."

Both eyes looked at the camera, smiling a little but just beautiful enough according to what they learned. Once it was done, the permanent cameraman took the opportunity to continuously press the shutter button. Sometimes he shows me the screen showing my face.

"Who doesn't like this?"

"I'm probably the only one who's good at praising you."

He smiled and accepted that statement, then focused on taking pictures of me.

Tonight I got hundreds of pictures from P'Faifah's skills. I choose just one photo I like the most, press post without a caption. Then just wait for feedback.

P'Faifah's plan to impress the person I like is to post beautiful photos. Aside from being the topic of discussion among my friends, the most hoped for thing was that I could attract P'Tor's attention.

From the day I decided to add the other person's friend for the second time, and quickly accepted the invitation in a short period of time, I also started texting him again according to P's instructions. Faifah. We kept talking to each other like that. Some days I'll talk for a long time, some days I'm tired with many things so I just type 'Good night' and press send.

I didn't even say I liked him, but P'Tor probably knew, so he built a relationship where people talked but kept their distance.

Me being able to step closer than before is what I do to show him that I am good enough.

Faifah Thanawanyotha

The cutest.

Not many seconds after posting the photo on social networks, the comment from the permanent cameraman jumped up first. P'Faifah is an extremely flattering person, because this is not the first time, but the nth time.

I don't know where his addiction to cuteness comes from. Besides the word cutest, there is still the word 'Cute again. Cute and unbearable' followed slowly.

Moving on to the time after that, in addition to waiting for a like or comment from P'Tor, there was one more person, P'Faifah, whom I also waited to read the cute word that was used from him without getting bored.

"N'Wine is so hot today, the number of likes increased unexpectedly." The person next to me teased while checking the movement through social networks.

"Sure, because your scarf isn't in the picture."

"What, what? It's Louis Vuitton."

"Brand is probably suitable for everyone but me."

Thing!!

The sound of the notification pulled our attention from our conversation to the phone screen again. My heart was pounding when I saw the name of the person who had been waiting jumping up in front of me, so I couldn't hold back my screams of joy.

"Maaaaaaaaaaaaaa, he liked it."

"Gag and scream." P'Faifah plays a hundred times bigger. We quickly jumped down from our chairs and high-fived each other while dancing happily in front of the bar.

"P'Tor comments again, I'm probably dead, I'm dead."

But...

'N'Wine looks so strange today.'

I looked up at my tall relative, many questions were running around in my head.

"Do you think this is a compliment or an insult?"

"Praise, who scolds?"

But when he gave confidence, I smiled again. Everything is because of you.

"Thank you P'Faifah, I'm very happy today."

For you...

"Nothing, I'm very happy."

Only you.

"Film camera from Warich."

Which Warich again? Every day I hear the name of someone I don't know. As soon as he saw me, he made a confused face and quickly explained it step by step. "A guy shares a stake in the shop. He said the camera was good so he wanted to try taking pictures."

"It's definitely not blurry." I asked uncertainly.

"Where's the blur? It's this class. Furthermore, you'll get a photo to upload to increase ratings. This time he'll definitely have a heart-to-heart with a comment longer than 2 meters."

Hope burned in the body quickly.

Play always! Even if I have to cross a mountain pass and wade through a stream or take photos in a crocodile farm, I accept it all.

"Wherever you go, I'll follow."

"Latch!"

Plan the details for the schedule on Sunday morning, then have to run back and forth with preparing outfits. Every time I take a photo, it's never normal. P'Faifah likes to be special, and after getting over the glow-in-the-dark shirt and tight-fitting pants, I'm no longer afraid of anything. The tiger pattern is still ok, take a photo and it's guaranteed to be a topic of discussion.

Wow ~

My life began to become more colorful not because of love, but rather because of getting to know this cheerful gentleman. In the future, I have to arrange a new schedule, and my friends also have to give their best. In addition to meeting each other during every class, most of the time must also be spent with them. As for P'Faifah, he'll get a little bit of my time.

But believe it or not, that little time makes me tired of waiting, because we will meet each other.

"Did you know, there's a legend about the stairs of the Electrical Industry building?"

At 9 a.m. on Sunday morning, the atmosphere in the faculty building was quite quiet, so it was very suitable for taking photos to keep as a special collection.

"Oh, P'Yotha once told me that if anyone accidentally trips and falls down these stairs, they will not graduate within 4 years."

"Anyway, each person has their own story." Aw...

"Are there still other legends?" The long leg walked up the stairs 2 more steps, holding the camera close to his eyes, looking for an angle and closing a bit before pressing the shutter.

"They say that if a couple confesses their love here, they will live together until old age."

"Real?"

"If you don't believe it, don't underestimate it, you've seen it a lot."

I followed my relative a step higher, but he moved away like he was teasing me. Then if something happens I won't try to follow? P'Faifah kept running away slowly until the last step, at that moment he had no other way to escape except standing in the same position.

"I lost."

I smiled at him like a winner.

"N'Wine look at the camera for a bit." Still before receiving a response, the owner quickly changed the subject and turned to focus with the film camera lens. I was standing just one step below him, so I didn't know what to do, other than look up and look at my tall relative in a higher position.

"Have you pressed the shutter yet? I don't know how to make a face."

"Just smile like before." Don't know how to behave. I'm not the type of person who can smile in any mood. The more I'm in front of the camera, the more awkward I become, so I can't smile to solve the problem.

"Shoot yet?"

"No, it doesn't focus."

"Long he." When I started to complain, in my eyes I saw his fit lips smiling, a smile that I both loved and suspected at the same time.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I'm not laughing, am I laughing?" The owner still refused to put down the camera and answered my question like that.

"Are you joking about something?"

"Why am I teasing you?"

Xia!

And finally, the shutter does its job.

"I'll take a picture of you too." I don't wait too long, volunteer to become a cameraman. Even if I know that I don't have any skills, don't worry. Even if it's a film camera, you don't even know, you can't check the images anymore, if it's broken it's broken. But it's special in that no matter how bad it is, there's no denying that at this moment we're spending all our time together.

"Can we take a photo together? I don't want to be alone, there are already many people taking pictures."

"Hot, hot." I've already opened my mouth, so what else can you say?

"Ah sure." I don't refuse anymore.

The tall relative knelt down on his knees and sat down on the bottom step of the stairs before reaching for my hand so I could go up one more step and let myself sit down next to him. We moved closer to each other, so close that we could hear each other's breathing. It's not often I get to see his side profile at such a close distance. The more I look at it, the more I can't take my eyes off it, as if he cast a spell and hypnotized me.

"Look at the camera." From then on, the spell was lifted and I became conscious, even though I still didn't want to escape that illusion at all.

The thick hand holding the camera reached out its entire arm, calculating the angle with his eyes, and then...

Cup!

Our memories have been preserved.

Around the university campus, there are many famous film photo processing shops. After consulting with an expert who was also P'Faifah's friend, we found a photo editing shop that was in the best style. And in the next 2 hours, everything captured was sent to email.

"Film cameras are not very suitable for selfies."

I mumbled to myself, but believed that my superiors must have heard clearly. Did you know that in all the photos I took, I hardly focused on any of them, except for the last one taken with P'Faifah.

To be frank, no part is clear, everything is blurry no matter who you are. As for the other parts, they are clear and skewed as usual, of course, he doesn't use a professional film camera, so that's good.

"I never saw that photo." Checked and rechecked many times, if it was a mistake then maybe it wasn't.

"Which one?"

"When you looked up at me on the stairs, I saw you staring for so long, didn't you click the shutter?"

"Here you go." He pointed to a photo in a close-up situation. As far as I can remember, at that time, I didn't make a face like this, but rather wanted to see the photo and make myself smile.

"Not this photo, go back first."

"At that time... I didn't take a picture."

"Well."

"I just want to look, that's all."

"Regret."

"I don't see anything." He said comfortingly, although his expression was mixed with a smile.

Where do you get your joy from, seriously?

"If I post a photo, how should I write a caption?"

"Handsome man taking pictures."

"Eee."

"If not, just say it deliberately, 'I can't stand being single, I want to find someone to talk to'."

"Don't ask me anymore."

"What are you going to write in the end?"

"I don't write, because I don't post."

"Don't have a good photo to choose from? Here it is, so cute." He pulled the photo out of his photo library to look at it a little more. Surely if you really want to choose, there are many photos to choose from like he said.

"I know, just keep it carefully. If you want to keep it, see for yourself."

I don't know what he thinks, but I already have the answer.

Reasons for not wanting to show anyone even a little bit. It's just that we need to keep today's events in our memories.

"I'm hungry, what should I eat? I'll write it down."

The task of taking photos and then developing them was also completed, so P'Faifah and I carried our exhausted bodies to the cafeteria near the school to continue. It's a simple restaurant, you have to serve yourself from drinks to writing the menu you want to eat.

I looked up at the large menu posted on the wall, pondering for a long time until I made a choice.

"Fried pork with garlic and chili, with lots of garlic, as a special dish."

"I'll call together too." After the tall senior finished speaking, he put the tip of the pen on the paper and wrote the words that I really liked to tease and the chicken quickly scratched them. Whenever we're together, he doesn't like to think, just call along, the chef can easily make 2 more plates, we can always eat together.

"I'll go get some water for you."

"Okay, boy." I really hate that word.

He stood up to look for the shop owner with the paper in hand, and I headed straight to the drinks area. There is free ice water here, but you have to buy water, so bring an extra bottle for your taller relatives.

The shop owner made the food very quickly, with just a little bit of large size garlic fried pork rice and was served hot and fragrant from the kitchen. We ate and talked about everything, from the weather, to the fierce lecturers of the department, to difficult subjects, or whether the students were the focus.

"Can I ask this? I wonder if he will interfere or not?"

"Do you even have these feelings like me?" After saying that, he burst out laughing, so he was patted on the head.

"Xia!"

"What do you want to ask?"

"Why do you like someone named Tor?" I don't know how to talk back and forth about personal matters, but the person in front of me is still serious.

"Probably the first impression."

In high school, it was true that the school had nearly 2,000 students, but it wasn't too many, so the students kept coming around and seeing each other regularly. P'Tor is a senior in school, I saw him a long time ago, until he graduated. There are no special feelings except admiration.

When I dated Toey, we went everywhere together. One day she took me home, at which time I met him again as a college student. He is always polite, kind and worried about me. Whenever there is a problem, he always helps without refusing. Day by day, the feeling of admiration towards a senior also begins to change.

Start giving importance to preserving every item he gives me. Whether it's a water bottle, a comic book, or even a wooden note, I still keep it. It's called entering the crazy love stage. When I realized it, I liked him so much that I couldn't back out anymore.

It's a bit bad that P'Tor later had a lover, so all the love was kept in a memory box that I didn't want to open anymore.

"How impressed?"

"It's like he's really nice to me."

"I'm good to you too." The owner comes back again.

"Each person has their own style."

"So what about his advantages? What advantages does he have that you like so much?" So strange. It's starting to become impossible to guess the mood of the person in front of me. But because I had never had any secrets with P'Faifah before, I answered while cutting the fried pork with garlic and putting it in his mouth.

"That's cool."

"I'm cooler."

"Kind."

"I'm kind to people all over the world, and I also love animals."

"He also helps tutor me."

"Hey, who was it that day? Helped teach English." Karma, has the same advantages as P'Tor in every point, more jealous.

"P'Tor is smart and studies very well."

"It's okay for me to get an A in physics." Yes, the best of the three worlds, the hottest in the universe.

"He's a simple person, doesn't talk much."

"I'm the most comfortable person. I've eaten fried rice and eggs for a week, and I've been chilled without bathing for 3 days."

Um...

"The next part is not worth the advantage."

"Huh..."

"Is this asking me or is it intentionally competitive?"

"Don't know, don't discuss."

But when he looked again, everything he argued was true. P'Faifah is also kind in a P'Faifah way. Generous, kind, and caring. Although there is one thing that is different from everyone and everyone is not the same, that is that everything is collected together to form a person. That's why we don't love everyone, even if they have the same advantages.

"Why do you have so many questions today?"

"I want to know."

"Speak, if you can answer I will answer." For some difficult questions, just press pass, like playing a get rich game.

"Have you ever seen any good things about me?"

I paused, letting go of the spoon and fork before focusing on him alone.

"Yes, a lot."

"Give me some examples."

"You're cute and adorable. You don't choose how you treat anyone. You always take good care of me and others."

He is like that, always has been.

And there were many times when I thought to myself, on the day he tried to change, it was only me and he remained the same from the first days until now. So I wanted to ask why, but I didn't have the courage.

"You make everyone want to be near you, because every time you're with them, you'll be happy."

P'Tor also gave me this feeling.

He was puppy love in high school.

As for P'Faifah, it is a beautiful memory my university life.

But there is one question that I wonder about.

Can we humans fall in love with two people at the same time?

"You made me go out and do things I've never done before, making me know that this life still has a lot of fun things waiting for me."

Or the truth is in the same period of time

The world only allows us to fall in love with one person.

"This is the reason why I want to be close to you, want to ask for your opinion, want to be cool and good like you."

"..."

"I don't know if I really want to be like you or because I like you."

It's not that I don't think, I just think and then want to say it.

Each person was silent and motionless. We let time pass without regrets. I focus on him, he focuses on me. And when something intersects, the person in front is the one who opens his mouth to break the silence.

"Wine, if you like..."

"..."

"Are we lovers?"

For now

The world is saying that it doesn't allow me to love two people at the same time.

And I had to choose just one person...

- End of Chapter 8 -

9.1

Chapter 9: What do you do when you're lovers?

[5639]

A question stood out on the paper of the small notepad.

'If you were a lover, what would you do?'

In the written schedule, P'Faifah and I have to do different activities to get used to being lovers, even if it's not real, but we still have to get used to it.

Last week, he and I decided to do something groundbreaking, to the point where Jay heard it and asked again as if he couldn't believe his ears.

P'Faifah said that the possibility of me going on a date with P'Tor is up to 60%. Not sure where this number came from, let's just say I have hope.

So he proposed a method that seemed a bit one-sided. Forget about talking like a lover, at least if I start dating P'Tor I won't accidentally do something I shouldn't do. Knowing that I don't have much experience in expressing myself, having P'Faifah as a place to advise and take me to try things I've never done before isn't such a bad thing.

"Dress so handsome that it hurts my eyes and ears." Janjob was sitting buttoning his shirt at the end of the bed, his body smelled so good that I was about to cut off my nose. My own problems are still almost unbearable and they still make fun of me.

"So it's just going out on a date."

"It's just a drill, what are you so serious about?"

You're really good at extinguishing your dreams, just imagine that even having a lover wouldn't be enough.

"For the day when I achieve my wish with P'Tor, I will know what to do. Besides, P'Faifah has been trying to be friendly lately, I don't want to let I was distracted so I asked for help, I didn't force him."

"I know, it's not a long explanation."

I raised my fist, punishment for using cruel words towards my friends.

"But there you are, dressed equally handsomely, I don't know where you're going? You smell extremely strong lemongrass perfume." When I am evil, I will be evil again.

"Many things."

"Jay." At first it was with fists, now it's with kicks. Angry already. "It's okay if you don't want to know."

"I have a movie date with my accounting senior." When he doesn't ask anymore, he has many things to answer, he's always such a contradictory person.

Laughing because the last time he went to a bar, November 15th, he fell in love with a girl so much that he had to ask for her number. A few days later when she called, her nosy husband picked up the phone and blocked the brotherzone legend because really, he had never been his brother anymore. But the future is promiscuous, not certain.

It hasn't been long but it seems like he moved on from that situation very quickly, recently went to the movies with another senior.

"Who else is that?"

"Let me see the photo from the other day." There are hundreds of photos, to the point where my brain can't remember who is who anymore, he only cares about them.

"Are you serious?"

"Seriously."

"I mean her, not you. To be sad about love, then come back and just sit and make a sad face, then use the method of forgetting her by drinking beer with Ben."

"Are you not like that? There are many things."

I want to cut off my friends forever, but all I see are hurtful and shocking words. Thinking back to high school, I kept wondering what inspired me to be friends with someone like that. A little bit. Never mind, life needs to move on, let's leave the quarrels, go back and then continue.

"I sent it first, asshole Jay."

"Do not accept that offer."

I picked up my shoes and put them on, checking the neatness of my clothes again before turning back to briefly talk to my roommate.

"I'm leaving, good luck."

"Good luck too."

P'Faifah said he would stop by to pick ne up in front of the dorm at 6pm, but because I was nervous about going out on a date, I should wait before the appointment time. I sat on the bench in front, thinking about finding a game on my phone to play to kill time, so I didn't expect the familiar sound to ring first.

"Little brother Wine ~."

I turned to look at the source of the sound, saw a tall man standing not far away, his handsome face adorned with a smile, his smoky hair began to alternate with the color of his real hair, looking beautiful a little more. He was wearing a black long-sleeved shirt, trousers and leather shoes, making the heart of someone like me so soft that it almost evaporated into the air.

Without waiting for him to come looking for me, I was the one who strode closer first. It wasn't until he stopped in front that he asked.

"Why are you here so early? Isn't the appointment at 6 o'clock?" Looking down at the clock, it was only half past five. If I really showed up on time, wouldn't he have to wait another 30 minutes?

"Well, I knew you had to come ahead of time, so I didn't want to keep you waiting too long."

It's true that he is the person that millions of people in the world want.

"You're very handsome today."

"You're also very handsome today." Crazy, my heart is gone. There is no longer a heart in his left chest because it disappeared from him when he heard those sweet words.

I wait! Please allow me to regain my composure a bit, why are you daydreaming?

Standing side by side for a long time until they regained their composure.

"Sh... shall we go now?"

"Okay, let's go." Having said that, the tall body turned around and walked ahead to lead the way. But it seemed like there was something wrong when he went the other direction, even though his car wasn't parked there. If you have any questions, please ask quickly.

"Is P'Faifah going the wrong way? My car is over there." I point in another direction. At this moment, he turned left and right while scratching his head awkwardly.

"Aw, really. Haha, really. It's so crazy."

The two feet changed direction and walked back to their black car. When I stuffed myself inside the car, I was surprised by another thing, because naturally, a small bouquet of daisies was brought in front of me. I was so surprised that I opened my mouth, but the person behind the steering wheel smiled and opened his mouth to speak in a low voice.

"Here are flowers for you."

"Oh, do you need to invest that much?"

"Sure, complete." I'm lucky to be able to go on a date with you, but it's also bad at the same time that it's not real. "P'Tor probably isn't that warm or caring."

"The better, you will shed tears with my kindness that no one can compare to."

Throw the bomb to explode loudly, then turn the steering wheel and drive to the location we have pre-determined.

P'Faifah took me to a rooftop restaurant, it certainly wasn't as extravagant as I feared. It is a normal restaurant, designed and decorated in loft style, with food, drinks and a chill atmosphere. As soon as I stepped in, the first cool breeze hit my skin.

"The atmosphere is so good."

We booked the available seats and saw the tall building stretching far away as far as the eye could see. The scene changes to the person in front who is pouting like he's about to cry because he needs to play loudly non-stop.

"Glad you like it."

"Order food first?" Please allow me to interrupt the drama for a moment, I'm afraid I'll have to sit and rub my back to comfort you.

"Ok, order food."

My senior relative and I opened the restaurant's menu for a while. Most of the food and drinks are not expensive, which makes me confused, so I feel relieved and can order a lot of things. It's true that we're going on a date today, but we also have to share the food costs according to the rules and not take advantage of each other as agreed at the beginning.

After ordering food, while waiting, P'Faifah helped teach simple things I should know when going on a date. Like don't pick up your phone to play while talking or eating, because it will make the person coming along feel ignored. Don't babble alone, because in addition to being a good speaker, you also have to be a good listener.

But as far as we can see for a long time, P'Faifah and I don't pay much attention to speaking or listening, and are good at cursing each other in our hearts. Revenge!

And there are many things that are slowly said and then done. It wasn't long before food began to be served. We took our time by eating slowly, without rushing, taking turns chatting and gossiping.

"What's impressive? Say!" He asked hopefully, his eyes sparkling so much that I wanted to bite.

"Everything, plus good music." No lying. I almost don't see the downside of going to this restaurant with him. Everything was perfect as if it was prepared, even though at first we were like adventurers. "Have you ever done this often?"

"Speaking of which, I haven't gone out on a date in a long time."

"When was the last time?" Please turn off the dating mode for a moment, now please become the body of Wine and P'Fai who are extremely excited first.

"High school, count?"

"It's been so long, you're old too."

"This damn kid." The tall relative reached out and pushed my head until my face was almost turned up. If I hadn't been stuck in the restaurant with so many people in front of me, I would have picked up the chicken and slapped him across the mouth to get revenge.

"Not a good conversation. Going out on a date today."

"Sorry, just forget about me for a bit, baby."

"I'm about to vomit." Adjusts the mood very well. "Once we get to know each other, we know even more that whoever gets to be our lover must be very lucky. The only regret is that we love too many people."

"These days are not like before."

I pouted. Unlike before, there were no lovers in the whole university, but there were still many in the whole faculty.

Over the past few months, I have seen his change in many things, it happened gradually. And P'Faifah also doesn't force himself to the point of not being happy. He still greets his friends and everyone the same, still participates in activities, still helps his friends and juniors like he always does.

It's just not so serious that he stops by everyone on the road to pick them all up, or are kind enough to let people jump in line to buy food and then have to sit and cry because the food is gone. The important thing is that he doesn't treat people too much to the point of making the other person misunderstand or overthink. So it can be considered the best way to preserve kindness that he can do.

It's just me who has to hypnotize myself and tell myself not to overthink things. Because there is a wall that protects us, a wall called 'normality'. It's normal for me to be no different from other people, and there's no way he could think more excessively than that.

Hoi, I get lost in my own thoughts every time I see his face. Until I regained my composure and looked up at the sky, my face felt the cool touch from a small drop of water.

Rain...

Here it is, something more than expected.

It's good that it's just a little rain so there's nothing to worry about. Moreover... ever since the day I wore a raincoat and hid behind a motorbike to the apartment, I've gradually grown to love the rain more and more.

"N'Wine, are you ok?"

"It's raining a little, it's cool. Do you want to change places?"

"Are not." Since our hearts are the same, we should settle down and sit in the same place. The rain didn't make it any worse, my shirt was barely wet. In contrast to the other guests who had begun to file into the indoor area.

"Yes sir, it's raining, you can move in and sit inside." At one point, the staff also came over and said they were concerned about our health. I was about to respond to them but P'Faifah was faster.

"It's okay, I'm with someone who loves the rain."

Answer this way for real, for real!

Then what happened? Is your heart beating so hard just by saying that, Wine? Dead... The protective wall was half collapsed. Pray for the other half to be strong and protect the emotions that are brewing in my chest.

"In that case, would you please put down the food first?"

"Yes."

It's good to have eaten it all, because I was so happy that I couldn't control my mouth so I smashed it until there was almost nothing left. So the staff continued to bring plates away, until only a drink mixed with alcohol was left to sip to quench the thirst.

"The puppy, I mean Gun, he once asked his friends what love is."

Here comes the most abstract topic. Suddenly he spoke nonsense again so I acted like I was a good listener because I also wanted to know.

"Do you know, at that time, tell everyone your answer, it's really funny. Love is sacrifice."

"I hear a lot of people say this. So what else?"

"Love is sex." At the end of that sentence, his expression also recognized the heat that was showing on his face.

"Someone answers."

"Some people say love is vanilla sky. Even weirder, some people say love is cookies on the moon and blueberry cheesecake on the sun." This person is very heavy, probably someone with a high imagination, or extremely good at implying one thing with another.

"But I like what a friend said, he said love is an attractive force, just like Newton said that two objects always create an attractive force with each other."

"..."

"It's like you and I, attracted to each other."

"How?"

My heart... started beating harder again.

"You are like hell, and I am a yaksha." Damn it. I must be very wrong to hope for romance from you.

Thing!

While gathering a few curse words, luckily P'Faifah was saved by the bell. That's the sound of a signal from a familiar application I often use. And the person who was the main reason was P'Tor, when he sent the long text message. But I didn't open it and read it right away, other than staring and muttering to my superior relatives.

"He texted."

"No answer?" I'm hesitant. Asking if you want to read it means you want it, but if you ask if you can wait, it's probably okay. Once you have decided, you should choose to put your phone in your pocket as before, then turn your attention to the person you are with instead.

"The rule of dating is that we should focus on the person we're with, so playing on our phones doesn't look very good."

"Even if the person in the message is the person you want to be your lover?" He asked again, but I didn't have the answer.

Just know that it's not right now, this moment...

"You only talk about other people's love, so for you, what is love?"

I changed the topic, drawing all the attention back to the topic of the conversation we were having. P'Faifah didn't push me to do anything, he listened to me and was rolling his eyes thoughtfully to answer the question.

"I wasn't sure before."

"Now."

'Now I know.'

"..."

"Love is a happy feeling that dies when one rejects another to be with oneself."

Bang!

The bullet flew out of the gun's muzzle and hit the wall that protected my one-sided thoughts. It's extremely unfortunate because just one bullet can completely collapse everything.

It's not because that bullet has any great power, but there's another reason, perhaps because of the wall I built...

....Just a glass wall.

_____

"Don't forget, today we'll meet at 6pm in the living room."

"Hoiiiiiiiii. What is it?" The sound of wailing like a symphony echoed throughout the room as soon as the friend who took on the position of class president of the Computer major reminded me once again about my after-school duties.

"If you want to get a shirt for the workshop, please go together."

"That's so good, it took almost half a semester to get the workshop shirt. Crazy." I complained to my friends, holding school materials in both hands and a pencil case roughly stuffed into my backpack. As for Jay, he talked passionately about the workshop shirt with an extremely absorbed expression.

"I hate the picture of myself wearing sweatpants the most, no matter how much I delete it, I can't get rid of it. Man is even more miserable, tagged hundreds of pictures on my face."

"You probably can't survive alone, I can survive better."

If someone like Janjob can still shut down, let alone someone like me. It's even more miserable when wearing a fluorescent shirt and tight pants wrapped in eggs.

"Wow, you still have beautiful photos P'Faifah took for you. They're getting closer and closer to each other to the point that I'm jealous."

"Jealous for what?"

"I like his celebrity. But if I was asked who my idol is, I prefer P'Yotha's serious style and swearing at everyone around him."

Want a gentle style.

These two twins are incredibly different twins. Their faces are extremely similar, but their personalities are as if each person was born from the same universe. A serious person who doesn't talk much, doesn't hang out often, to the point that his peers call him a dark gentleman. Switching to the other person is like encountering a whole trove of comedies. He's not funny enough, he's also kind, and has so many friends that people call him the cheerful gentleman of the department.

But if I was asked, which person do I like?

You have the same code. But these days, I'm more connected to the other person.

"When you arrive, please sit in rows according to department."

Normally, after finishing the last class, my friends and I often go to the mall to relax, watch movies, and listen to music. Some days when you're a little lazy, you go straight back to your dorm and lie down. But today is more special in that the first years have to come back and gather again to receive the department's workshop shirt.

In the past two years, the Faculty of Engineering has not had events to welcome juniors, only beneficial practical activities such as scrubbing floors, cleaning gears, cleaning the club room, and moving things in. When other asked whose duty it really is, we'd probably have to say it's definitely not ours.

But because it's beneficial to the department, I keep my head down and do it without complaining. In the end, the effort paid off. Last time I received a pin with gears. After 2 days of excitement, I put it back in the same box. It's better to focus on the workshop shirts, it's nothing, sometimes I'm too lazy to send my student shirts to be washed.

If it's a Technical workshop shirt, you'll look cool after wearing it. After a few days, just let it dry and then take it out and wear it again, no problem.

"Many of you already know, right? That's why I called you all here today."

"We know."

"There are two important things. The first thing is that it's almost midterm, the faculty library will start opening 24/24 from next Monday."

"Yeah." The joyful sound looks strangely lonely.

"The second thing is, after everyone has worked hard with so many activities, we finally get to go through them together. So today is an important day where everyone will receive their own workshop shirts."

"Shout, too much peak. Come to think of it, the study place created less excitement for the first years than the faculty workshop shirt, plus the 2nd year senior also seemed like an MC who knew this point clearly, so just let us scream. Satisfied. But, no matter how much time has passed, the noise can still be heard without stopping.

"You guys, be quiet for a bit." Maybe he couldn't stand it anymore so he had to speak into the mic to calm the situation down.

"Shut up."

"This is not called silence." There was another round of loud laughter before quickly quieting down, giving the senior a chance to explain further. "This year there won't be much ceremony. Our senior with the same number will bring us a shirt along with a take care gift. You guys just sit in your old seats first."

Finishing the sentence of the person in front of him, the 2nd year seniors who were waiting in line began to spread out to find juniors and their code numbers in the line. Although the location of the seats is not the same, it is not difficult to find because the seats are still divided by industry.

In the situation where the 2nd year started to move into the queue, at that moment, the world around me seemed to become dark, with only the spotlight shining on just one person.

That person was a tall guy with dark black hair. His facial expression and eyes showed no mood but attracted all of my attention. With each step, the distance gradually narrows, causing a certain feeling to be born inside.

He knelt down and sat down in front of me, handing over his navy workshop shirt with the look of waiting too long. I took it with my eyes never leaving that person's face.

"Wine's shirt." The deep, warm voice mesmerized the listener, causing the soul to leave the body.

"Thanks."

"And this is a take care gift." He gave me another paper bag. I certainly accepted it without looking at what was inside except to express my thanks and emotions.

"Thank you, P'Faifah."

"Ugh, can you recognize me?"

Once exposed, how long can the image be kept? Just after being greeted a little, there was no trace of P'Yotha left. I noticed it from the first moment when you came and sat down in front of me.

What should I say? No matter how hard you try, the way he walks, the look in his eyes, the smell on his body, you can recognize him immediately just by seeing him.

"Why didn't you notice?"

"I also tried my best to pretend to be Yotha, even to the point of investing in changing my hair color."

"Is it too loud?"

After dying my hair smoky gray for many months and then dyeing it back to the old color, it was also surprising. Or maybe it's because after a long time I'm starting to get used to his previous hair color.

"My hair is starting to grow longer. I'm too lazy to add more trims so I dye it again." He explained while frowning, but I smiled at that action.

"You're handsome no matter what color your hair is."

"Good at speaking."

"If you change like this, where will you and my code disappear?" My eyes tried to scan around. Normally, he comes himself, sometimes P'Faifah sends things along, but he didn't think P'Yotha wouldn't really show up today.

"It's not free."

"Busy here."

"No, I told him to pretend to be busy, because I wanted to come and take care of you." Jealousy...

"What about me having the same code as you?"

"After giving the gift, Pin chased me away, saying he was bothering me, it was really hurtful." Not only talking but also doing the act of dabbing tears. And I also forgot myself to the point that I didn't know I had accidentally done something I shouldn't have done.

By the time he regained consciousness, the palm of my hand was already on his black hair.

P'Faifah didn't say anything, he sat still, staring at my face while rubbing his eyes. I myself felt like I was touching a hot object and quickly withdrew my hand. I just hope in my heart that no one sees it in time.

"Second years, if you've already given your gifts, you can go home first. As for first years, sit down first, I have something to announce." The MC returned to his previous duties, so we didn't say anything more.

P'Faifah stood up completely, then bent down and rubbed my head until he left.

My ears almost couldn't hear anything anymore because I was immersed in his warm touch. To the point that when the seniors let me go, I was still barely aware of it so I walked out like that. Until I heard a sound close to my best friend's ear, helping to wake me up from my dream.

"Look at how your lover deliberately came to pick you up."

"Ha... Are there?"

"The person who loves you." He pouted at the tall boy standing not too far away.

"The one who loves your father!"

"Be careful, help each other out and really love each other, I'll make a big trumpet and drum parade."

"Nerve."

"What are you talking about?"

"Wow~" Since when did he appear? He was still so far away.

Suddenly he appeared between me and Jay without a trumpet or drum, we were startled and almost scattered. Even Ben, who was running back to gather, scratched his head, looking like he really wanted to ask what kind of pants you guys are.

"Where are you guys going next?" A cheerful voice evoked the atmosphere.

"Back to the dormitory, P'Faifah."

"So can I take you home?"

"That's so good." What's wrong with Jay? He looks strangely excited to go.

"B... but my car." Just as BenG was about to protest, his best friend pulled him by the neck and hugged him tightly, gritting his teeth and speaking in the same cheerful voice. What are you guys thinking about doing?!

"Let's go, I won't refuse. Ben's car had a problem, and my car ran out of gas in the middle of the road, so my friend pulled me over to park at the station."

"It's so funny, it's really an unlucky day for us. It's so bad. Thank you, P'Faifah."

Bullshit. No one's car broke down or ran out of gas!

"If you're that unlucky, let me take you home."

"Okay aaaaaaaaaa."

Begin to see signs of danger from afar. What they wanted to make sure of was helping me get on the P'Faifah, even though I didn't need it because today's plans were outside of all the agreed-upon activities.

But what can be done? It's come to this.

I was dragged by my good friend and followed the tall man's butt to the car. As soon as we arrived, the arrangements were so complete that we couldn't speak, so we just let them handle us like puppets.

"Wow, the car is so spacious. Wine, you sit in the front, I'll go with Ben here." Can I compete anymore when P'Faifah is always in the position behind the steering wheel, and they are all crowded into the back seat, leaving only me still standing there making stupid faces alone.

The car moved out of the faculty parking lane toward the freshman dormitory. In the middle of the road, the cheerful gentleman also took care of everything, asking if it was too hot and if sitting was comfortable. He was so concerned that Ben said he was shy and didn't dare bother him next time.

"You guys don't have to be shy, do you want to listen to music?"

"It's OK."

"What do you want to hear?"

"It's up to P'Faifah."

The inside of the car was filled with our voices being replaced by songs with pleasant melodies. It's a familiar playlist that he likes to play when we go out together. Until now, the owner hasn't changed, he still plays it over and over again as if he never gets bored.

"Let's open Dept's lesson." Look at Jay, more excited than anyone else? Followed by Ben's support.

"Wine's real band these days, it's so random."

It's over. Here I am, really tired of this mess. Even though I've said it hundreds of times, P'Faifah and I are nothing more than that, our relationship is just a mutually beneficial one.

But if you don't listen, you compose and perform all the time.

"Lately, you don't stop by to pick me up on the street anymore, do you?" Not long after listening to music, the chatty Janjob found something to continue talking about. This time P'Faifah glanced back a bit and frowned at each other.

"Who said?"

"Wine."

Throw shit at me again. It's not like the habit of liking to pick people up in the car is some kind of secret, other people know everything. So it's not wrong for me to tell my friends.

"No more processions, except for those who are truly in need."

"We don't have any problems, my car..." BenG's sentence was cut off because Jay almost raised his foot to cover his mouth. As for me, I could only put my hands on my forehead because I had to endure hiding the secret that my unloving friend had just created.

"Wine let me try to rank the importance. You guys are important, so I volunteered to take you back to the dormitory."

"Tears fell to my feet."

So emotional that I heard a sob.

"It's important because you're Wine's friends, right?"

"Something like that."

"It's truly a blessing to be your friend." Ben still plays loudly non-stop. "Why are you so nice to my friend?"

"Your friend is good to me."

"Hey, if Wine was a girl, I'd definitely think you liked my friend. Hahaa."

"Wha Ben."

Damn it.

P'Faifah turned down the volume, resulting in a very strange atmosphere, so no one dared to interrupt.

"You don't know? Since college, I've had a lot of girl friends."

"..."

"But I've never liked a girl like my lover."

9.2

Chapter 9: What do you do when you're lovers? - 2

[3339]

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The door to the room was about to break, but the dormitorymates were still able to punch it really hard. This time it was early in the morning, I turned to look at the time on my phone and saw it was just 7 o'clock. You guys are really good at ruining the fun on my day off.

I slowly raised my head from the pillow, then crawled onto the bed like Sadako in the movie The Rings. Scene change to roommate in the opposite bed. Oh, when he heard a little loud sound, he quickly pulled the blanket up to cover his ears, so all the duties were thrown to me.

The handle was turned, I was face to face with my classmate who was standing holding a large stack of documents, waiting from before.

"Sir, here are the midterm review materials. Copy them and bring them here." He piled paper on my hands. When I looked down, tears almost fell because I saw his boundless kindness.

What kind of crazy person is it that just sitting and summarizing the content isn't enough? He also photocopies documents to distribute to friends. The living Buddha, the one born with only great merit, the one with immense virtue. Where in this life can I find a good friend like you?

"Pay, you're right, always like that."

I'm no longer sleepy, so please take some time to praise him for a long time. Good is not cautious, good is not respectful of gods, heaven or earth.

"To thank each of you for helping me chase away the ghost that night."

Um... Still haven't forgotten?

"Damn it, the image that sticks in my eyes the most isn't the ghost, it's the sight of you sitting hugging your pillow and crying. It's extremely miserable." That long sentence was not from me, but the person in the room who had woken up for who knows how long, sitting cross-legged on the bed, his mouth moving softly, constantly talking about Pay.

"And let's not talk about whether he died that day, Janjob."

"Extremely rude."

"In short, it's okay, but the fee for photocopying documents is not free, each person pays 12 baht." I quickly ran back inside, took the money out of my wallet, and paid it to the person in front of the room. I also paid it for Jay, who didn't have the strength to get up and go anywhere except just sit and talk. "After the exam, I'll take you out for a drink."

"That said."

"Sure." Having thought about it, serving some wine, mixing the rest for you, feels much more expensive than wine.

"Yeah, Wine."

"What?"

"Thank you too, Faifah, for helping me pray to chase away ghosts that day."

"You go thank him yourself, you don't need to ask me."

"I'm shy, it's okay thanks to you. I see you often hang out together these days."

"Okay, let me tell him."

"I almost forgot, wait a minute." Then he ran away without saying anything, before returning with an extremely adorable egg yellow paper bag with polka dots. "If you see him, please give it to P'Faifah, as a thank you."

"Okay." I received his gift before closing the door. Leave the paper bag at the desk, and put the documents I have tried to compile properly in the cover.

"Jay, can we go study at Sweet Song today?"

"Why do you have to go there?" He asked again while sitting and scratching his head and butt.

"Bring Pay's gift to P'Faifah."

"Not really, you have another purpose." Damn, pretend you don't want to believe. But what should I say when I really just want to bring things to P'Faifah, with no other purpose.

When I think, my eyes roll endlessly.

"What's the purpose, I just find it useful to go there to study for the exam."

"You are suspicious."

"Stop blaming me, will you?"

"If you want to meet P'Faifah, just say it directly, no need to use his name as an excuse."

"Yeah! I wanted to meet him, are you satisfied?"

"That's all."

Since midterms are coming up, finding a place to study is a huge deal for college kids. Because no matter where it is, it's always crowded, even the bar where in the past almost no one went in because the drinks were expensive, and there were some stinky pillows that didn't look inspiring.

Now it's miraculously crowded again.

"Come to study, kids?" I smiled at my tall relative who quickly ran over to say hello.

P'Faifah in a suit with a white shirt, wearing the shop's pink apron as always. Just think about it, even though you're not an employee of the restaurant, you still feel like you're part of the restaurant. There's no need to ask for salary because you've never received it, just always do it with your heart.

"Yes, the department's library is full, the school's is even more crowded."

"That's good, it's better to come here, it's most suitable for studying." There are so many people in this restaurant, customers almost spread out mats to sit on the floor because there are no tables, but are you still good?

"So you don't study?"

"I'm chill, just studying the last night before the exam." Two long legs walked to guide us to the sofa, which is normally a resting place for employees. I've sat there many times before, but this time there was something different in that there was a dwarf table placed with a carpet on the floor to complete. It seems more suitable for sitting cross-legged to study.

"Is there any subject you're worried about? I'll help look into it." He continued asking, so I answered without thinking about life.

"Every subject."

"A little less."

"I hate English, there's a reading test in literature books, it's really difficult." Coming from move on, I just learned about Jay, let alone some literary books. Just opening the first page made my tears fall. It's still okay when I'm not around and open the dictionary to look up what is am are means.

"Let's take a look."

Everyone helped each other push the sofa close to the wall so the cats could lie comfortably. The humans took up space on the floor by sitting down around the square table together.

I turned around and took out the book for this semester and showed it to my senior relative. P'Faifah tried opening a double page and sighed. The paper was full of my handwriting writing the meaning of almost every word, so one could guess why P'Faifah made such an expression.

"Wine, you even translated the country's name."

Damned! Is that the name of the country?

Sorry for being stupid in your eyes. I want to be smarter than that, but please give me some time to study abroad for about 10 years and then come back to make changes.

"Passing the exam was entirely due to math, hehe."

"Let's see what kind of example questions from a few years ago were. Each person's essay has a true story, but the questions are mostly the same type."

"I do."

Having said that, don't delay, quickly take it out for him to see.

"Ben and Jay, are you okay?"

"Sure."

"Maybe it's possible or not. You guys come here, then listen to me."

The period that followed was intense tutoring in English. I almost didn't realize when the iced cocoa was served, or what the other two friends ordered, everything happened and passed quickly.

P'Faifah in serious mode impressed me. He knew where I had a big problem and calmly explained it over and over again without getting annoyed. And when he invested to this level, no one thought of giving up. Engrossed in tutoring until the time passed close to 9pm. It is also the time of rest that high relatives give.

Sweet Song CafÃ© around exam time is especially open 24/7 to welcome kids, so it's extremely good at being a fixture here from dusk to midnight. Although there are also disadvantages, such as the restaurant does not have a menu of salty foods, like rice or something to fill the stomach, mostly there are only cakes and sweets. So we also ate so much that diabetes was almost waiting to be questioned.

"Hungry. P'Fai, boss won't yell, right if he buys food from outside to eat?" Jay stood up and stretched while opening his mouth to ask his tall relative. Actually, he must have been hungry for a while, because while tutoring, my ears also heard the sound of his stomach gurgling loudly as a melody.

"Chill chill. The restaurant doesn't have rice."

"So who wants to go stretch?"

I was about to raise my hand to suggest going along, but my evil friend interrupted me first.

"Wine, you stay here, I'll go with Ben." So why are you asking!? "Quickly order."

"Pork burger with a box of soft fries."

"Why do you have to order soft? You don't eat crunchy?"

"By the time you two show up, it'll probably be soft."

"Knowing clearly is like a ghost in Pay's room."

"Diffusion."

Every time I mention the ghost in Pay's room, I get goosebumps every time, although to this day I'm still not sure if it's real or just an illusion created by my mind.

"What about P'Faifah?" After teasing me, he turned to ask the other person again.

"Can I make it look like Wine?"

"Are the french fries so soft?"

"That's right. Please be soft, the softer the better."

"Hey, do you want me to go that long?"

"Yeah." He raised his eyebrows and waved his hand away, so now it was just him and me.

"Speaking of Pay, I forgot to mention it. He sent me a gift." Having finished speaking, I quickly took out the prepared paper bag and gave it to the real owner, no matter how confused he looked.

"Me?"

"He said that he wanted to thank you for helping chase it away last time."

"Oh, there's no need to repay favors to this extent." The owner accepted it with fear of displeasing. When he opened it to see what was inside, his eyes sparkled and he screamed.

"Wowwwwwwwww."

"Hair set?"

Excitement is like seeing the keys to a car.

He held up the hairpin to show it. I don't know where Pay got it from, but it doesn't suit P'Faifah at all, Pay. Also bought 2 at a time, the first one is a deer's antlers, the second one is a rabbit's ears. Cute but didn't ask for permission from the temple in front of the shop.

"Isn't it cute?" Still there to ask questions. But please compliment him a little.

"It feels so cute."

"Your friend is really good, you know I'm looking for cute and adorable hairpins."

"What are you taking for?"

"Let the children ask?"

"Let's fall off the table." Annoyed. Just like to harass me like crazy.

"So cruel. After the midterm exam, the 16th was the 3rd anniversary of Sweet Song not going bankrupt." Only now have I heard of an anniversary that the restaurant still exists peacefully? Looking at it from another perspective, it's worth it. The shop has been open for a long time, selling drinks at expensive prices but the quantity sold per day is only one or two drinks.

Advertising is not true to form. The advertisement is for a cat cafe, but there are only 4 of them, and they don't like humans to play with. Then when it comes to advertising good music, it also depends on the mood of the person opening it. Every day when I fight with the shop owner, the music will mostly be in the style of fighting with life. So it is not easy for the shop to survive on its own for the past 3 years.

"Congratulations. What a gaffe."

Talk to him a little. Even though it's not P'Faifah's shop, I think he'll definitely be happy.

"Thank you, Wine. But will the party come?"

"Not sure yet, let's see the timetable."

"Do it big. Buy 1 get 1 free on wine, or whoever dresses up as an animal can come and get a free glass."

"Free drinks, so are the drinks free?"

"Drinks are not free."

"Wow, so excited."

I'm sarcastic.

"My expressionless face. Come on, let's wear a hairpin."

"You don't need to touch my head." The more he spoke, the more provocative he became because he had casually put on a bunny hairpin, even though my current expression had nothing to do with these ears.

"Adorable, the adorable little Wine is unbearable."

"Are you satisfied?" I asked again.

"I'll be very satisfied if you don't take it off, just like a real rabbit." Then he used his finger to wave the rabbit's ears.

Afraid that the entertainment wasn't enough and wanted to try installing it himself, P'Faifah transformed into an extremely cute deer that looked scared and didn't dare to tease. If it was buffalo horn, I think it would suit him better.

After fiddling with the toys for who knows how long, the two best friends came back with their hands full of food. But this time it seemed like he only showed up a little and then asked permission to go out again without saying anything else. So P'Faifah and I sat down to eat burgers and study together, just the two of us.

The clock face turns from 22:00 to 23:00, then it goes to midnight. Realizing again, it was already 2 am.

The deer and rabbit hairpins were removed from our head and flew over there... to the end of the table. And no one thought they would pick it up again.

"Sleepy yet?"

The tall relative asked gently like soft fabric softener. I nodded, feeling like my eyes were about to close but still held on for nearly half an hour.

"A little while, but my friend still hasn't come back." Missing since 10 o'clock, I don't know if he met his true love at the roti shop or not but refused to go back to studying. No matter how much nagging you do, it won't help, it will make you talk more, so just leave it all alone. Let's all take care of each other.

"Text him and ask."

"After asking, he told me to stop by to eat roti, cruelly abandoning each other."

"I'm here." It seems like a very comforting sentence that warms the heart.

The thick hand reached forward and picked up the stinky pillow from the sofa and put it down. I watched that scene for a while before seeing him using his palm to hit the pillow as if to let him lie down. "If you're sleepy, go to sleep. Here's a pillow."

"Hesitate." Really, am I going to die when my baby's tomato pillow is so sour, I'm afraid mold will get stuck in my nose and I won't wake up again. Ho~

"There's no one left in the shop, who else should we be shy about?"

"That's you."

"For me, you don't need to think too much, just wait a little." He stood up and ran outside the shop. Not long after, he came back with a coat and a small blanket. "The pillow is a bit dirty, but my shirt is very clean."

Use the shirt in his hand to cover the tomato pillow, then turn around and smile to make sure I believe him.

Why is there only you in this world? Why must we behave to gain favor? If one day, you start with someone and that person is not as good as you, what will I do?

"Thanks."

"Go to sleep."

I leaned through the gap in the wooden wall and looked around the shop. Now there's no one left, even the night shift staff are sleeping with their mouths open on the mattress.

"Then please allow me to sleep a little." After speaking, I slowly lean back on the pillow. Not long after, the body was exposed to the warmth of something enveloping the body. This is a small blanket.

"This is my blanket, not the shop's. Just don't dirty it with your saliva."

"I'm not you."

P'Faifah laughed loudly, bowing his head and concentrating on highlighting the content in my document. On the other hand, I'm sleepy and I still want to continue talking to him, which is a contradiction that I don't understand.

"Not sure if this exam will result in good scores?"

"Don't pressure or hope too much, just do your best and you'll be fine." He rubbed my head with his hand, it was so comfortable that it made me close my eyes. "Normally, when people love each other, how do they take care of each other?"

"Probably like what we're doing."

We almost forgot that we were in the testing phase of being lovers.

"But really, there needs to be a reward as motivation, right? To not lose all previous spirit." His voice still resonates in the hearing. I was aware of everything even without opening my eyes to see what was happening.

"You have to do it too." I started to answer in a lower voice, gradually... gradually.

"So if you get a good score this time, what do you want?"

"I want something delicious to eat until I vomit."

"What if everything tastes good?"

"Then eat it all."

"Extremely worth fighting."

"I won't fight."

I like... like having him pat my head like this. And sometimes that warm palm even slides down to pinch my cheek. I feel like I'm no different from a cat. Starting to indulge in these addictive acts of kindness.

"What about you? What do you want?"

"Does not say."

"Aw, it's easy for you to say it."

"Can you give me that?"

"Try asking first."

"I'm not asking for much."

"..."

"Just kissing is enough."

At that moment, my tightly closed eyelids opened again, and I saw him right in front of me.

It's him making a serious face as if to say...

This statement is not a joke.

- End of Chapter 9 -

10.1

Chapter 10: Wherever you go, I'll follow

[4868]

"I want to die sooooooooo much."

"Even if you die, I will raise your head and say... take the exam first."

"Life."

I only complained to myself, but it wasn't enough, he still trampled my heart by telling the truth straight into my ears.

We were stationed on the ground floor of the faculty building for many nights, never ending this extremely miserable period. Midterm is almost here, the closer the time gets, the more you start to scurry around like a mouse caught in a trap. The cycle repeats with studying, summarizing the content, reading, then summarizing the content again.

Taking hundreds of multiple-choice tests every day, to the point of almost vomiting out the square root. All I could do in my heart was pray for it to pass quickly. But do you understand? The more we suffer, the slower time seems to pass, as if it wants to tease us more.

"Come on, the exam is tomorrow, soon we will be free." Janjob clapped and cheered. He stood up from the chair, stretched a bit and took out the car keys. "I'm going to go get something to eat. Life needs cold, sour orange juice. Will you come with me?"

He turned to ask me and Ben. Certainly, at this time of extreme laziness, any activity as long as it doesn't involve studying is what I need the most.

"Go."

"I'll say goodbye, I'm sleepy. If I wake up, the exam will be over. I don't want to study anymore." And Ben raised his head from the table after drooling for an hour. Yet it still had the presence of mind to wake up and answer, even though the next moment brought it back into deep dreams again.

"I'm really tired of you. Let's go do YouTube, let's go." Jay shook his head sadly.

"Let's go, let's buy food for him."

"Yes. Guys, if you want to eat something, write a list. I just got a motorbike and I can't stand the urge to eat." While waiting for me to find my wallet, my best friend, immediately turned to ask for advice from his older group of friends living in the same area.

"I, I, please roast pork neck."

"1 a.m., grilled pork neck, you bastard."

"Jay, I want chocolate."

"Best best. Which brand do you want?"

"With guys, you swear all the time. With girls, you pretend to want to use a 4th-range voice. You hell." Okay, let me curse you a little. Extremely annoying with his double standards. The older he became, the more he lowered his voice, to the point where I often rolled my eyes.

"That's too much whining, no need to get on the motorbike anymore, please walk through the night." Here you go, cruel mouth. Whoever wants to have it as their lover must think over and over again.

But hey, our personalities are so compatible.

"Whoever wants to eat, write down what they want."

Blue notes were sent to friends, everyone filled the entire sheet with notes as if they had starved to death a long time ago.

I like this atmosphere very much, we always help each other. During exams, in addition to helping each other study, they also invite each other to study. If anyone is hungry and wants to go out, don't forget to ask the rest. Just taking turns being kind like that becomes a normal thing, doing things for each other in a familiar way.

In addition to the program of picky dishes that you guys wrote, I also held a bag full of coins in my hand. Damn, are we together? Each person gave only baht coins. Deadly heavy.

"How is your relationship with P'Faifah?"

Jay and I walked down the front path to the parking lot. There are so many things to talk about, why is it so interesting to talk about me and P'Faifah today? As for P'Tor, he has never seen it before and wants to know, even though I always update him on his progress.

"What the fuck do you love? Funny."

"There's no need to act awkward. Every day I see him tutoring you and picking you up. Oh ho, it's like a parent, what do you call it if you're not a lover?" If possible, please buy the high-pitched voice at the end of the sentence and throw it away, so that every time you say it, you have something to hold your head and think about.

It's like he was only tutoring me all this time. His juniors in the department also helped, but I never saw it brought up as a topic. Questions focus on each of my stories too much.

"Just brothers." I denied, walking longer than before to escape the tricky question. But the more I hid, the more his bastard friend followed me, to the point where I was almost attached to his neck.

"I heard that your senior with the same number is P'Yotha, I don't see him having anything to do with you."

"P'Fai only helped me a little. Besides, my relationship with P'Tor is going well."

"Good in what way? Plunging into the abyss?"

"Why are you so mean to me?" I glared back, before he burst out laughing.

"You don't look very serious."

"I talk to him every day."

From the first day we started greeting each other until the day we became as close as before, I thought our relationship was going well. Every day he often has funny stories to tell, and I also update my daily life with the other person. It's just that among those countless stories, I only told about P'Faifah to P'Tor.

"Hey, does he know that you like him? Have you confessed yet?" This time I shook my head.

"No, but I probably know, judging from the text messages he replied to. He also said that if he was free, we would meet up."

"His school is not far from our school, let's go meet him."

"He invited me. When I saw him, he told me to treat him."

"Go, I support it."

"I missed the exam."

"So many things. P'Faifah didn't see you refuse, he was faster than light." It's troublesome, don't bring the truth out.

Where it's clearly different. P'Tor, until you make an appointment, when you leave, you have to prepare a lot, you have to look good from head to toe. But before P'Faifah could even open his mouth to answer yes, he ran to find him. Also accept all my pictures. Even though one day his eyes were drooping because he didn't sleep straight, and he wore a torn shirt to receive porridge, he never said a word.

So that's why I feel more comfortable going somewhere with P'Faifah.

After all, maybe just think about everything in my heart. Having seen many sides of me, please allow me to continue to pay attention to his affairs.

"It's all about me, but there you are, how's your girl flirting?"

"Me? Talking about it makes me want to cry and sing the song 'Sister' by Charan Manopech." This heavy nonsense, the ending is the same.

"Can we get to the point?"

"Brother zone again."

"Tch." I patted his shoulder comfortingly. Counting it, this year Jay will break his own record by increasing the list of women's brotherzone the most in the year. "There will come a day when you meet someone compatible with you. Someone you don't have to run after anymore."

"Speak for yourself."

"This guy..."

We arrived at the motorbike parking lot and the conversation we were talking about ended immediately.

University at night feels very different from the day. The first thing is that there are no crowds, no noise. And the second is that beauty has just been observed and has always been ignored. Both the lights and the rows of trees follow the road straight when driving past.

I raised my face to catch the cool breeze hitting my skin, inhaling oxygen to fill my lungs, before Jay spoke nonsense without beginning or end.

"Wine, have you ever compared someone to a song?"

"Once, that's you."

"What song is that?"

"'It hurts so much that I can't understand'. I don't feel afraid of love and love."

"Too, everyone has their own style."

"Who knows?"

"You know? I've heard that choosing to love someone is like the lyrics of a song. There is a melody, there is a chorus, there are lyrics that each person likes differently. You and I have our own songs, sing in the style you like."

What's wrong with it? Or is this the result of being put in his sister's brotherzone last time?

"Jay, you're so strange today."

"Please give me a little, I just suffered from love." That's what people call emotions that come slowly...

"..."

"We just need to find that song and fall for it."

When we got there, we still didn't stop, like someone who was absent-minded, so I had to help support the car. That's not enough, we still have to deal with finding a place to park so that after that, this nice guy has time to continue being careless.

"Maybe falling in love just for a moment before finding a new song that's more suitable."

"..."

"Or sometimes, it might just be this song that I love the most, no matter how much time has passed."

"You are my dream image in the universeâ€¦ Why do stars shine brightly when they meet?"

That song... I think I've found it.

The melody makes the heart tremble, the chorus is powerful, the lyrics are so sweet that the listener almost melts to the floor. The only regret is his voice, he ruins everyone's good songs!

"Here it is~ Dream image in the universe."

Surprise!!

I didn't expect that at this late hour, I would run into a tall man in the middle of a convenience store. The important thing is that remaining in a state of soul and spirit is not enough. Just by looking at his face and the strong smell coming out, he could be sure that he had just gone through a terrible bout of alcohol.

His swaying posture made me quickly run to help him. But someone was faster, holding him in their arms.

"Fai, I told you to wait in the car. You're really close to causing trouble." P'Phuri complained endlessly. Not only that, he also turned around and looked shocked at me and Jay. "Aw, Wine, Jay."

"Hello P'Phuri. Where did you come from?" It seemed like my friend had awakened from his dream, his speech returned to normal. Or was it because he was shocked that someone with symptoms so severe that they crawled here?

"I just found out that his friend arranged to treat him to drinks before the exam the day after tomorrow, so he was as drunk as a dog as you can see." The senior said while wiping his sweat. With one hand holding the bag of sausages, the other hand had to hold his tall and heavy best friend at the same time as his mother.

"Extremely pitiful."

"He's sooooo cute. But hey, his face is so familiar."

P'Faifah pointed towards me with a smile. It's crazy if we don't know each other, we see each other almost every day. But since I've never seen this drunk side of him before, I don't know how to act.

"How about?" Ask with concern.

"I'll drive here. I'm so excited, I'll have to sleep."

"Go to sleep soon."

It's here, the drunk guy dropped down to sleep on the floor. Older brother! You can't take the dog's sleeping place!

"Can we help you? It looks like the situation is going to be difficult."

"That's good, help carry it into the car, you're as heavy as a buffalo."

"Buy soy milk."

"Damn soy beans, please drink them tomorrow morning."

"I'm sure I'll die."

Jay and I quickly flew in, picked up P'Faifah's wings, and pulled him to P'Phuri's car, which was parked not far from the front of the store. As for the guy who is the problem, he doesn't understand the suffering of others. As soon as you realize there is someone to support you, you immediately play the game of letting go, so each step becomes heavy as you can see.

The car door was opened by the owner, we helped each other stuff P'Faifah into the backseat. He fell asleep and only ordered soy milk. Given how annoying the nagging sound can be, it's a good idea to prevent the problem by closing the door.

I just hope that when he get there, P'Phuri will still have enough strength to safely carry the drunk person back to his room, even if he really doesn't have the courage to let go.

I looked at my tall relative through the car window, feeling strangely restless.

Worried to death. Then who will take care of him?

"Wine, can you go help P'Phuri? Let me buy things for our friends." Jay seemed to read my thoughts. Because I didn't want to let him go like that, I didn't say anything more.

"That's good. It won't bother you if you ask for help, right?" Coincidentally, the car owner also begged, so it became an excuse to easily answer yes.

"It's okay, let me help you."

I don't know if I thought right or wrong when deciding to help, because since the car started moving, I saw P'Faifah losing control of many things. The heaviest thing was that he arbitrarily pulled himself down onto my lap. His mouth only sings old songs non-stop, guessing he must have been addicted to it from the pub.

"Whyyyy, shining from far away

My heart is still fluttering, remembering the days that have passed aaaaaaa."

"Fai, I beg you, your voice is terrible." P'Phuri groaned like someone about to cry. He drove and cleaned his ears countless times, but the jerk still refused to stop.

"You are a dream image in this universe."

"It's too noisy. Wine, you can do anything to make him shut up."

"There's no way."

"If you want to survive, you must help me."

Then what can I do? Is there any other path to choose? It certainly doesn't exist now, so we need to find a way to shut him up first. By using both

hands to hold the cheeks of the person lying on my lap, locking them in place before bending down and whispering to him.

"Shhh."

Considered a dirty method but it worked, he stopped singing.

"So cute." But instead he turned to teasing me, you crazy guy.

The status quo returned to silence. The tall relative just closed his eyes and fell asleep, so I raised my face and turned to talk to the person behind the wheel.

"The first time I saw P'Faifah drunk was this time."

"Yeah, being challenged to clink glasses non-stop, they're even more aggressive."

"It can be guessed, probably walking around the shop."

"No, just drink with friends at the table."

It was probably something normal, but for me the change that happened made my heart inflate like a balloon. It's probably because we try together, want to become better people together, and from now on, strongly believe that it will get better gradually.

"I don't know what the hell is wrong with me these days because I'm not being as polite to people around me as I was before. Damn that's really nice."

"Really?"

"I suspect he might secretly like someone."

"How do you know?"

"That's the symptom he reported, but I don't know who it is. He's the type that if he wasn't sure, he wouldn't say anything."

I kept that sentence and didn't answer him again, because the person on my lap woke up and sang first.

"Dream images in space ~"

"Shut it up, before I lose another person's temper!"

"Keycard."

"Where?"

"In my pocket, otherwise it's in my wallet."

The heavy time began after helping each other pull P'Faifah out of the car, put him in the elevator, and then stopped right in front of his room. Now it's even more chaotic than before because we need to find the keycard to open a senior relative's room.

My hands rummaged around, looking from the back pocket of his pants to the front. But in the end I found it in hiz pocket, it's really bad karma.

"I see."

"Messing, molesting." When did you do that? Looking for stuff. Then what is this? Looking face?

"..."

"Take responsibility, let's date and be lovers."

"What life does my karma come from?" It was P'Phuri who cursed first. Even so, he was the main force in dragging P'Faifah into the room.

Each person gathered all their mental strength to throw their tall bodies onto the bed. He spoke in a small voice and then fell silent. As for the person carrying it, he stood and breathed for a while, making it as tiring as running a marathon at a distance of dozens of kilometers.

"Leave it here, it will wake up on his own in the morning." The older man looked down at the person on the bed in a lethargic manner, then turned to speak to me. "Let me take you home."

Let's go, it's time to go home, but why am I hesitant to leave?

Maybe because I've never seen P'Faifah this drunk, I don't know who usually takes care of him. Then what will happen if you give up? Is it dangerous to hit this place and hit that place? I'm worried about everything.

"Can I... please continue to look after P'Faifah? Then I will go home on my own." Right now I don't have the spirit to study or force myself to close my eyes to sleep.

"There's no need to worry about it."

"P'Phuri can go home first, I can go home myself, I'm fine."

"Just worry about you." But when he saw the resolute eyes sent to him, the person in front of him also sighed in defeat. "Do you want that?"

I looked serious.

"If that's the case, then there's no need to go back to the dormitory. Call your friends and let them know you sleep in his room. In the morning, scold him for a while and then ask him to take you home."

"Understood."

P'Phuri returned not long ago. This time it's my responsibility, when I'll deal with that drunk person who doesn't know what's going on. Where do we start first? I scanned the tall body, the first thing I saw clearly was the sneakers that the owner was still wearing.

I slowly and gently took off his shoes, followed by his socks. Just after dealing with one side, he moved and grumbled in a mumbled voice that couldn't make out the words.

"Ugh, ticklish."

"Wait a minute, there's only one side left." Once you're done with the right side, turn around and undo the left side. Throw them in the basket, and put your shoes on the shoe rack outside before going back into the bedroom.

"Hot~"

"Let me turn on the air conditioner." I searched for the air conditioner's remote for a long time and finally found it, then adjusted the temperature to within the standard.

The shirt he wore wasn't much of a problem because the owner only wore a loose T-shirt. There's that guy wearing jeans over there, I'm afraid it will make people feel uncomfortable, but I don't dare take them off so I just leave them as they are.

"Cold."

"The coals were still hot just now."

Now I'm starting to understand why my friends don't want to be with me. When Faifah is drunk, he can die of many things.

"It's cold."

"Let's adjust the air conditioning, why are you whining?" In addition to adjusting the temperature, I also painstakingly pulled the blanket up to cover his body, before scanning my eyes to check the neatness a second time.

His handsome face was red and his breath smelled of alcohol. Then suddenly he opened his eyes and stared at me with a sweet smile as if he was happy while running around in a dream.

"So cute."

"Can I buy this word and throw it away?"

I told him, sure there was no answer, so I turned around to find a towel to dip in water to wipe the drunk person's body. Who would have thought to

turn around again and see him sitting up and taking off his jeans haphazardly.

"I'll help. I... oh."

I'm so crazy when he sleep and wake up. But once you have chosen to help, you must follow through. By standing as a fulcrum for him to lean on, I used my free hand to help take off his pants from his long legs in a very miserable way. As soon as you're done, push your chest hard to fall down and lie down again.

"Wine." He grabbed my wrist and held it so tightly that I couldn't move anywhere. But the strange thing is that I'm standing right here, is it true or just his dream?

"You know it's me too?"

"Can you stay for a while?"

"..."

"Very lonely, extremely lonely..."

"It's okay, I'll stay with you."

P'Faifah has something in his heart that he has never told me. Oh no, sometimes he keeps it and doesn't tell anyone.

One thing that comes across when we get to know each other, in addition to being bright and cheerful, is always being a source of positive motivation for others. Deep inside hides something that can sometimes be loneliness, isolation, or despair.

But no matter what it is, I believe he... will get over it.

And I will always be here when you need me.

Last night my spine almost gave out because I had to endure lying on the ground for many hours. The reason was because I didn't dare go to bed with him without permission, even though the first time I came to his room I slept spread-eagled on his bed until morning. Another reason for not sleeping on the sofa is the fear that he might wake up and need help.

Is this feeling good? Extremely worried even when he's never been like that before with anyone other than family members, like Jay has never been that nice to me.

Today I woke up earlier than usual and spent time answering my messages on the sofa. At some point, I saw P'Faifah scratching his stomach coming out of the bedroom, his hair was messy and blind, his face was wrinkled, to the point that both sides of his face were still not open.

"Are you awake? I'm sorry for sleeping in your room. I didn't dare touch your kitchen in the morning, so I ordered grab." It's the longest good morning since I can remember.

"Let your hair smell a little, repay me for doing a good job."

As soon as I heard that, the tall relative immediately rushed towards me, locked my face with both hands and pressed his nose to my forehead.

"Let go. Do you know what you did last night?" He let go of my cheek and moved to sit next to me. The action happened naturally, and I no longer felt shy.

"Drink wine, sing music."

"What else can you remember?"

"Remember that my lover comes to take care of me."

"Who?"

"N'Wine here."

"Who loves you?"

"It's okay to have a fake lover, it's so sad." He made a sullen face and felt sorry for himself.

"Go brush your teeth first and then eat breakfast." I quickly changed the subject. While I was waiting, the food just arrived. I will be able to show him how to arrange food on a plate without spilling it out for him to see.

"Have you fought yet?"

"After I finished, I saw that you still kept the toothbrush I used last time in the cup."

"Because I know that one day you will come again."

"Well said."

P'Faifah didn't spend a lot of time bathing and brushing his teeth. It would be more accurate to call it running through the water. But this situation is okay because the food has just arrived.

"Oh oh, the cross looks so delicious." Before eating porridge, spit out your tongue first.

"Sit down."

The listener nodded, walked to the table and sat down. His face was now full of radiance, erasing the terrible image of last night's person until nothing remained. The important thing is that there are no more cloudy symptoms caused by drinking that much.

"Thrilled, N'Wine."

"It's worth the suspense of not knowing."

"Excited because I can have breakfast with my lover in the same room."

"That's it again. If it wasn't you, someone else would think it was me who had thoughts. Stop it now, don't do it again." I ordered in a firm voice.

Thing!!

Moving his gaze from the sharp face, he quickly bent down to read the message that had just been notified from his phone. It was the same P'Tor again, but this time it was a little different from before in that something unexpected happened. It looks like the relationship we've been trying to build for so long is starting to bear fruit. Still I didn't reply right away though.

"Saturday after the exam." I want to tell the person in front of me to be the first person first.

"How?" P'Faifah tilted his neck and asked. I wonder what kind of answer he is hoping for? Then if I tell you what will you think? Excited and supportive? Or stop it to explore first.

"P'Tor made an appointment, I heard he wanted a treat."

"Uh..."

He nodded, just nodded, not a word came out after that. It's me who hoped for too much.

Therefore, in order to not distract myself anymore, I decided to answer him yes. But as I picked up the phone and was about to type a reply, a low, extremely familiar voice interrupted him halfway.

"Wine."

"Yes."

"After the exam is over on Saturday, have you answered yes yet?"

"No, I plan to..."

"If not"

"..."

"Wanna go out with me? Let's go out together."

Everyone, if you're close to me, knows that people like Wine always hesitate when faced with a choice situation. But this time it was so easy. I don't know why there is no more hesitation.

Or is it because of what I said to him last night, something the master has no way of knowing, that I always say to myself. Whenever you need me, I will be there.

10.2

Chapter 10: Wherever you go, I'll follow - 2

[4249]

"The exam is over."

The weirdest dances the brain can come up with are used for these things.

The final exam has ended successfully since yesterday. Even if you can't do it, this is not the time to sit and think about anything nonsense. Just let go of everything, and then immerse yourself in the joy that is happening after this moment.

"Celebrate, this must be a celebration."

"But sorry, someone doesn't want to celebrate with us, friend."

Hehe~ You mean me, right?

"That's right, seeing how much I've been packing since last night, I've forgotten all about friends. That guy who considers his seniors better than his friends!" Ben opening the bowl alone wasn't enough, and Jay punched him in the face again, the second time.

And then the intention to make you feel guilty until the day you die? I've been poked non-stop since last night. Packing things into the bag, he grumbled, handling the check list a little and he whined, not satisfied to the point of wanting to drag him along with him, if it weren't for the situation where P'Faifah asked for a job to go out with just the two of us together.

If I can't go on this trip, there are hundreds of other trips, so drama is enough.

"Just one day, we'll be back tomorrow."

"Tears almost flowed. One day, one day!"

Before, I was so ignored that I was almost kicked out of the list, but now I'm delirious and don't want to leave. What the fuck is wrong with you, friend?

"To buy gifts to give."

"I don't want a gift."

"What do you want? Do you want my leg?"

"Ho ~ I hope love is filled with joy. Whatever it is, everything will be in harmony ~"

"Crap." Hate this singing that sounds like mourning. "I'm leaving."

"Have a safe journey."

Janjob and BenG stood holding each other's necks, each clapping loudly for me in the middle of the room. And this side also doesn't trust me, so I have to remind you again, for the millionth time.

"You guys too, don't get too drunk, otherwise I'll call your mother."

"Just try it. Being scolded by your mother for being drunk or being scolded for running away to go out with your lover, which is scarier?"

"I said he's not a lover."

"You're shy, look. Iya iya."

Don't argue anymore, close the door with my foot and leave.

I'm always excited every time I go somewhere with P'Faifah, whether it's far or near.

Even though at first when we got to know each other, we were excited because we had to wait to see if he would do anything strange to surprise

me. But once I started getting used to it and accepted it, no matter how sick I was that day, I never had a problem.

Later, the suspense often comes in the form of what to do next, how fun or strange it will be. Even though in the past I was a person who stuck to my room and faced the world very little, to this day, I feel like I've seen and done a lot of things after meeting him.

"Please."

Carrying my backpack down from the dormitory, I met the person I was thinking of waiting for. He even has the door open and waiting as soon as I step in.

What merit did I do in my previous life to receive such good deeds? Tears flowed.

"Are you waiting long?"

I asked him because I didn't want to wait too long, even though I spent all night packing so I could rush down the next morning.

"Not for long."

"I bought you some bread and water, in case you're hungry."

"Heh heh, how kind of you to come. Next time, please ask for pizza with dried fish topping." Well... does he have this face too?

"So when you are no longer flirtatious, I will warmly entertain you."

"Hooooo." I hate this type of whistling so much. When I see it, I just want to use it as a meme to play with friends on stressful days.

I squeezed into the car, while my tall relative quickly ran around to sit in the driver's seat. Before starting, I still kept giggling by reaching out to grab something from the back seat to give.

"I have something prepared for you too."

"What is it?" I received a white paper bag with no visible patterns or labels. Plus, he played the game of glueing it all together, so I couldn't see what was inside.

"Don't say anything, wait until the event first."

"Ok, it's up to you."

"Ready?"

"Ready since last night."

P'Faifah smiled, turned the steering wheel and drove on the road. The destination was far away in Nan province so it took nearly a day to travel, so we departed early in the morning.

There was a small music event held on the mountain. I heard there weren't many people watching, but the atmosphere was great. And most importantly, the artists' fanclubs often sleep in tents at the event. So P'Faifah prepared a tent in the back of the car, plus an ice bucket, fabric chairs, and accessories for a chill way to watch the concert.

The music group's playlist resounds inside the car. Sometimes it feels relaxing, sometimes it feels fun. Every emotion changes with the song gradually as it transitions slowly, just like the main road we passed.

I paid special attention to both sides of the road, but only for a moment turned back to notice his handsome face nearby.

"If you don't like it, you can change the song."

"No need, you know I like this group's music."

Every word that comes out of my mouth always carries anxiety. Is the air conditioner cold? Feel free to change the song if you don't like it. Or will it be the question 'Hungry or not?' which he likes to say over and over again without ever getting bored.

"If you're sleepy, it's okay to sleep."

There, before I could finish my sentence, new interest came and I refused again.

"Not sleepy, I want to talk to you."

"Do you want to be with me all the time?"

"No, I'm afraid you'll fall asleep and drive and kill them both. I don't dare take the risk."

"This crazy kid. If it weren't for love, I would have kicked the bike off."

How thick a shield must we humans have when we are wasted by his sweet words? Because even if you are strong, you will still be weak and surrender like me.

The reason for not sleeping is not because I don't trust him, I'm just afraid he'll be lonely. On a long journey like this, he probably needs someone to talk to and keep company. Say anything, as long as you put your mind to it. Adding the scenery on both sides of the road also makes the excitement endless. If you fall asleep, you will definitely regret it.

Since the day he invited me out, I have never known how P'Faifah arranged for our trip. I mean, did you plan to go from the beginning, or did you just happen to have an event and that's all you care about?

"Let me ask you something. Why did you decide to come to this event?" He turned to look at me for less than a few seconds before returning his focus to the road in front of him.

"P'Fai, P'Nop's lover, introduced it to me. She follows many indie music groups so she knew this event was happening. It's also double luck to have tickets." The answer clarifies all the questions in my heart. But I have a new question that immediately pops up.

"So there's no indie music group holding an event in Bangkok?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you go there?"

"P'Fai said Nan is more romantic."

"..."

"Suitable for couples."

Well, another death from being killed unpreparedly.

I used to imagine what it would be like to be P'Faifah's true lover one day. It hurts to see me so happy. Although in the end the things that were thought ended because they could not happen. I have P'Tor, and he must meet the right person one day. Bonding as brothers is probably a more sustainable thing for us.

Over a period of many hours, starting from the starting point at around 8 am, until reaching the destination at exactly 4 pm. The weather is extremely hot, but P'Faifah still consoles that it will be noticeably cooler at night.

We carried our luggage and prepared to go to the large lawn of the event. This area is full of tall trees. In the middle there is a band performing. Although there are still few people, I think there will probably be a large gathering tonight.

"Is it ok here?" P'Faifah pointed to the empty spot. I found the location quite suitable because it didn't block anyone's eyes, and we could also see the artists clearly.

"It's OK."

The task of setting up the tent began then. I, who had no experience at all, just ran around, picked up the available tools and opened the instructions on how to build it on my phone. But it was extremely difficult, so I asked my tall relative who had disappeared to buy beer to drink, and gave me another can.

"How can you be so drunk from the beginning of the day like this?"

"Who's drunk? This is called drinking according to the atmosphere, the more the atmosphere is like this, the cooler it is." Fin his house! So hot that my armpits are wet, but what good is that? Everyone said that the weather in Nan is good these days, and I'm ready to put on all my coats. After all, it's as hot as Bangkok.

*fin = state of joy, chill chill, enjoyment.

Trick me into sweet dreams for so long.

"If you fin, I'll fin too. But can I drink beer?"

"Okay, because if you're drunk..." He stopped talking for a moment, so I was the one who added the sentence. Thinking that it must have been something he said to me on purpose.

"If I get drunk, you'll take care of me, right?"

"No, I'll let you sleep with the dog." Damn it.

"Can you escape first?"

"The kid is easily self-pitying." He laughed happily before looking down. "What are you doing then?"

"Let's build a tent for you. But... how to set this up?" I gave the tools in my hand to my senior, and he took them into his hands. Then instead, I forced myself to sit down on the fabric chair that had been prepared.

"Sit down, let's do it."

"Refused." How can I use rice from other people? Just saying it made him stare fiercely.

"Stubborn."

"How can I let you get tired alone?"

"Stubborn."

"You're stubborn."

"What do you want?"

"Will help set up the tent."

"A little bit."

P'Faifah sighed. In the end, we helped each other take turns with our tasks while sipping beer, amidst the music still playing inside the event.

He never knew. And I don't say what's in my heart...

I don't want him to do it for me, I just want us to do everything together.

Whenever we do something together, we are extremely happy. The body seems to not know the word fatigue. I walk, I run, laugh and play with him. This is exactly what you said you wanted to take me to see things you've never seen or done. Today I got to try something.

"N'Wine, the gift I gave you can be opened now."

"Gift?" Just remembered the paper bag P'Faifah gave me before leaving. I certainly haven't opened it yet. As soon as it was reminded, I immediately crawled into the tent, where there was a pile of luggage.

I took the paper bag and opened it, my heart beating wildly when I saw the band T-shirt I liked appearing in front of me. It was like he knew that the old shirt was starting to get all wrinkled, to the point that when he wore it to the reception with P'Yotha, I felt sorry for myself.

"Hey, it's similar to the one I have."

But today... This moment... I have a new shirt bought from P'Faifah's care.

"That's right. Seeing you wearing an old, torn one, you look so pitiful."

"Thank you. So where is yours?"

"It's also from a band that I like." Not only did he say that, P'Faifah also quickly opened the T-shirt he was holding in his hand to show it. I smiled looking at the two white shirts going back and forth.

"Can I wear it too?"

"Let's wear them, wear them together."

The sky began to change color. Time passed as usual. He and I sat sipping beer and listening to music together. This night is still very long, and there are still many artists ready to sing with viewers.

The sun is about to set. I looked through the canopy of tall trees, the first time I had time to observe such a beautiful sunset sky. But when I turned back to look at the face of the person next to me under the orange-red light, I felt even more beautiful than before.

"What are you doing looking at your face, N'Wine?" I quickly avoided eye contact when the other person turned to look.

"No. B... I'm out of cans of beer."

"To go buy a new one, I'll arrive tonight."

"Don't worry about me anymore? Normally you can't drink too much."

"Drinking is allowed at this event, but it must be with just the two of you and me."

"According to your own will."

"Do you accept that suggestion? If not, then there's no need to drink."

"It's come to this."

P'Faifah stood up, grabbed the ice bucket full of ice and went to the beer stall, which received a lot of attention from people at the event, because the line was longer than the other food stall. A visible way.

I kept looking at the tall figure's back and couldn't take my eyes off it. It took me a long time until I returned to the tent, before opening the box and proudly showing off the cans of alcoholic drinks inside.

Oh oh, this is for drinking or bathing. It's like going on a whole tour when there's only 2 people.

"Drink it all?"

"It's more appropriate to ask whether it's enough or not."

OMG! Demonic people! I just guessed that maybe I would get an answer similar to this, but hearing it with my own ears still gave me goosebumps. After scanning my eyes, I was ready to drink this amount and then faint, waking up would be a matter of the next 2 days.

"The music just started, I'm sure."

As if I was pulled out of my distracted thoughts by an older person, I turned to focus on the performance in front of me following his words.

After the sun had set, the initially stifling hot weather began to gradually cool down, bringing a more comfortable feeling. P'Faifah and I sat on separate cloth chairs, each holding a can of beer in hand, sipping on the atmosphere and melodious music on the wind. The soul feels strangely peaceful and relaxed.

It's not wrong to have the thought of deciding to come here with him. Oh no, it's more accurate to say that the decision to choose him was never a mistake.

"Faifah, right?"

But then a girl's voice interrupted our listening to music for a while. I looked up to see a figure standing not too far away. Her face was unfamiliar, but to the owner whose name had just been called, she smiled before standing up and going to greet the other person without delay.

"Aw, didn't think we'd meet here."

"Yes, yes, it's so random. Who did you come to then?"

"With him." He pointed to me.

"I came with a big group of friends. Can I talk to them for a bit?"

"Okay."

I'm always afraid

Afraid... that he won't refuse.

"N'Wine, I'll come back later, just a little."

And it's also true, he's never done it.

"Yes."

Your little word is not real. I don't know since when did this make me feel miserable.

Or is it because I'm too selfish, I hope he will always be with me, must do well, must be chosen at the top of importance, even if he is only a junior in the department.

My eyes followed the backs of the two walking away. It's a bit unfortunate that this event is a small event so the number of listeners is only about hundreds. Therefore, I observed how cheerful he was when greeting friends when they met by chance.

The more I look back, the sadder I get, so I pick up a new can of beer, try to turn my attention to the artist singing in front of me, and then focus on that song alone.

Suddenly, someone poked my left shoulder, causing me to turn around and look.

That person is P'Faifah, definitely not wrong. But I didn't think he would come back faster than I thought, because after leaving and then coming

back again, it took time very quickly, probably only 5 minutes.

"Why you?" I asked as if I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Aw, then why does it have to be someone else?" He replied teasingly and handed over the bag of meatballs.

"Buy it for me?"

"Tears are overflowing. Oh oh, eat the patties, buy them all."

"You're not like that."

He patted my head until I got confused. Trying to dramatize in my heart for 2 pages, in the end, who would have thought that his "little bit" wasn't just going away and disappearing like before. And come back with extremely delicious food.

Are you going to be angry? How can I be angry? It's so crazy.

"Why only a little?" Wondering almost to death, not wanting to believe it.

"I told you so."

The tall body sat down on the cloth chair as before.

"Normally you disappear all night. By the time you come back, the event will probably be over."

"Some people feel sorry for themselves." P'Faifah pulled my cheek and played with it before moving his large palm to pat my head like he was playing with a small pet. "I've tried to change. I don't cut people off from life, but treat people just enough and know how to arrange the importance. Now you are the most important, I have to choose you, right?"

"I'm about to cry."

"Aw, weren't you crying before?"

"Nonsense."

"This time, don't get up and go anywhere."

"Then don't you think you'll go flush?"

"Please beg."

Each person laughed loudly at their own little teasing as they answered back and forth.

Then turn away and pay attention to the song playing in the middle of nature, ignoring all movements without haste. Slowly and absorbing those emotions little by little.

The sky was so dark that you could see all the stars. If it's in the inner city, you probably won't be able to see them. But here there is...

Twinkling stars, beautiful songs, and him.

The one who makes tonight a special evening.

This song and then that song started and ended impressively. Every time a new song is started, the high relative always asks me the same question.

"Can you sing?"

If we can sing it, we'll sing it together, but if we can't sing a song, we'll just listen quietly and sip beer. Like the last post, I didn't know, so I shook my head instead of answering.

"Fuck, but I can sing, kit kat." I hate you so much, you're number 1.

"Annoying."

"Look carefully at the mouth of the person singing this song. Ah... ah... ao oh yeah~"

Damn it, sing along to the tune, respect the gods.

P'Faifah's expression when singing was different from usual. His eyes glowed without worry, because what he was focusing on was only the small world in front of him.

Me too, my world now only has...

"This song... I can sing this song, I can sing it."

As soon as the hearing hears the familiar melody, the body responds by reaching out to touch the person next to it and speaking proudly to the other person.

"I can sing too."

"Let's sing together then."

'It's been so long... my dream drifted away

Drifting out of space. Search for how long?

Why... sparkles from far away

My heart still flutters, remembering the days gone by.'

Both ears listen to the music, eyes look at the tall body of the person next to them, lips move to sing, while the body moves according to the gentle melody.

I really enjoy myself when I'm with him.

He makes a boring world more colorful. He has smiles and laughter to give every day, and comforts each other on sad days.

It's him...

The one who changed me.

'You are a dream image in my... universe

The stars shine brightly when they meet.'

Then a sentence from Janjob appeared. It says that choosing your lover is like a song, with a melody, a chorus, and lyrics that each person likes differently. I also have a song in the style that I like.

I just need to find that song and fall for it.

Maybe I will only love for a moment before meeting a new song that is more satisfactory, or sometimes, it may just be this song that I love the most no matter how much time has passed.

When I first heard it, I wondered how we humans can love a song for so long?

'You are the image of my cosmic dream

The stars shine brightly when they meet

... All are beautiful.'

Although there is still no answer, one thing is clear: any song when heard with someone, it really makes people fall in love.

"If that person was here with you instead of me, it would be better."

He turned to look at me, his face had a smile.

"No, you are the best."

He is bright, kind, sometimes funny, sometimes adorable and there is never anyone else like him.

"So fun."

"Thanks."

Because memories are extremely precious.

Not sure if my favorite song will be a feeling that is born in just a moment, or a song that will stay with the feeling forever. But today I can't deny that I...

I fell in love with this song.

- End of Chapter 10 -

11.1

Chapter 11: Love doesn't come because luck helps

[4000]

Artists and a group of people are playing music around the fire. They thought they would play until that morning, but some people couldn't bear it and came over to take a nap first. P'Faifah and I are also one of them. Perhaps because of exhaustion from traveling a distance of hundreds of kilometers, the results were as seen.

"Don't you dare fight with me." I grumbled as the owner of the tall body also retreated under the same blanket. Try to get closer until there's almost no space left.

Even though it's hot at noon, as the night progresses, the temperature gradually drops to the point where we have to fight for blankets.

"If I win because it's cold, what's wrong with it? It's insensitive." He sounded hurt but still kept moving closer, so I threw the blanket I was covering over him to make sure my loved one was taller.

"Then take it."

"It's not enough for the heart's needs."

"If you're drunk, you'll always be poetic."

"Who's drunk? This is just a little bit."

At his house, all 10 cans are gone.

Luckily, after 1 a.m., people started to gradually return. Some stayed, so it looked sparse. For the toilet, you also don't need to be lined up for a long time, and the bathroom is clean without any problems.

"P'Faifah, artists will they be sad if we go to bed first?" Please allow me to change the topic from beer to this. I am afraid that if he talks about alcohol too much, he will get up and buy more.

The scene when drunk is as normal as other people. Looking back from the last time, taking care of him also made me sweat so many times a night.

"Artists don't feel sad, they understand that we are also human and sleepy too. The important thing is that they take turns performing, some groups even go to sleep. Believe it." His words always reassure me.

"Ok."

"Well done, Wine Warat Weesawa." You play with the roots of my name too. "Forgot, Unorun."

Don't forget them too, I want to kick them out of the tent.

"I can still hear music from outside here, it's so good, like lullaby music." I buried my face in the pillow and whispered softly.

"Romantic."

The weather was cold in the mountains, we shared a blanket, listening to wonderful songs echoing in the wind. If it were a romantic movie, this scene would be the turning point that makes the male and female leads fall in love with each other. But when it comes to my life with P'Faifah, is it romance? There's a bit, but if it's a tease, I'm not sure.

It can be seen from the way he rubbed his head against my neck incessantly. Ask first, what's wrong with you? Be a little more alert.

"Your neck must be very warm, take my head out."

"Crime." No matter how hard I try to push the other person away, it won't help. So stubborn that I could only sigh and let him move closer, to the point where I could even feel the warmth of his breath.

We remained silent, silent for a long time.

No one closed their eyes. So many thoughts keep circling in my head.

"Does P'Faifah have a dream?"

"Yes, dream almost every night." When did he mean it like that?

"It's not a dream, it's a dream like the singer of a certain band saying that as long as they talk about songs or musical instruments, they are so happy that they want to do it for the rest of their lives." This time the owner of the eyes became sharp. I didn't press for an answer, but as time passed, a low sound interrupted the melodious melody of the music outside again.

"Yes, actually it can't be called a dream. What do people call it, the wish in their hearts?"

"It's too difficult to use words."

"That's it."

"So what is your heart's desire?"

"From childhood to adulthood, I always hope to be loved by this or that person. I can't accept being hated, so I try to treat everyone well so I can still have people to love."

I listened without any thought of interrupting.

And he also opened up and told me frankly.

"You must think that it must be tiring to do that. The truth is, I'm not tired at all, just doing what my heart wants to do. But it brings deep hopes to the end." If I'm good to them, they must be good to me too."

"..."

"Forget that being too nice can make someone suffer, because they respond with love that you don't expect."

That's it, the biggest problem of being nice everywhere.

To say that P'Faifah is neither wrong nor right, but more understanding, is why someone thinks like that. Life as a child, family, and even many good things made him grow up as seen. A person with both advantages and disadvantages like everyone in the world.

"But you already know that."

I don't want him to sink into blaming himself when we've already tried to be better people this far.

"That's right. After getting to know you, I started to think, why do I have to do this? Why am I afraid of being hated? Why do I have to treat others well and then deep down hope that they will be good?" But when they are too good, I suffer because those good things are things I don't need."

"..."

"So my wish is just to accept that I don't need to be loved by everyone. I just hope that there is someone important in my life who loves me and I also love that person, which is enough."

Probably the first time hearing his thoughts from deep inside. All this time, P'Faifah has kept these emotions behind his smiles, happy laughter, and humorous gestures for so long. But deep inside he thinks a lot and has fears just like other people.

I spent time focusing on his question, thinking around and around until the person in front of me pulled me back.

"There you are N'Wine, what is your dream?"

When it comes to dreams, it's never been clear, only small hopes are more accurate.

"I like to happily answer my friends that I have a dream of wanting to live off my parents day after day because I have nothing."

But today it has gradually become clearer... clearer...

"But when I got to know you, I wanted to become a better person than this."

"For whom?" P'Faifah continued asking.

"For home, for friends."

"Do it for yourself."

"For myself too, the important thing is..." Looking at the handsome face that was so close that their breaths were blowing against each other. "For you too."

"You don't have to do it for me."

"I don't need it?"

"I told you, just being with you every day is enough for me."

Since I was born and got acquainted with humans, although not many, I have never met anyone like him.

Someone who is always gentle with others.

And I'm extremely lucky that that gentleness is for another person, me.

Bang!

After closing the door, the first thing you see is the image of your nice roommate sitting at a Japanese table right in the middle of the room, with a lot of snacks on it. Guess it probably comes from his older sister who has a crush on many things and always picks him up.

I quickly retracted my smile and adjusted my expression to be as serious as before before walking to the bed, putting down my backpack and grumbling to my friend.

"Tired, so tired, so tired."

"Smiling so brightly, do you call it tiring?" Jay jumped back immediately, so I had to tense my face even more than before.

"Who's laughing, I'm not, your eyes are blind."

"How was the event?"

"So so."

"Is the music good?" It is so good at questioning.

"It's great. But going with someone like P'Faifah, it's tiring to death, do you understand? If there's a second time, you probably have to think first." I looked at his face to probe. When you see that the listener doesn't want to believe it, you should say it again with a more serious expression than before. "Really."

"That's too far back, it looks suspicious."

"I don't have anything, it's suspicious, it's funny."

"If you're happy, just say it. If you're happy, just say it frankly. Why are you hiding it from your friends?"

"I'm not hiding anything, I'm telling the truth."

"Are you telling the truth? Talking with your mouth is tiring, but when you're together at an event, you laugh so much that your cheeks almost want to slap."

His eyebrows were furrowed together almost into a knot. The look on Janjob's face scared me even more. We went to events together, just the two of us. The important thing is that no one posted photos on social networks. Then how did Jay know?

"How do you know?"

"So the picture of you and him has been on the top of the music event page for several hours, and you still haven't noticed it yet?"

"There is...?!!"

"Hee hee hee hee hee like a lover, why wouldn't he be happy?"

"Nonsense. At that time, the artists asked for a smile."

"Believing is a big deal. Gather up the pieces of your broken face first and then let's talk."

"Ouch."

It's okay to say no more. Thinking like that, I turned around and took out my used backpack, clothes, and other belongings. After finishing, quickly change clothes, jump up and sit on the bed to spend time playing on the phone.

I clicked on the event's fanpage, searched for the photo he mentioned first, and found one of the hundreds of photos of me and P'Faifah actually posted to the album.

We each sat on a cloth chair, holding beer cans in our hands, faces full of smiles, even though I myself had never known that it was possible to smile so happily.

The important thing is that the smile of the tall relative in the photo is so beautiful that you want to keep looking at it for a long time. So there's no reason why I shouldn't press save to get just that photo. Well, it is a memory of us.

Memories include me, him, music, coldness, and sincerity.

"Hello everyone. Back to meet again after being apart for so long, I studied very hard to prepare for the exam. To celebrate finishing the exam and apologizing to myself, today's channel we have a very special guest coming to greet our fans a little, my dear."

"Hello aaaaaaaaaa."

Jay and I, the other guests, liked to come and show how to eat and drink for his fans.

"What are we going to eat today, guys?" BenG asked excitedly according to the script we had just prepared together.

"To fix last time, let's deal with Korean noodles today."

"That's right. I always said that this time everyone should eat a tray. But because Wine doesn't like spicy food, please allow me to only have half a packet of chili." Just that half, the color is extremely not gentle. Needless to say, I'm ready to die.

When you've reached this point, giving up easily isn't a good idea. Even if I'm the type of person who's ready to give up at any time, I'll come! Seeing my friends starting to eat, I had to deal with the food in front of me. Thinking like that, I should enthusiastically put things in my mouth.

10 minutes passed, tears flowed from my eyes, my mouth was burning and swollen worse than a tire.

Just asking the same old question over and over again, 'what the fuck am I doing here?'.

The more I ate, the more miserable I became. I picked up water to drink and then drank the third bottle, but the spicy symptoms still didn't go away. The scene changes to Ben who is still chilling as if nothing happened. What about Jay? Well... swollen like before.

Been friends for a long time. No matter how handsome you are, in the end, ugly images are no different.

After praying for this voracious eating activity to end quickly, the dream finally came true. Ben ended the show with a smiling face, along with Jay and I sitting in a contorted position, ready to stretch our necks and vomit at the camera for a beautiful view.

Extremely miserable, I won't be able to eat anything anymore.

Spend time in the toilet for a lifetime, then go back to drink more water, then go to the bathroom again. It's so miserable like that.

(Rrr ---- Rrr ----)

Until the phone rang, so I had to gasp and return to bed. The call wasn't from anyone else, so I didn't want to wait too long, so I quickly pressed to accept the call.

Before I could speak, P'Faifah choreographed his own performance and hung up, while my brain almost couldn't analyze it anymore. Even taking the time to arrange sentences takes a long time.

The boss told me to go down and search in front of the dormitory because he was already waiting there. I don't know which wind brought him, so to end my doubts, I quickly put on my slippers and ran down to find him.

The first image I see is his tall figure standing against the motorbike waiting, but what's even more strange than usual is the way he dresses. What inspired him to wear a green jacket? The important thing is that the words 'Pra Nom Kitchen' are displayed on the back.

"P'Faifah." The owner smiled while handing over the items in his hand.

"Come and bring drinks and food to relieve the spicy feeling." Wow, great job. "There's also medicine. If you feel numb, take it."

"Worrying is like being a wife."

I didn't think I would reach this milestone, the milestone of receiving good care from someone.

"Being a wife is fine, I can do whatever I want." The saying that in my neighborhood is called flirting, you probably don't realize it like always when you accidentally say something you shouldn't.

But what's wrong with me? My heart beats so hard it doesn't stop.

"I... I'm not moved, I'm joking with the wrong person." Quickly defended with a stuttering voice. As for the guy who was listening, it seemed like he had a clue, so he smiled cunningly and spoke politely.

"Very good, very good."

"Watching Ben live? That's why I know you're in a situation where you're being chased."

"That's right, from the beginning too, after watching it I feel sorry. Here it is, I'm crying too much." Bullshit ~ Can I buy the tear-dipping gesture, please? It doesn't feel real. Please allow me to change the topic.

"How much does the food cost?" I was about to take money out of my wallet, but the person in front of me kept shaking his head.

"It doesn't count."

"Impossible!"

"Buy with all my heart."

"I also accept it with all my heart, but I have to pay. How much?" At the end of the sentence, I lower my voice to show that I am serious. Buying and selling things, heart is a part, money is a part, I don't want to dig him too much, because he has always taken good care of me.

P'Faifah's face dropped a bit before falling silent as if he was thinking and didn't want to interrupt. After a while, he seemed to think of something, so his expression looked twice as sinister as before.

"Can I change it to take me to see a movie? Is that okay~"

"What day are you free?"

"It's more like I have to check your schedule, because my schedule is always free for you." The spirit of not studying anything anymore, just focusing on wandering through the day.

"I've been busy doing group reports lately. At first I was free on Saturday night, but..."

"But what?" He asked again immediately.

"I have a date to eat with P'Tor."

"When did you meet? When? Why didn't you say? Do you really want to be beaten?" The actions the other person showed left me motionless. He's like someone who's lost his temper, and the questions suddenly keep coming. Ask if you can answer in time? I have to say no.

"Hey, calm down. It just happened."

"What time is the appointment?" He continued asking, his expression looking strangely anxious.

"5 pm." Even worse than the three of us. I'm starting to get scared.

"Are we going anywhere next?"

"Not sure."

"Can I come pick you up?"

"I can go home on my own."

Because I didn't want to bother him, I chose to refuse all the good intentions, but it looked like what was just said made his once bright face look sad. And it only took a few seconds before the owner smiled at me again.

"Okay. Have a nice date. Make an impression." P'Faifah patted my shoulder gently but in the end the situation looked awkward.

"T... thank you."

"I'm leaving."

"Thank you for today's food."

"Ummm."

He replied back and quickly drove away on his motorbike. I looked at the broad back, gradually moving away with the body before leaving my sight.

Not sure why I feel sadder than usual...

After that day, P'Faifah and I almost never saw each other. Oh no, I should say we don't see each other at all. Don't know where he disappeared to. In addition to not being able to contact each other, calling and not picking up the phone, there are no plans to meet at places here and there. It's like P'Faifah erased himself from the world's list.

There's no faculty, the cat cafe always comes and doesn't show up. Even though it was a first year activity, as usual he was always seen helping the first year juniors, but this time there was no shadow of a seeker.

Not only me, but many people also asked for it. Until today, there was an appointment to gather the first years together to explain the activities, but the person I was hoping to meet never showed up again.

"Wine."

I turned to look at the senior with the same code number who was sitting on his knees and handed me the bag of cakes and drinks. I was shy but didn't dare to refuse so I accepted it and continued chatting with him for a bit.

"Thank you P'Yotha. Actually, it's fine if you don't take* food all the time."

*take care = take care

"Nothing. Eat, you've been feeling sick lately."

"A little bit, I can't sleep very well." Worry about many things.

From studying, I worry about the first meeting in many months between me and P'Tor, or the disappearance without a trace of the happiest person in the

department. Many things combined to lead me to the situation I have seen.

"Study hard?"

What now? The dark gentleman asked, how should I answer? But after thinking about it, I didn't want to make him worry so I chose to answer in a humorous way instead.

"No, I'm addicted to movies. Last night there were 10 episodes, it was crazy."

"I don't usually pay attention to anything." The tall senior complained. "Want to go to my brother's bar tonight?"

"Sorry, I have a date tonight."

With P'Tor, he was the first boy I fell in love with like crazy.

"It's okay, call when you're free."

"Okay then."

P'Yotha separated to gather with the group of 2nd years, and in that group, I saw his lover P'Gun standing with him.

I thought with jealousy in my heart that both of them had the courage to speak out and publicly express their feelings for each other in front of others without having to hide or secretly date. Love means loving, helping and expressing emotions frankly. Should make me feel like I want to have such a relationship, or that someone has the confidence to give me the courage to tell everyone.

But that day has not yet come.

Thinking about it, I could only sigh and quietly open the takeout bag that I had just received. Inside contains cakes, drinks and some snacks. But the strange thing is that it's all just stuff I like.

No matter how often I meet P'Yotha, there are things I don't tell him everything about.

So the concern at hand is definitely not from him alone. Because there are only a few people who know what I like or don't like, especially in college.

One, your beloved friend is often treacherous and likes to cause trouble and give you endless headaches.

Two, P'Faifah, who I've been hoping to meet for many days.

But I hope it does? Hopefully he will still worry about me even if we don't see each other.

11.2

Chapter 11: Love doesn't come because luck helps - 2

[4970]

"Damn Wine."

"Hmm?"

"Are you really planning to go out to eat with the person you like?" Jay's words made me wonder. Looking at myself in the mirror, there are no problems anywhere, from clothes, hairstyle, to shoes.

"Yeah, what's wrong?"

"Please look at yourself carefully in the mirror, make a face as if you were forced to, have some fun."

"I'm having fun too. I'm nervous. Haven't seen him in a while."

"Did you know that? Your attention span is really different. I remember the day you and P'Faifah practiced pretending to date each other, you tried on dozens of outfits, and dressed so well that you are an eyesore. But when it's actually done, it's like everyone has a movie."

Yeah heh, just realized. But I also don't want to surprise myself, my mouth speaks excitedly but my tone is still clearly monotonous. There's no need to talk about clothes and hair and the care taken in preparing the outfit, so it's not surprising why Jay is dissatisfied.

"I'm so tired these days. I have to report to you guys so much."

"Understood. Some perfume?" He suggested but I started to shiver.

"Your lemongrass scent?" My dear friend nodded and said yes. That bottle is legendary. Asked if it was fragrant, it was fragrant, but I don't know why P'Faifah said it smelled like lemongrass. Thinking of this, I quickly pushed this random thought out of my head.

Going out to meet other people but still thinking about someone. And certainly, it's true that one person doesn't like the smell of this brand of perfume, and the other person doesn't like it either.

"Yeah, two strokes please."

Just saying that, the other person quickly grabbed one of the dozens of bottles of perfume he invested in and brought it out. Remember, this bottle is the most expensive, so I hope P'Tor will like it too.

After finishing, Janjob quickly pushed my back and led me to the door of the room.

"Come on, run after your love with all your might."

"Thank you."

The meeting place is a restaurant in the city center. As soon as I arrived, I quickly scanned my eyes to find the person I had made an appointment with and looked down at my watch. Today I arrived on time, even though I had plenty of time left at first. Definitely came first.

"Hello guests. I wonder how many of you are going?"

A female employee greeted me. I looked around the restaurant and couldn't see the person I had arranged to meet, so I bent down and texted him to ask about his movements. But when there is no response, you should understand that the other person is probably on their way.

"Two."

"This way please."

She led to the empty table. I sat down and opened the menu in front of me, looking back and forth.

This time it wasn't a date but a normal dinner date like brothers, so there was nothing special. But I'm still nervous. After not seeing P'Tor for so long, I hope our relationship will progress beyond this when we have the opportunity to talk to each other again.

Sadly, that hope slowly decreased because I waited and waited again but he still hadn't come.

I looked down at the time and began to lose track of how many times I could remember. I only knew that it was almost 15 minutes past the scheduled time. If it was P'Faifah, he probably wouldn't have waited too long. Many times he even arrived before the scheduled time.

I hated myself for starting to compare, even when they weren't even the same person. So I should just focus on one person, the one waiting right now.

"N'Wine, sorry I'm late, I just had an emergency."

Finally my wait is over. The moment P'Tor arrived, I smiled while staring at the older person walking closer before sitting down on the chair opposite.

"It's ok."

He's probably still the same as the last time we met, whether it's his personality or his clothes. Still the same kind brother as before.

"Have you ordered food yet?"

"Waiting for you."

"Then call, just take what Wine likes."

Each person orders their own simple dishes to eat. While waiting is the time for the conversation to start simply and not as stuffy as feared.

"It's been a long time since we last saw each other. So much has changed. How are you?"

"I'm fine. How's P'Tor?"

"Study a bit harder. By the way, I just called and talked to Toey the other day and said I had an appointment with you."

I don't know how happy I am. At least that day, I had enough courage to apologize to Toey, and today I can move forward without fear of the past. More than that, I never hoped that in addition to accepting it, Toey wouldn't have the thought of stopping me from her brother.

"Please send your memories to Toey."

"Okay."

It didn't take long for the food to be served, so we took our time to sit down and eat quickly.

"This restaurant is very good. The last time I brought a friend to it, he opened his mouth to praise the delicious food." P'Tor said with a proud expression. But the truth is, it's as delicious as he said.

"I already trust you about food." The other person didn't answer anything except smiling.

If it were P'Faifah, I would answer like this, hoping to see some jokes, otherwise it would probably be some teasing.

Oh hey, but right now I'm with P'Tor, not P'Faifah. I don't understand why we have to compare the person in front of us with another person. I hate myself so much for not being able to stop thinking like this.

P'Tor is addicted to his phone. He always picks it up and looks at the screen for a while and then puts it down next to him. The first time it was okay, but by the third or fourth time I started to feel restless. Afraid that I might act boring or not.

But other than picking up his phone to play frequently, he's still the same person as before. Being a kind older brother is no different from before, but some things that were once overlooked are clearly seen today. Surely no one is born perfect, or maybe it's because over time I've met people who are better and more compatible with me than this.

So many questions kept going around for an hour. After eating, everyone went their separate ways. I returned to the dormitory in a state no different from a lost soul. As soon as I walked to the bed, I quickly threw myself down, face down on the pillow, opened my mouth and spoke in a low voice to my friend in the opposite bed immediately.

"Jay, do you think the person who is our first love still has a chance to be our last love?"

"A whole lot. Why are you asking?" The other party responded immediately. I don't know what expression he's making, and I don't really want to know right now.

"Do not have."

"How was the day?"

"It's so much fun." I spoke up in a drawl.

"Your face was extremely miserable when you entered the room, dude. Lately you seem to show the opposite of your emotions often."

"Have you seen P'Faifah?" Then an image of someone flashed through my mind.

"Go out to eat with one person and ask another person a lot of things."

"Answer my question too."

"Not met."

I don't know why I want to cry. I hit myself on the leg like a stubborn child, just burying my face in the pillow to control my emotions as best I could.

"Push like a puppy." Jay's voice sounded extremely sorry for me. "Come here, let me comfort you with a song. What song will it be? 'Late Recognition'?"

"Hooooooooooo."

Heavier than before, dude.

"Can't? Let's watch a movie together? Lately there's been an old movie re-run. Eh... Happy Together is also good, the name Tai Chi is good... In this world, you can love anyone except that person."

"Legs." I quickly sat up and cursed.

"Try calling to find out."

"Afraid of disturbing."

"Then there's no need to call."

"But I want to know."

"Then call." My friend said more, but I still hesitated.

"What if he's busy?"

"Really, it's fine not to call."

"Already..."

"Warat, if you don't call, I'll call! Don't hesitate, it'll be troublesome."

I heard the other person talking in frustration, so I had to call as you said. I pick up my phone and connect with the person I am missing with the full hope of meeting...

'The subscriber you are calling is currently unreachable. Please call back later...'

I go to sleep.

I fell asleep in tears and couldn't get up to go anywhere else.

Lying tired in bed with a broken heart every day. Suddenly Jay grabbed my wrist and pulled me up to sit up, but at this moment I had no strength at all.

"Dear friend, sit up and take a sip of porridge."

"You're teasing me again. I'm not hurt at all."

"Even though it's to the point where you can hear sobs echoing throughout the space? Is it really okay?"

"YES."

With Janjob's efforts and immense strength, he was finally able to drag me out of bed. No matter how bad my face, hair, and ears are now, it doesn't matter.

"Hurry up and take a shower, I have to go gather with those damn people to make a report. Love is a matter of love, but work is work."

"What kind of love? I'm not in love with P'Faifah."

"When did I mention P'Faifah?"

"..."

"That means P'Tor over there."

As soon as I came to my senses, I accidentally said something, I missed it, I shouldn't have said it.

"Is that so? Oh really." As if you don't know, is there still time at this time? But when I looked up and looked into Jay's eyes, I also knew that this explanation was not effective for him.

"Seeing that porridge is probably not necessary, water to wash your feet is probably better."

"You go over there and play."

In the end, I had to carry my weak body to report to the group. From morning to night, I have almost no time to rest. It's not because my friends assigned me any heavy tasks, it's more like I want to be busy to forget someone who likes to appear in my thoughts.

At dusk, I had nowhere to go, I wanted to go back to my room and lie down like that. But Jay insisted that he wanted to go to 15th November restaurant non-stop after experiencing the exciting experience last time.

Maybe it was because I hoped that going to the shop would let me meet P'Faifah. So I don't deny my thoughts, let's go two people because Ben is busy making a clip to collaborate with a neighbor's channel.

"The restaurant's lights are dim, perfect for being drunk."

As soon as he stepped inside, Janjob clearly showed his excitement. He glanced around, his mouth praising non-stop. It's the feeling that just sitting drunk and chatting with friends is worth it.

"But don't drink too much, someone will carry you home."

"You're that bitch Wine."

"The burden is clear."

"Then when you dream about someone else, you probably won't be my burden." Drop the big bomb and then walk to the counter where there is a familiar person there.

"The source of suffering is here." When I heard that sentence from P'Newton's mouth. My eyebrows are almost furrowed together.

"Hello guys."

"Hello N'Wine, N'Jay." He greeted us both.

The conversation happened briefly before my tall best friend and I sat down on the high chairs in front of the counter bar. Everyone chooses a drink. A moment later, P'New also turned to speak.

"I just found out that Yotha just went out to pick up his lover. You guys should order some drinks first, there's no need to wait for him to come home." I nodded in understanding, but another name I had hoped to hear was not there.

What now? While hesitating whether or not to ask, Jay, sitting in the middle, quickly hit my arm with his elbow, signaling to ask right away.

"Uh... lately... Has P'Faifah come by?"

"Fai huh? Comes much more often than before. He also came today."

Damn. When I heard that he was coming too, my heart beat like a drum. Both nervous and happy at the same time. But uh... where is it? Turning left and right, I couldn't see even a shadow. If it were normal, no matter how crowded he was, my eyes would always see the owner before anyone else.

"He was sitting here just now. Pants! Where did he go then?" The older brother said while scratching his head. At some point, P'Nop also had the opportunity to intervene.

"Want a toilet? Let me go look for it."

"It's okay, I'm shy."

He probably doesn't want to see me, even if he turns off his phone and hides, I knows it's inconvenient.

"What are you afraid of? I'm not alone. Your brother is waiting here, Fai, Fai!!"

The more he spoke, the more he urged him, the more he stopped him, the more he did it. P'Newton went to the men's restroom on the other side,

while Jay and I sat waiting until we were bent over to see if we would meet the person we had been looking for all week or not. A while later I saw P'Faifah again, it looked like this time he was being... Well, it's more accurate to say that he was being dragged.

As the distance was gradually closing, I saw him more clearly little by little. P'Faifah has not changed at all, remaining the same as before regardless of body or skin color. But I just want to know what is the reason that makes him disappear more. The reason is from me too, right?

"That's enough, no need to drag me." The tall owner spoke, but finally sat down on the empty seat next to me as if he was forced.

"If I don't drag you, are you going to sleep in the toilet?"

"I smoke."

"My shop prohibits smoking in the toilet, you idiot."

Listening to the two cousins â€‹â€‹arguing, I was entertained and happy. If more P'Yotha appeared, it would be even more interesting. He acted like Janjob and I weren't here, even if he turned to look for a second, they weren't there.

"New, I'd like another 10 cans of beer."

"10 cans of yours. You drank it without even thinking about paying for it, and even pretended to order too much."

"What can a person without a heart like you understand?"

"Can you keep your voice low to keep calm?"

"When did I do a deep voice? This is my normal style."

"Yes yes."

The eldest brother in the house turned to find the cooler, took out a brand of beer and placed it in front of his tall relative before turning around to

continue working. There weren't many customers today because it was a weekday, but there were people who took turns coming in without stopping. So P'Newton doesn't have much time to care about his younger brother.

10 minutes later, P'Yotha and P'Gun also arrived, so Janjob happily went to play the drinking game, leaving P'Faifah and I at the counter alone.

The atmosphere started to feel strange. I'm also afraid that if I accidentally do something to make him angry, I'll change into someone else. The smiling and kind P'Faifah disappeared somewhere.

"We haven't seen each other often lately." In the end, I couldn't stand the silence surrounding me, so I asked the person next to me first.

"Really?" Oh, the voice that replied to me had no affection at all.

"You're definitely drunk."

"I'm not drunk."

The smell of alcohol filled the air. Before Jay and I arrived, he definitely drank more than just beer.

At the end of the short conversation, the deadly atmosphere appeared again. I really hate it when I still don't know how to start talking to him. Normally he was always the one to start first, but this time everyone was silent so it felt strangely stuffy.

Because we refused to talk to each other, I only occasionally peeked at his face.

P'Warich, a shareholder of the shop, seemed to be joking by playing sweet music mixed with sadness while dimming the lights until only dim light created the atmosphere inside the shop.

"What are you looking at my face for?" It was like the other person noticed, so I quickly turned around while replying in a stuttering manner.

"I don't look, I look at the space around me."

"..."

Refusing to continue talking. Come right away, come out no matter what, ask for corn and potatoes.

"Are you angry?"

"Not angry. Angry at what?" Even when he answered, we refused to look at each other.

"Why is your face so tense?"

"Is my face tense? I'm just thinking that myself." He picked up the beer and drank it, so I also picked up the Margarita that P'Nop had tried his best to enjoy. "Happy these days, love is progressing well."

"How I know?"

"You can tell by the eyes."

"Too deceitful."

"Tell the truth, how can you lie?"

"How did you see me and P'Tor?"

"Can't see, don't want to see." He spoke in an emotionless voice.

P'Faifah disappeared and started cutting off contact since I said I couldn't go to the movies with him because I had a date with someone I liked. Not sure if he was dissatisfied with being rejected, but I didn't dare ask.

"Thank you for sending P'Yotha, even if I didn't come to see you, I still sent it to you."

"Who? Who takes? I don't know what's going on."

Like this, he answered very quickly, and he even had the courage to look at me face to face.

"You don't know?"

"Yeah, I don't know anything, you're not that important."

"Okay, I believe it." You can't believe the truth, your mouth will die.

"And what wind blows to the shop? Did Yotha invite you?" It was he who was trying to change the subject. And I'm not cruel enough to pressure you to suffocate him to death. Accept to follow the things that older relatives navigate easily.

"I want to come myself."

"If you're not old enough, you won't have to come next time."

"So why did you bring me here that day?" He was silent, just drank beer until the can was gone and then yelled for his brother to ask for another can. So P'Newton shook his head back and forth before placing the beer in front of his younger brother.

"You've had too much to drink, let me drink instead." After speaking, I quickly grabbed a can of cold beer. But the hand used the tiny amount of time in a split second to take it back while speaking with a hoarse voice and a completely pale face.

"If you're a child, who would let you drink beer?"

"At that time, I was still able to drink when I was with you, you..."

"Stubborn."

"You're more stubborn than that."

"No need to argue."

"Where are you, happy gentleman? Let's have some fun."

"Not in the mood today."

When I'm sad, I don't say anything directly. I was heartbroken or had any problems and never explained them to anyone.

I think about the time that passed, when he tried to change himself and stopped being nice to everyone around him. That enormous method created pain both for himself and those around him no less. So this time I don't want to repeat the same thing again.

But I don't know, I don't know what the problem is coming from when he doesn't have the thought to say it. And I don't have a thick enough face to ask or bother him too much. Just worried...

That's right, just worried.

"P'Faifah, you got your points." A lot of things happened in the past week. One of them is the midterm exam score that I passed last time. "I almost got full marks in Program Writing. Actually, I wanted to tell you but I didn't have the chance to. I want to eat the best food and you have to be the one to pay."

"Dreamy."

"English is also average, close to the mark. I feel like I was dumber before, but when you teach, I get better."

"No need for praise."

Every time I think about it, I laugh. The reward for someone who gets a good score that is satisfactory to me is something really simple. All I want is a delicious meal. But the truth is that what you ask for is more than anyone can think of. That's having P'Faifah sit and eat with me.

And what he asked for was so funny. It's a joke that shocked me for so long.

Kiss...

If you were my lover, it would probably be like that. But we are not. The important thing is that everything that happens is just under hypothetical situations. So there's no 'If...' or 'Suppose...' at all.

"Then I'm going to treat you to something, okay?"

"Let's make an appointment when you're free."

"I'm always free for you."

"Not busy on a date with the person you like?" Lips pressed together almost unconsciously when I heard him say that.

"Not busy, we don't usually meet up."

And once again there was no answer from the other side. P'Faifah's long fingers tapped the stone counter gently as if thinking about something. It went on like that for who knows how long until he finally opened his mouth to speak.

"Wine."

"Hmm?"

"Do you remember what I asked for? Points."

"I remember. But it..." Before I could argue, P'Faifah had already interrupted.

"I tried extremely hard on the midterm exam and my score was also extremely good."

"You're the best."

He smiled, but his eyes were mixed with some emotion. I don't know what it means, I just know that these are not the eyes of someone who is happy at all.

"But it really hurts when what you asked for will never happen."

"..."

"When we are not true lovers."

I know, your eyes when you look at me... are extremely painful.

"What are you doing?"

"Don't interfere, please."

"Damn it. People tried to take me out to meet them, so you respond to a good friend like this?"

I meticulously washed the beer can with clean water after bringing my body with a slight smell of alcohol back to my room. Face down, focus on handling the item in my hand. Let it dry, then spend time in the middle of the night rummaging through the things under the bed to organize.

This place has the box where my memories are hidden. It's been a while since I opened it. Today, I don't know what's wrong, but I want to go back and reminisce about old memories.

Inside the paper box contains items related to P'Tor. Even though it's not much, I still remember when I got it. Ok, he probably never bought me anything on a special day, but as long as I received it, I kept it all. Even the cookie box was still carefully kept.

Everything received was during the period of dating Toey. But now it's not like that. Even when I go out to eat, I forget that I should keep something. The important thing is that I no longer feel regretful in my heart when I don't do it anymore.

"What are you keeping this beer can for? Planting trees?"

The good Roommate still doesn't stop being frumpy. He came and hid behind me, bending down to look at the things on the table silently.

"If I don't plant it, I'll just keep it like that, right?"

"Keep it in your top secret box?"

"Yeah."

"You keep these in the box?"

"What's strange? Act like you don't know me."

"But this is P'Faifah's stuff."

The words of my friend on duty were like a heavy hammer hitting me hard on the head. Everything around me stopped, even if I breathed out I still didn't dare.

It's like I just realized I've done something wrong.

And as soon as I regained consciousness, the world that had stood still began to move again. I bent down low and picked up another thick paper box from under the bed. My heart was beating erratically, my palms were sweaty but still courageous.

The moment the memory box was opened, it was as if everything that had been forgotten rushed back unprepared. I could only sit quietly, almost unable to organize my emotions anymore.

A lot of the items that appeared in front of me were just P'Faifah items for me. Sometimes when I put it in the box, I quickly stuff it back under the bed so I never knew it was this much.

The things he gave me, the movie tickets we watched together, the bouquet of flowers that day, the tickets to a small concert in the province, or even the blurry photos from the film cameras we once took.

Everything... I kept everything.

So it raises a question for myself... If he's not important, then why do I keep these items and then try to hide them to the depths of my emotions.

But because time never comes back, the possibilities in my head can never happen. And I have to accept the current truth that my life is full of him.

Or is it really because I'm afraid that I'm the one in deep trouble that the other person has never thought about at all.

If I could go back in time, I would probably sit at the table and wait for him with the real code to come back and order.

If possible, I would probably choose to go home with P'Yotha instead of taking his car.

If possible, I would probably refuse all invitations and spend time in this boring world like before.

If I could, maybe I wouldn't sink so deeply, wouldn't be happy to see him happy or sad every time he's miserable.

If I could, I probably wouldn't nominate myself to help change him and probably would never let him change anything about myself.

It's him... who I hope to become more than a brother.

- End of Chapter 11 -

12.1

Chapter 12: Love becomes true for you humans.

[4664]

No matter how deep I fall, or how late I realize it, I still have to keep my feelings and act as if nothing has changed. Over the past time, he has always been good to everyone and cared about everyone. As for me, I already have someone who likes me.

Yes, it should be like that.

No matter how much you think too far, in the end it can't happen. Maintaining this brotherly relationship, we will probably still have each other like that forever, is already a good thing for us.

"Yeah! It has to be like that."

"What's wrong with your pants? Raise your voice?" Jay suddenly became aggressive. I forgot I had just talked to him, and then got lost in my own thoughts for so long.

"Sorry, sorry."

"Then what happened? Did you just enter nirvana?" Having said that, it's not really true. Because of uncertainty, you should try to probe and ask your beloved to try it out.

"Jay, have you ever felt hesitant or unsure about anything?"

"Are you saying you're hesitant about who you like between P'Tor and P'Faifah?"

"Shit. How do you know that?"

Exactly as if caught. Besides being good at telling people's business, I didn't know that people like him are also good at guessing other people's thoughts.

"You show it all on your face, anyone who doesn't know is crazy. Even Ben asked me."

"He doesn't know I like P'Tor."

"Well he doesn't know, but he knows that you and P'Faifah must have something together."

"He doesn't think anything of me."

"How I know?"

"He say."

I clearly remember that at the bar, my relationship with P'Faifah was just that of brothers, no matter how confused it made the listener's heart feel when they heard it.

"What about you?" Janjob continued asking, but I didn't answer because I was still hesitant and unsure about my own feelings. "Wine, I've been your friend for a long time. For so long, you couldn't choose something. But with this, you have to choose."

"I also chose that last time."

"Then why ask anymore?"

"But P'Tor is the first boy I like, the lover of my dreams. He's also nearby, just reach out and he'll be there."

"The first person doesn't mean the person will be with you forever." I sighed. "Let it go, some things take time to decide."

"You."

"What else?"

"I'm really bad, aren't I?"

"What's so bad? I can't count anymore." I really want to kick him. Even though he was being serious, he turned to comedy.

"It's bad that I'm talking to one person but accidentally have feelings for another person."

"You have to understand first that the person you are talking to has met several times already."

I rolled my eyes at my tall friend's words. If you count meeting each other later, after clarifying your feelings to the other person, in general, it's just one time.

"These days we only talk to each other via chat. Has he ever called to find you? Not at all. So you can still be called a chat person?"

Indeed. We don't have each other's phone numbers, we only communicate through social networks all the time. And there was never a time when I felt like our relationship was getting closer than before, to the point where we were already eating together. Jay didn't like it so he compared him to someone else.

"What if I like P'Faifah?"

"If you like it, just say it. Go tell him."

"But P'Faifah doesn't think of me like that. I don't want to be the only one who thinks like that. But damn there's still hope."

"Damn it... Absolute failure."

P'Nop's wedding is coming soon. Except for the tired bride and groom, who were almost restless with the preparations for the wedding for many months, the outside situation was so overwhelming that nothing was getting

done. Recently I received a sudden contact from the eldest brother of the Thanawanyotha family.

Not sure where P'Newton got my number from, maybe it was from Jay when we went out drunk together. But no matter who I get it from, I just need to bring myself to the 15th November shop.

"Come here quickly, ho~" P'Newton and P'Nop rushed to hug me. His face was pale, looking more like he had a heavy job than a joke. "Where are your friends? Jay and Ben."

"I called urgently, they were busy outside earlier."

"It's okay. Thank you so much my dear for trying to come. You really helped our lives."

"What... help?" I scratched my head and looked around the shop in case I saw someone in trouble, but there wasn't.

"That's it. There's a new bar opening opposite ours, taking all of our customers away."

"Yeah. Normally, the restaurant doesn't have any customers."

"How do you want to die, little Wine?"

"Sorry, sorry. Continue." Before being tried a lot. They raised their hands, ready to slap their mouths, even if what I said was true.

"It steals customers from the bar. Please help me do a little survey to see what's so good about that bar."

Well, this time it's an elephant fight.

"We don't go on our own."

"They remember all our faces, all hope is gone."

"So sad."

"Right?" I bet on them. Before P'Nop knelt down, wrapped his arms around my waist tightly while whining and complaining about life in an extremely miserable way in a trembling voice. "So can you help this brother? Consider it a gift on our wedding day. I want to be lucky in games and lucky in love at the same time."

If you invest to this level, if you doubt it, you're probably afraid you'll actually go bankrupt. Hoi ~ Having come to this step, I guess I have to do it for the sake of my stomach and their survival.

Even if you don't want to do it, you have to do it. I gathered all the courage I had and walked across the street to the opposite place, where a new bar was. The inside looks quiet, not unlike your shop. But as soon as I stepped inside, I saw the differences between the two shops clearly.

"It's a pleasure to welcome you." A male employee stood permanently in front of the door to greet. I nodded in recognition before clattering away to find an empty table to sit at.

Wow, from the looks of it, it also looks beautiful from the entrance to the interior decoration. The area of â€‹â€‹the shop is not very large, in fact it is about the size of November 15th, but the others are extremely different. Their staff is smiling brightly, unlike our bar, which is like walking into a haunted house. Just this point alone, they have already defeated it.

While I was thinking about what to do next, someone walked over.

"What drink should we order?" He is a man with good skin and long curly hair down to the middle of his back, looking extremely romantic. There's also a very friendly face, which helps reduce the initial panic a bit.

"Is there a menu?"

"Sure it is. Come alone?" Not only did he say no, he also placed the drink and food menu in front of me.

"Yes."

"My name is P'Petch, I'm the owner. Don't be afraid to come alone. Don't panic. If you have any problems, you can call me."

"Yes." Looks like you'll be calling me often. It feels like there are problems with everything, from not knowing what to order to what to keep in mind to talk to P'Newton and P'Nop about.

Here we attract many times more customers than we do. There's no need to ask about the reason, even the shop owner is still friendly and doesn't make funny faces or want to slap people's mouths. As for the others, let's observe further.

I flipped through the drink menu until the end, everything contained alcohol so it was not suitable for the current situation. Another thing is that P'Newton has already told me to forbid ordering things that make me drunk. But how strange does it seem to go to a bar and order fried chicken to enjoy it passionately?

"Do you recommend any non-alcoholic drinks in the restaurant? I... am not old enough."

"Ah... You're not old enough yet?" The person in front of him looked surprised, before adjusting his face to smile again. "You have to keep it a secret."

"I'll keep it a secret."

"How old are you?"

"19."

"Just fine. Here's an introduction." He turned to a page of a menu with small-sized text appearing in the corner of the page. Pants, if they're this small, you shouldn't be writing about them. "Mocktails. Which one do you like? Raspberry, mint or pineapple?"

"Give me some raspberries." The colors look beautiful, at least I can take pictures to show off to my friends.

"Okay. You're so good, come alone, drink alone."

I'm not good, I'm just in slavery.

"Hehe." It's not okay to answer too much, laugh and fight the fire first.

"Can I have a handshake?" Saying that, the innkeeper made a gesture of putting his fist in front of his face. I saw that so I could only play along by touching the other person's hand as a response.

"You carefully move your hand back and forth and the ring on your finger disappears."

Oh grinding heels!

Without thinking, I didn't expect someone to appear and interrupt. And that person is someone I've always hoped to meet.

I feel like I haven't woken up from the dream yet, I can only watch the tall body moving closer little by little. Until he sat down on the empty chair nearby.

"Blue margarita please." P'Faifah said to the innkeeper. It looked like he was a little confused when he first said he came alone, but before he could, another friend appeared.

"Okay. Can I get some more food? Everything is delicious."

"Kh..." His mouth was ready to intervene, but before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted.

"Our chef is great, he brought it back from America."

"Are you very good or what?"

"No, there's unemployment over there."

Too bad.

"I have a signature dish to recommend to you."

"Are not..."

"100 people eat, 100 people love."

"No."

"You're handsome, don't you really want to try?"

"I was about to say I won't refuse, please bring it out." Aw, at first I thought he spoke in a tough tone, but in the end he died easily just because he called him handsome? Don't expect too much from P'Faifah.

"Okay. So I didn't know you wanted to call..."

"That's enough, this much first." The happy man quickly gave the menu back to the restaurant owner before turning away as if he didn't want to be pushed anymore.

"Tell me if there's anything missing." When he saw that, the shop owner also raised his hand, waved and turned to leave.

"How did you come? Aren't you afraid they'll miss you?"

"Here you go, impersonating yourself."

"Other people probably don't know their heads." Wearing only a hat, you can see from Mars that he is a spy from an opponent. The prepared plan was shattered and nothing remained.

"If anyone knows, let them be. How did New think that he would let you come alone, you bastard."

He cursed in a heavy voice. I reached out and patted the stiff shoulder to slowly calm down.

"The shop is right across from here. It's okay." It would have been nice to have come, if I had known you were that worried.

"If it's okay, you're crazy. This shop is illegal, don't you know?" Where is the illegality? Your bar is a hundred times heavier than this, but I won't say it because I'm afraid of being kicked.

"I can take care of myself."

"Can say it but never done it. What did you call before?"

"Mocktails."

"There's still a little left." It feels no different than having a parent in charge. "Next time my brother asks for something, you don't need to help him, go find another way yourself."

"I want to help."

"No need to say anymore. See how tired I must be of being with you in disguise."

"Then you should go home first, I can be alone."

"Impossible!" Arguing back without missing a word, in the end no one would accept the other. It's good to have the bell ring for life because the staff brought drinks to serve just in time.

What is this? Except for friendly service, customers hardly need to wait any longer. 10/10, win 15th November almost without a trace.

Not many minutes after the drinks, the food also arrived. Oh, I really want to ask, did you just put it in the microwave and then serve it? Why so fast? But looking from the outside, it still looks like it was definitely cooked with human skills.

"Food and drinks are clearly cheaper than our restaurant." Besides me, another person who looked like he was thinking the same as P'Faifah opened his mouth to speak.

"I think so too."

"Do you have the same thoughts? You have to object, right?"

"Aw." That's miserable.

"I don't see anything better. Just better drinks."

"..."

"The music is good, the food is good, the staff is friendly, even the owner even comes to serve the table." To the point where nothing good comes of it? Then the list is almost long enough, I'm afraid it will soon reach the end of the store opposite.

"We can adjust that." I said comfortingly but P'Fai still didn't stop.

"Let's adjust just the name. Someone else's is more effective, it's almost dead easy to remember. What about my brother's shop? November 15th. I don't know if it's intentionally meant to mean the day the shop opened or the day it went bankrupt again."

It's extremely condescending. Or we close the business and then slowly go back to opening a new one in a place where there are no competitors. The wild grassland is also an interesting place, but I'm worried that most of the visitors are not people.

"Hey, what is this? There's live play too."

The tall relative opened his eyes brightly as he turned to look at a corner of the bar, where an up-and-coming musician was performing. From the beginning, the points were so far away, now I don't want to compare anymore.

"It doesn't work, I have to go back and play for my shop."

"Ah... please don't." I'm afraid the restaurant will go bankrupt faster than before. Sometimes when something is good, let it be good.

"Don't you want to hear my beautiful voice?"

"I don't want to."

"What is the heart made of? Are you speaking too bluntly? Too blunt."

My heart is so tired that I want to go talk to the shop owner and ask for a list of inhalers and wind oil. I let the person in front of me continue to struggle and talk. When you are quiet and awake again, make a serious face as before.

"Then what?"

"You?" He nodded.

"Yeah. We haven't been going anywhere together lately."

"There you are, why are you avoiding me?" Even if you want to be infinitely close.

"No, I'm just afraid you'll bother me."

"Never thought like that."

"How's it going with your P'Tor?" Don't like this at all.

Why is it that just the two of us together always have to involve talking about a third person? Then I always really don't understand why I feel stuffy and uncomfortable when asked.

"Asking for what?"

"Want more things."

"From that day we met, we never saw each other again." He picked up the drink in his hand and sipped it while turning to look around so as not to make eye contact with him. "Can we talk about something else?"

"Are you shy?"

"Does your face look shy?"

Are you arguing with each other?

Am I miserable when I can't control my emotions? Whether someone can love or not has the answer already, but it's still selfish. Even though I keep telling myself who I should like over and over again. Jay has no love, and never listens. To create confusion if it continues any longer than this. Maybe I'm not the only one suffering.

"When we like someone, what kind of expression will we have?" I don't want to believe that this question is coming from him, someone who knows so many people.

"It must be fun to be together, for example."

"Is that so? But I think not, because I'm also very happy when I'm with you."

"So... is your heart pounding again?"

"With you, my heart also beats strongly."

"I probably remember it all the time."

"I thought the same about you."

That's why, to you, that bunch of symptoms is not something that shows that we are in love with someone, right?

I'm like that with him, he's like that with me. But the difference is that that feeling gives each person a meaning, should I be happy or sad?

"N'Wine, if one day you date someone you like, can you help me tell it?"

Not sure how other people show signs of liking someone, but to me it's gradually becoming clear when we sit and talk to each other.

"You need to tell me too."

That's the painful feeling that comes from just thinking that the person who will be by my side is not him.

"But... if one day we don't go on a date..." Because I don't want to hurt anyone anymore, I don't want to hesitate anymore. "...Can you tell me?"

"That needs to be said quickly."

"..."

"I will comfort you."

If that's the case, even if you don't receive the love of the person you once clung to, you still have me, right?

He has never thought too much of me, but it is still good that this life does not lose him.

"I wonder if you have received enough food?" The shop owner came forward to say hello again, pulling me out of my thoughts and back to him standing smiling in front of me.

"Enough, the food and drinks are delicious." We need to praise him a little as encouragement, even if he is a competitor of our shop, we don't care.

"I'm so happy to hear this. So come again next time."

"It's OK."

He stood still, looking at me and P'Faifah back and forth.

"Are we cheating on each other?"

"That's not it!" I was so hasty to refute that I almost fell out of my chair, but the shop owner laughed loudly and teased me non-stop.

"Let's show it. If you like each other, just say it directly, that's all there is to life."

That's right, life is only this much. But how can I say this when I'm the only one who has bad thoughts?

"I won't bother you anymore, just talk comfortably."

He turned around and walked away to greet another table, leaving only me and my tall relative sitting awkwardly for a long time. In the end, P'Faifah was the whispering side.

"What does he look like?"

"That's right, what does he look like?" I rolled my eyes because I was afraid of being caught.

"That's really good."

"Huh?!"

"I mean, the shop owner is really good."

"..."

"Can read other people's minds too."

I wonder whose thoughts I'm talking about. Mine? Or yourself?

"Hello, P'Tor."

"Today we have time to eat together." His words made me smile.

People use time to decide something, whether it's fast or slow. For me, if it is an emotional matter, it is even more difficult. The longer you let time pass, the more afraid it will be that it will be too late and hurt the feelings of those around you. So I don't want to let my hesitation hold me back anymore.

"How have you been?" When I asked the person in front of me, I also received the same answer.

"I study hard. What about you?"

"Same thing. How's Toey?"

"She's extremely attached to her lover. I saw them screaming and moved out to live together. People love each other, we can't stop them. Even if we give them freedom, we don't let them go."

"It really suits P'Tor."

Praise from the heart, a good person like this should be compatible with the right person and understand each other better.

"Let's order first." He interrupted the situation and opened the menu.

Silence reigned for a moment before the initial oppressive feeling gradually subsided as the food was served. Each person ate silently without any conversation. P'Tor is a little different from last time, in that as you can see, he doesn't pick up his phone often anymore.

"Wine."

"Yes."

"The two of us may have been unclear to each other last time." He gathered the spoons and forks together before focusing on me without blinking. "Wine likes me, right?"

It feels like every nerve is tense throughout the whole body. Also know that he must have seen it. Starting from getting back in touch with each other again after many months, or from the words I use to talk to him when texting. Everything shows the same desire, but when asked directly, I don't know what to do.

It would have been better than this, maybe it would have been better if I had met him before, when the feelings were still the same.

"I used to like P'Tor." Saliva is swallowed in gulps down the neck.

I let go of the food and looked down at the table for a moment before gathering all my courage to face him squarely without avoiding him.

"The truth is that since high school, I've always liked you unrequitedly." He sat and listened quietly without interrupting anything. "Until one day I learned that you liked boys, so I decided to go wherever I wanted."

"When I saw it, I also wanted to try talking. Who would have thought that talking to each other would soon feel more compatible than when we were in high school." He said and smiled, his face brighter than usual.

"You're so nice."

"What about now?"

"Now I think... I probably don't like you like that anymore."

Hating myself for hurting everyone's feelings so much in the past. Even Toey, or even P'Tor, things change so easily that they fear that in the future they will return to the cycle again.

But because emotions are so complicated, we cannot control them. Once it happens, just say over and over again what should be and what shouldn't be.

I'm afraid of being close to someone, because I might be moved by their actions and words, even though almost no one has made me feel that way in the past. Until I met someone.

"Is there someone in your heart?"

"Yes. But there's no such hope."

I realized late that the important thing is to fall in love with someone who shouldn't be loved.

"I'm sorry for making you sad and wasting your time."

"Let's try to talk, not date each other. If we don't get along, then let's go our separate ways." P'Tor's answer was still full of gallantry, not looking as angry as he feared. "I'll admit frankly that I didn't talk to Wine alone. So there's no need to feel guilty."

Deciding to tell him the truth today can be seen as a good thing. I don't want anyone to waste any more time with my hesitation. With P'Tor, when it's clear that it's not the same anymore, you should stop. As for P'Faifah, even though I already knew the answer was that it was impossible to meet expectations, I was still willing to accept my feelings.

The feeling of not being loved. But it's good to have each other in life.

"Thank you for always being good to me."

"Thank you also for being nice to me."

"It might be a bad thing to ask, but we... can still be brothers, right?" The listener suddenly laughed loudly before speaking with a voice mixed with laughter.

"I lied to myself."

"In?"

"Actually, the ambiguous relationship should have been clarified a long time ago. Didn't realize it, right? Since we got back to talking to each other again..."

"..."

"The relationship Wine has had has only been brotherly for a long time."

12.2

Chapter 12: Love becomes true for the human gentleman - 2

[3909]

"Congratulations to the newly single soooooo."

"What crazy person, being single even when you haven't even met each other yet."

"It's so sad."

When I got back to my room, both of my best friends prepared a lot to comfort me, including cakes, alcohol, and ice. That's not enough, there's also a bunch of crispy snacks filling the basket. Are they really sad for me?

"You don't need to be sad, I think you have someone waiting to heal your heart." Jay here is really good, and the gossip is good at knowing other people's secrets.

"Who is that? Who?" Then you also need to be Ben like always when you never know anything.

"Guess what, dear Ben."

"Let me guess, next life will be right."

"Ben, I have something to tell you honestly."

I found a situation to interject after letting the two of them explore and ask and answer back and forth.

To repay the friendship we have given each other. Even though it wasn't as long as 10 years, everything he did for me, including the time I spent with him. Today has really come.

Whether we accept it or not, it is something we should be open to each other.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, it's true again. If it doesn't climax, I'll kick you." He said with an absorbed expression so I counted down in my heart.

"It's me..."

3... 2...

"Don't tell me you like P'Faifah. Haha."

1!

"Um, I think I like P'Faifah."

"So good... Huh?!"

P'Nop's wedding with P'Fai took place in the garden. It is a small ceremony that only invites family members and friends.

I, Jajob and BenG are also among the lucky people who have the blessing of knowing the polar twins, so we received the honor to sit and enjoy the extremely romantic atmosphere inside the ceremony with so many people.

A few days ago, we even invited each other to rent suits so we could wear them properly. Their ceremony's gray theme emphasized elegance and the light blue color was highly natural. As I said, taking place in the middle of a garden full of trees and fresh flowers like this, the bride and groom must have thought carefully about how to take photos to make it impressive.

"What should we order, little Wine?"

Not long after sitting and enjoying the atmosphere of the late afternoon ceremony, the extremely cheerful voice of someone everyone knew interjected.

P'Faifah looks more strange today than ever. Both the gray suit and the neatly combed hairstyle make it so that the owner just needs to stand normally and people at the ceremony will pay all the attention.

"Please give me the best cake for the ceremony." I answered him half jokingly, but he served enthusiastically by placing sweet colored cakes in front of me.

"Here, I understand."

The ceremony is arranged in buffet style so guests can choose their own food, sweets and drinks. But look at him, bring me the whole tray, how can I eat it?

Ben and JJ ran off to drink beer with their seniors. If he doesn't eat it all, he alone is responsible.

"Is it too much?"

"Let's eat together."

"Forgot to say, you're very handsome today." Compliment him a little. Besides being crazy, I've been praising myself a lot for a long time, but today, letting others praise me makes my heart swell to the point of exploding.

"Being the groom's friend must be handsome."

"Heh heh."

"N'Wine is handsome today too."

"Absolutely."

"Starting to feel complacent about myself being my size." I shrugged and accepted. I suspect that he really got this personality from him, his lack of confidence and his callousness must be too much.

The ceremony part of P'Nop's wedding took place in the morning at his house, and in the afternoon and evening, they had to sit far away from the city for the party to continue. In the midst of an extremely fresh atmosphere, surrounded by green trees, flowers, the white color of the table, or even the music is an unfamiliar style, but when you listen to it, you feel relaxed and dreamy.

"I have to speak again today." After sitting and eating cake for a while, his handsome face combined with a bit of nervousness, so I helped give him more confidence.

"I will definitely do well."

"Hey, I wrote it all down, but I can't remember it."

Not only did he speak, he also opened the paper in his hand to see it with his own eyes. His handwriting seems to be known, like a chicken scratching, afraid that talking back and forth in front of the stage will lead to the point where he can't read it.

"Speak from your feelings. I think P'Nop would rather hear those words."

"Think so?"

"Whatever comes from the heart is good."

"N'Wine thinks so, P'Faifah thinks so too."

After talking about the previous speech, I also really hope that P'Faifah will not talk about stupid games or things he failed, which is called 'from the heart', I'm afraid that everything will be so real. So the moment his long legs stepped onto the stage, I was in a state where I couldn't sit on my chair.

"Wine guy, please sit properly." Jay spoke up to stop me, but how can someone who is scared adjust?

"You, I missed it."

"What did?" It looked scared so I turned to look at my tall relative before turning back to focus on my best friend again.

"I told P'Faifah, to say things from his heart. But does he understand? How miserable his heart has been lately."

"Damn ~ I don't think it's time, let's pray."

Pray that P'Nop's wedding will not be ruined. Pray that P'Nop's wedding will not be ruined. Pray that P'Nop's wedding will not be ruined. Namo amitabud!

All the eyes of everyone at the ceremony focused on the tall owner alone, even the bride and groom sitting on white wooden chairs also waited with concentration.

He accepted the microphone from a senior, glanced around before stopping at me.

Lips draw a smile, the most beautiful smile of the day.

"First of all, Yotha and I are two different people."

There was laughter. Ben clapped his hands with great excitement while JJ leaned against me, muttering 'I'm dead' non-stop.

But I really liked it, the first impression was really funny.

After the laughter gradually subsided, the senior relative also found an opportunity to speak through the microphone again.

"P'Nop is not my biological brother but he is the same. We first met many years ago. The image in my memory at that time was that he was very cool. The hottest haircut at that time, was the legendary upside-down style. Wearing oversized college clothes with ripped jeans. He keeps saying that this is the most indie person I've ever met."

* like hair when you first wake up

I tried to imagine through that explanation how warm and good it would be.

"The first thing he said to me when he greeted me was 'Hey... it's you', he said it like he was trying to start a conversation. I just thought in my heart that this guy was playing with me."

P'Faifah made everyone laugh for the second time. This time longer than the last time, until he found an opportunity to continue speaking.

"But I can't believe that the sincere greeting that day would make us even closer than before. Over the years, no matter how old I am, no matter how happy or sad, P'Nop has always been by my side. We are like family, brothers,... everything."

The surroundings were silent, so silent that the only thing we could hear was his voice and his very sincere eyes. Is a human being that is expressed and no one else can be like it.

"P'Nop once said that all his life he wanted to be with friends as long as possible. If they wanted to have fun, whatever they wanted to do, they would do it together. Until one day that thought changed, becoming a life not just around clinging to every word of friend, but also life when meeting someone important to life."

"..."

"I remember exactly that night... on the 15th November, you smiled and told everyone 'I found someone who wants to be with me, someone who wants to bring me to be our friend'. Even though I'm afraid of change, over time there's still something the same. I've never gone anywhere, I've never abandoned my friends, I've never abandoned my family, and I've never abandoned the person I love."

"..."

"I'm very proud to have a brother like you. And I'm also very happy, for the bride and groom, to meet someone today who wants to share all the time together."

He walked off the stage silently even though his previous words were still stuck there and going nowhere.

I saw P'Nop wipe away his tears, and not long after, he was hugged and comforted by a large group of friends, including P'Faifah. So lucky to get to know them, they make me see the value of the people around me.

Thinking about it, tears welled up in my eyes, so I secretly used a tissue to wipe my face silently.

But it didn't take long for that impression to be released into the ceremony, because after the touching scene, everything changed like a hand.

"Wine."

"Yes." I responded, turning to P'Gun who had just moved to sit next to me not long ago.

"Do you think the person who gave a good speech and the person dancing in front of the stage right now are the same person?"

Don't say you're the only one who's confused, I don't want to believe my eyes either.

Chan stepped onto the stage, handsome and cautious like a born god. The scene changed to the present after moving to the front of the stage, he walked in such a rhythm that he didn't know where he threw his shoes.

"I think we need to give him time to relax a little."

"Aw, please have a little bit of the sound of being single."

There are very few singers, this is the group that played for Bangon Ponchana last time. Seeing how close P'Faifah was, I didn't expect to come and help create excitement, not only singing, dancing, but also inviting the bride and groom to throw wedding flowers.

"Cruuuuuuuuuuuu."

"That's too bad, our bride and groom don't really fit."

"Is your waist so good?"

By the time he stopped jumping, he was pulled away by P'Newton and P'Yotha.

Bitch!!

"Aw come on, if you're not drunk, you don't have to go home."

Where? Who said after party eating doesn't last until late. Here, the party doesn't stop at 9pm. The latest was dragging each other into groups and clinking glasses non-stop, to the point where even my dear friend couldn't stand it anymore and asked to join another person. I was the only one sitting and watching things happen from afar.

"Faifah's speech today was great."

"I cried when I heard it. You really are suitable to be my younger sister." P'Nop and P'Newton are constantly looking for compliments. This is the 3rd time saying this, still not moving on?

"Oh brother, I just remembered it from the record."

Then look at P'Faifah's answer. The next part is probably from the record, but the first part is all teasing, definitely coming from the heart.

"Let's sign now*. It's better not to tell anyone during the ceremony."

*action of curling fingers in a threatening manner, to express anger

"But is it true that Nop said he met someone he wanted to spend life with?" The people in the gang asked questions, so the gentleman happily quickly explained clearly.

"It's true, but it's not the same... Oops!" Well, the groom almost put his foot up to cover his mouth.

Chaos broke out again, to the point where the eldest brother of Thanawanyotha's house could not fit in, shouting loudly in displeasure.

"Damn Nop! What did you do to my brother? Tell me, Fai, I want to hear it."

"Okay?"

"Come! You come."

"The image that day didn't show him walking coolly and smiling like the male lead of a drama. He was drunk like a dog and daydreaming about how cute P'Fai was. So Yotha dragged him to sleep on the doormat."

"Quiiiiiiiiiii, our Nop." Friends invited each other to laugh happily, some even had symptoms to the point of struggling on the floor, not sure if it was because they were having fun or were drunk to the point of death.

"It's only been a few days since I met someone and I already want to marry them."

"Enough."

"Here, the band says they like it, but in reality they don't like it. They're looking for something to flirt with so they like it."

The epic expose continued so P'Nop retaliated by locking his twin's neck and pulling his head up.

"Like you, Fai. What group is it? Dept? Normally, I only listen to one song, and later when I hear people like it, I like to follow them."

"Shut up!"

"How can you stay quiet? You've exposed me to this extent. Tell me, lately I've not only listened to one song, I've listened to the whole album, I'm

afraid people won't know how to talk if they ask."

"P'Nop, you stop right now."

"How can I stop, N'Faifah? When the event in Nan was still causing trouble, my wife had to go find tickets for me, begging me to go."

"..."

"I told him Bangkok also had it, but he brushed it off and said he didn't care, he'd rather set up a tent and sleep with someone."

At that point, the game begins to turn upside down.

I was sitting outside the circle so I started moving my body further away than before. Only P'Faifah pursed his lips tightly, turned to look at me for just a moment before lowering his eyes, looking like he was drunk last time.

"Clink of glasses, clink of glasses."

"That's a good distraction. Ok, it's a hit, it's a hit!"

Messing up leaves nothing behind.

In addition to the secret they pulled together to expose, they also couldn't help but be challenged. So the drinking game took place with chaos. The final image as seen is lying in layers together, more messy than the dog before 7-11.

I looked at that scene while shaking my head. P'Yotha still had a little bit of sanity left so he volunteered to take everyone home, including me and my friends. But the destination was not the dormitory but P'Faifah's room instead. Because Janjob and BenG couldn't keep their balance, if they entered the dormitory they would definitely be interrogated endlessly.

"Hey, flowers." While waiting for him and his code to check for other friends, I sat and waited at the old table. So I didn't think that the person who initially fell in love with the groom would appear with his head in front of him. Also give me daisies.

"Where did you get it from?"

"Please share with your friend who caught the wedding flower."

"To?" Have questions. Or when you're drunk, your spirit still hasn't returned enough.

"I want to give it away. Then what?"

"Thanks." I took it and pulled his wrist to sit down. "Do you want to eat first? Haven't eaten anything all day."

"How do you know that?"

"I see that you only drink alcohol. If the illness gets worse, the people around you will suffer even more." Always observed that, ever since he put the cake down for me at the table in the afternoon, P'Faifah didn't eat anything else after that.

"That's worrying, look. Is there anything else?"

"So many."

The truth is, I saved it for there, and even used the box to take home for him to warm up and eat. But when I'm sober and can sit and talk to each other, I want to eat quickly right now.

The high relative did not refuse my kindness by concentrating on eating attentively.

"I was very good when I spoke."

"Really?"

"I secretly saw many people crying, P'Nop cried too." To the point where I secretly wiped away my tears. I don't know what inspired him to speak so well, it's unbelievable.

"At first I didn't write like that in my notes, but when you told me to say it according to my feelings, it's like I saw."

"It's an extremely beautiful relationship."

"Maybe because of that connection."

It's good that it comes from emotions and not embellishments. So we can see the speaker's humorous angle, the gentleness in his eyes and the seriousness in his voice.

At first, I asked questions and was afraid, afraid of emotional insecurity.

I'm like someone who changes his heart for someone easily. It's also easy to fall in love just because someone treats you well. But now I know that it's not like that.

There are many people who treat me well, but there is no one I love like him. This is the undeniable truth.

"When I heard you speak today, deep down I wanted to hear what you thought, with someone else. P'Newton, P'Yotha, friends around, it must be very good."

"You'll probably hear Newton's story the day he falls in love with someone, but you have to stay with me until then."

"Can I stay with you?"

Maybe I can stay with you until then?

"Okay."

P'Faifah prepared the fork, so I took the filtered water that was near my hand, opened the lid and gave it to him. He drank most of the bottle at once before leaving it on the table as before.

"Do you want to hear what I think in my heart for you?"

"On what occasion?"

"Just wanted to say... that's all."

"I want to hear." I didn't refuse, sitting upright while focusing on him.

"Ahem."

"More."

The owner opened his eyes wide and soon began to adjust his mood.

"Suppose we meet again in 10 years, no matter what status we are in, I say right here that the feelings at this moment, at this moment, are not fake."

I really want to thank you for telling the truth, regardless of whether he sees me as good or bad, it doesn't matter.

"Whenever I talk about the most wonderful memories, you will be the first person I always think of. Because it was a bit strange when we met at that time, because you mistook me for Yotha back and forth."

That sentence was like taking me in a time machine back to that day, the first time we met.

"I've been impressed with you since then. I don't know why, maybe you're cute, you're adorable, when you make your eyes big you're friendly, you want to go there together. But there's one thing that's most obvious. It is that you're the first person to care about me."

"..."

"I don't know if you still remember or not... That day, when the ice in my cup of coffee melted, you were the one who ordered a new cup for me. Others probably thought it was just a cup of coffee, but believe it or not that it was a cup of coffee that changed my mind."

"..."

"I used to bring a lot of people back to my room. The reason I had to hire a maid was because I liked to make a mess in the room, and my friends also liked to make a mess in the room. But you helped wash the dishes and clean up for me. When I was drunk, you were put up with my madness, take off my shoes, take off my socks without hate. Wine... you like to say I'm kind, even without realizing that you're also very kind to me."

Between me and him, there was a clear answer to one thing, that meeting each other made us grow up.

I am not better for myself, but for the people around me and one of them is you.

"I know, right? I always feel bad when someone responds with emotions I don't need."

Always tell yourself not to overthink, don't fall into his words, and don't hope to become better than your brother.

But it's not easy when you have to tell yourself over and over again, don't be too happy, don't be too happy.

"But with you, I've never felt like that before."

"..."

"No matter what your feelings are, if you want to give them, I'm happy."

And I also failed again just because I heard the words from his mouth.

It's the sweetest... sentence ever heard.

- End of Chapter 12 -

13.1

Chapter 13: The Friends shirt and the technical cloth bag are extremely cute.

[4303]

Believe it or not? When we are surprised by something, our ears will often make a buzzing sound, and we won't be able to hear anything outside but ourselves. I'm like that after hearing those words from his mouth. Perhaps because there was no preparation to be seriously attacked right in the heart, the situation was as seen.

Sit blankly, open your eyes as wide as possible, at the same time paying attention to the person in front of you.

P'Faifah didn't show any signs of joking, so I felt reassured that it was probably not a joke meant to play with other people's emotions. Although I'm still not sure.

"What P'Faifah means is..."

Does every emotion he is willing to accept include the word 'love'?

Love in a non-brotherly way. Love in a way that is not friends or acquaintances. It's more like that, deeper than that... I didn't have the courage to say it myself, so I asked again in a roundabout way.

Asking with the hope that the answer will be what I want to hear the most.

Thump!!

"Ah... I..."

Before I could get an answer, his face fell onto the table, causing the endless thoughts running in my head to be shattered until nothing remained.

The truth is, I want to punch myself in the chest and pat myself on the head, wondering why I let my thoughts go so far with his words. So many times, I don't know how to remember. Until now, I see this image more clearly, that his drunkenness caused him to say that. If we were still clearly awake, it's unlikely we would be sitting here just the two of us.

"Is anyone dead?"

At this moment, P'Yotha's voice broke all the idle thoughts in my head.

"One body. While it was calm and healing, it collapsed."

I looked at the tall body that had lost consciousness from his eyes to his face while sighing. Whatever feelings or words I heard tonight, I should probably keep it in a drawer and never open it again. Believe that the next day, P'Faifah will not remember that he accidentally said anything.

"How many bodies are there?" The twin brother still asked.

"If you include P'Faifah, it's 3." Plus two beloved friends like Jay and Ben. I had never thought before that something dramatic would happen at someone else's wedding, it was extremely entertaining.

"It's okay, let's help each other."

Not only did he have the same code as me, he shook his head in frustration for a bit before turning around and walking away, dragging P'Kong and P'Gun to help carry the drunk people out of the ceremony in a messy manner.

The situation after sitting squeezed together in the car is not much different from canned fish. P'Yotha sat behind the wheel, with P'Gun sitting on P'Kong's lap in the seat next to him. As for the back, it must be said that it is beyond imagination. Jay was so exhausted that he had no place to sit so he was forced to lie on top of the others' legs. Damn, if there was a camera recording right now, it would probably become a tragic historical image that will stay in our memories for a long time.

When we were pressed together in the car, it was already heavy, but when we had to carry it to that room, it had to be called a higher level of karma because we were carrying it while talking to the end of the street.

"Ohhhh you bastard, it's so heavy. I'm about to add another person who won't make it." P'Faifah's body was the last to be thrown onto the fur rug in the living room area along with Mr. Kongkiat's curses. "What should we do now? Gather them together?"

"Can we take them into the room?"

I raised my thoughts. But P'Yotha was the one who interrupted.

"Faifah doesn't like letting anyone sleep in his bed."

"But he let me sleep once."

"Really? Why does he agree?" All three seniors muttered in disbelief.

And little did I know, at that time he didn't look like he was disagreeing or dissatisfied, the other person was even happy. But when I heard the words from his mouth and the code, I wasn't sure what made me an exception.

Maybe because he only asked to sleep for one night? Because I took a bath? Or is it because I look so pitiful that I can't be sent to sleep outside? All sorts of reasons keep coming together. But in the end it's still the same, in that I have no way to know except to ask the owner directly, which is definitely not now.

"Let's ignore the reason first. What should we do next?" It was me who interrupted the conversation after everyone had been silent, allowing a deadly atmosphere to appear for so long.

"If that's the case, then find a mattress for you guys to sleep on the floor instead, the sofa doesn't seem very comfortable."

P'Yotha nominated himself to be the one to arrange everything with assistants like me, P'Kong and P'Gun helping to get everything done as

quickly as possible. Looking at his face, I can tell how tired he is and wants to go back and rest fully.

Start by pulling out the large mattress in the closet and spreading it out. The mattress is done, and there's a bonus pillow to complete the set. Just this much is clear. Two friends and I had to sleep outside, leaving P'Faifah alone to occupy the big bed inside. As for the restrictive clothes on the body, the three seniors have already taken care of them for drunk people. So I don't need to take on much of a burden anymore.

"Can you stay?"

The tall relative asked again, his eyes mixed with worry.

"Okay, I'm fine."

"Then I'll go first. If there's any problem, don't call."

"Well."

"People are still sleeping."

"This is a junior."

"Go take a shower quickly."

"Yes."

The door to the room closed, I turned back to look at my close friends sleeping like dead on the mattress again. Since entering college, my friends and I have done a lot of strange things together. No matter where we cross the mountain pass or wade through the stream, we always go together.

Not long ago, I decided to tell Ben the truth. At first I was afraid he wouldn't accept that I was gay, but when it turned out to be true, it wasn't as scary as I thought. The image of that day still follows my heart, because he rushed to hug me while crying in an extremely fake way.

I laughed and felt pitiful, I could only let him hug me tightly like that. Crying isn't because you're sad, it's because you're too happy. I'm happy because I see its importance to the point of revealing things that take a lot of courage to tell someone.

Therefore, no matter how much time passes, no matter how happy it is, they will still be friends that I love and want to share many things together like before.

Ok, that's the end of the touching scene. After bending down to cover my friends with blankets, I boldly walked into P'Faifah's room to check if he was sleeping comfortably and if the blankets were covered properly. But from the looks of it, it seemed like there was nothing to worry about, so I turned around and walked into the bathroom, took off my stuffy suit, and roughly showered.

Luckily, the toothbrush left behind last time was still there, so I took it and used it. As for clothes, just wear the same old shirt. Tomorrow morning, after everyone woke up, they quickly returned to the dormitory, barely making it in time.

I walked out of the bathroom quietly. Before going out, I don't forget to visit my loved ones as if hypnotized. My brain was commanding me to stand here no matter what, to look at his face, say good night or whatever, then leave.

"Good night."

Thanks today. Even though he almost seriously thought that the last sentence he said at the wedding was true, it was good that he showed off his previous state, to know that he was drunk. At least immediately understand how to handle your emotions.

"Wine."

P'Faifah's slurred voice suddenly pulled me out of my dream. He frowned, trying to force his eyes to look up. But I was faster, quickly told him frankly.

"If you're sleepy, go to sleep. If you're drunk, just rest."

"Wine."

"Let me turn off the light."

"Wine..."

"What?"

"Let's keep me company for a bit." His voice was gentle and pleading.

Then what to do? Even though I tried so hard, I always gave in to him. The stubborn determination that I always say to myself all the time, I believe that there will never be a day when it will be of use to me.

"I'll go sleep outside with my friends, you'll be able to lie down comfortably."

The tall relative tugged at my wrist non-stop before using his strength to hold it tightly without letting go. Not long after, he forced his eyelids to open fully. We of course had to face each other directly without being able to avoid it.

"Sleep here."

"It smells like alcohol." He pouted like a stubborn child. Every time I come to this point, I can't refuse like always. Finally had to hum along with concern. "Ok ok, turn off the lights first."

"It's forbidden to go anywhere, sleep together."

"Stubborn."

"Who's stubborn?"

The light switch was turned off and both feet walked back to the bed. Before I could step up, my waist was grabbed by a thick hand and I fell down to lie with him. He hugged me tightly as if I were a pillow. He buried

his face in my body and put the tip of his nose on my shoulder, then fell asleep.

I was the only one whose eyes were still wide open, no matter how hard I tried to fall asleep, it didn't work.

Tonight I sleep in your bed and am hugged by you, but I am not your owner or someone special to you. If one day, you love someone, what should I do? Will you be happy and smile for that love? I almost can't think of it.

"Don't do that."

"..."

"Don't make me think too much about myself."

I'm not talented. On the day that this emotional protective wall completely collapsed, I wasn't good at anything, except forcing a smile and just saying the same old saying over and over again, that it's okay.

But it hurts so much...

"The event they hold every year, but as soon as you enter they stop seeing you, damn it."

"Aw, what did I do wrong?"

"You cut off my future, instead I will meet true love."

"Aren't you lucky yourself? Don't blame others."

Arguing with Jay to the point of exhaustion after just receiving breaking news from a 2nd year senior.

Every year, our Faculty of Engineering will have a huge event that is passed down through the years by rotating each university as the host. The kids in

the department often know the event as "Connected Engineering Department."

The funniest thing is that in addition to the fact that we will meet new friends from other schools, there are also more fun and exciting topics. That's how senior couples meet love until they can form a long-term relationship. Some couples are buddy take care, taking care of each other back and forth and then panicking like they don't know anything. Or some couples meet in the middle of a confrontation, from rivals they become lovers.

But because of bad luck, I can't help. Because they canceled this year without any fanfare, there are some rumors saying that the administrators of some schools have conflicts of interest. Some news said that there is no place that wants to be the host so they should cancel immediately. But whatever the truth, in the end, this year there was no Connected Engineering Department.

"Huhu. Why don't they hold an event? Why don't they hold an event? Why don't they hold an event?"

Janjob face down on the bed, struggling like an earthworm doused in boiling water.

"Shut up you bastard, I'm really tired of you."

"You! Do you know?"

The door to the room opened wide before meeting the face of my beloved Pay, a real person in the legend of the Computer industry.

"What the hell is going on again, Pay? If it's about communicating with the spirit in your room, then I'll say goodbye." I told it with fatigue. These days there are too many problems in life in the world, so I'm not ready to take on any more problems related to spirituality and occult things.

"Whoa, you hell, that's not what happened."

"Then if you have anything to say quickly, I'll make it a surprise."

Jay sat up, looking at his friend with excitement.

"The Department of Engineering connection event is cancelled."

Hui!

"People have known for a lifetime."

"But the good news is that I heard that our department will be organizing a new event, called 'Engineer Market' for the kids to do activities and earn money for their pocket."

"Ha! Fascinating activity worth exploring." You're playing too loud, especially with your chest-hugging pose, Jay.

"Confirmed, right?"

I asked again to be sure, so that I wouldn't end up with a false dream like the love I have for P'Faifah. Rot.

"Um, I heard the seniors will announce the details this Friday."

"Wait."

And then not many days later, the news from Pay also came true as hoped. I don't know if it has a human inside, or if it can communicate with souls, from now on I always receive new news from it first. Those who were heartbroken to death when they heard the news about the cancellation of the Faculty of Engineering Connect event were excited once again because they had to prepare for the next Engineer Market.

All day today, the topic in the department cannot escape that hot topic. Even when going to school, during breaks, and when eating, we still talk about it non-stop. My group was no less competitive, turning to ask for opinions and discuss with each other.

"Do you know? The seniors are very big players. I heard they opened a water area made entirely of herbs. Surely they will attract a lot of customers." That quote came from Ben, the group's scout.

The seniors said that the Engineer Market event will be an open event, so there will be a lot of promotion for other faculties to come and participate in activities and support goods. It's almost like the weekly event of the Faculty of Science.

Everyone must have their own activity booth, be able to combine with each other, there is no limit and there is no need to choose a group by chance as feared. We can choose any group of members, any number, and most importantly, we can sell anything.

In addition to sales, there are also academic booths for each industry in each year. Therefore, during this month, in addition to studying, we also have to arrange a schedule to prepare our own map booth and the industry's academic booth.

"What should we do?"

"I think we need to play bigger." BenG, who moves better than his friends, gave his opinion.

"As if?"

"Can you sell food upon request?"

"Oh, look at your own skills first. You can't even make a business for yourself. If you're there, you want to sell." Janjob complained.

Our booth consists of 3 people working together, so we want to sell something simple, not needing many items. The things it says are too heavy to sell.

"Can you sell jewelry? Get it cheap."

Still not stopping, the first thought was rejected, the second thought flashed quickly.

"Uncreative."

Please. Beg loudly.

"I suggest selling something related to our department. Looking at this event, kids from other departments also come, we need to attract a little."

"What do you think is Technical?" I asked for advice. Jay also came up with the idea, puffing out his chest and answering proudly.

"Marigold flower wreath. Normally seniors like to bring it to the temple before the semester exam."

"Red water too."

Wow, so creative.

"Your ideas are so stupid." I need to stop thinking about both of us before ruin comes. And when I was rejected too many times, all the fierce eyes turned to focus on me in one point.

"So I wonder what idea Wine has for us? Let me hear it for you."

"I will sell crushed ice."

"Haha."

"Use a cup with the department's seal."

"And then sell it to the dean?"

"Not only that, the straw must be the department's signature color."

"Wine, listen here friend." BenG patted my shoulder two or three times and made direct eye contact. "What you said sounds good, but it's extremely nonsense. Go rest first."

"Your ideas are so good."

"Sure."

"Ai'Tao Wine ~ Ai'Tao JJ and BenG ~"

*Ai'Tao is a word that refers to someone who is extremely cute and adorable.

While in the thought-fighting phase, an uninvited guest appeared and hid behind while interjecting with a talkative face. In fact, he should be with the 2nd year group, busy preparing for activities, right?

"Where did this come from?" Because I was extremely curious, I couldn't help but ask.

"From my heart. What's wrong?"

"Let's focus first."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm thinking about a project, what will I open a stall to sell?"

"Oh, can I have your capital, please?" With facial expressions like this, I'm starting to get scared.

"What about your friend?"

Don't talk about P'Kong and P'Gun, with P'Faifah, there are friends from the whole department who want him to join the group.

"Opinions didn't agree, so I kicked myself out." We can kick ourselves too. "But what kind of stall are we going to sell together?"

He moved from standing behind to sit on the opposite side next to Jay.

"Not yet. Do you have any good ideas?"

"You asked the right person, because no one in this university is as smart, cool, and creative as me." What was heard was a lie since he said he was

smart. It hurts my brain, that's right.

"When will you stop praising youself?"

"When will N'Wine stop being cute? HÃuuuuuuuuuuu." He flatters himself and creates muk* for himself at the same time, good to see.

* muk is a trick he says, saying rhymes to flirt

"Guys, I'll go first. If you have anything, just call for help."

"Whoa, wait a minute. Why are you so upset?" P'Faifah pulled my wrist to prevent me from successfully getting up from the table.

The story of P'Nop's wedding night was still unclear, so he started creating new stories for me to figure out for myself. If you don't feel sorry for yourself, please feel sorry for me. Just keep reminding yourself over and over again that it's forbidden to think too much about you.

"Can we get to the point?"

"That's right." He looked at my face silently, before changing the topic of conversation. "I have a special idea, let's work together to protect the world."

"How's it going?"

"Make cloth bags."

"True boring."

"If it has cute patterns, how can it be boring? It's like it's a limited product, only sold here." People started thinking accordingly. Plus this time no one interrupted, just sat and listened attentively. "In addition to cloth bags, it would also be nice if we made shirts to go with it. Making sure there is money in the bag is number 1." I don't even know if the fabric bag will last, so why do you even make extra shirts?

"I think that's good."

Aw, my friends are strange, they have a lot of stories and they still feel good. Jay said and Ben nodded along. It's just me, expected from everyone.

"There you are, N'Wine."

"If my friends are ok, I'm ok too."

"So let's think about what pattern to make." The cheerful demeanor of the happy gentleman is extremely admirable.

After that, everyone thought for a long time. Finally, you thought of making a fabric bag shaped like a mangosteen!!!

"Why does it have to be mangosteen?"

20 minutes passed, the great thought said was this?

"Because I like to eat it."

Then look at his answer.

"Top!! Top!!"

"Or not?"

"Please, can I change it?" Remember, P'Faifah has a very cute mangosteen-shaped bag that he uses often. I'm afraid it won't be limited, so I think the new pattern will probably be more effective.

"What's not good about mangosteen? It's delicious and adorable."

"It's not good because it has nothing to do with our department."

"So it's okay to think of something new."

"Very good." I quickly ended the topic before it circled back to mangosteen again. "And what about the shirt?"

"Can you print my face? I have many friends, everyone who sees them will know."

Boy Faifah, you...

"My friend from school, please don't do this!"

"What P'Faifah said makes sense."

"Jay, please don't."

I quickly jumped in, my heart pounding, feeling so scared that my face turned pale.

"No, I'm trying to say that P'Faifah has many friends, and we are close friends, is making shirts related to friends?" After Janjob explained his idea, everyone sat and listened attentively. It looks like you can make anything, so it's worth paying attention to if it's related to your friends.

"How? Take group photos and put our faces on shirts?"

"Oh, people can only think of that much. I mean, shirts say friendship, is there a good word that says friendship? It helps to give opinions."

"That's Friends."

"Yes P'Faifah, it's so good. It stinks!"

Arguing back and forth for half an hour, we finally got the name we liked the most. The name had to be exchanged with sweat and tears because until I got it, I had to cry in despair many times.

'Friend'

13.2

Chapter 13: The Friends shirt and the extremely cute Technical cloth bag - 2

[5752]

Once you have an idea of â€‹â€‹what to do, you start dividing roles into preparing work so you won't be tired near the event date. JJ and BenG took on the task of designing the bag's pattern and making the shirt's form. As for P'Faifah and I, we designed the booth, location, flyers, and even decorated the facade. So you have to prepare the necessary tools first.

"It's not very cool for us to make shirts about friends like this."

While walking leisurely on the road, a tall relative spoke in a sad voice. I don't know what mood he's in anymore.

"Is there anything else?"

"I don't want to be friends with you."

"Don't be whiny."

"Hey listen."

Let's just talk about it, this person has a bad temper.

"P'Faifah, are we still acting as lovers now?" I didn't want to tell him that I decided not to continue with P'Tor, because I was afraid that this beautiful time would disappear, so I selfishly asked to keep this time a little longer.

Meanwhile, I am too shy to tell him the truth in my heart.

"Um." The owner mumbled and walked along the path to the stationery store not more than 100 meters away.

"If one day you want to stop, please tell me."

"Then wait for the day you go on a date with him first."

"I'll have to follow that, I guess I'll have to get used to you for a long time."

"That's even better."

"Aren't you bored?"

"Happiness, how can you be bored?"

I wanted to be like this for a long time. Even though it's not guaranteed, it's not the lover I hoped for, but that alone is already too good.

"I've made a list of things I need to buy."

To prevent myself from sinking too deep into daydreaming, I should quickly bring myself back to reality and face the heavy responsibility I am carrying.

"You're good at playing the drum. Ok, is there anything you need to buy?"

"According to this." Having said that, give the piece of paper with his handwriting to the person next to him.

"Very good."

"Is this ironic?"

"Crazy? What a compliment. Look at me, I can barely do anything."

"I did, it was my idea for a fabric bag shaped like a mangosteen."

"Ho, is your mind not going to move on? How cruel." I laughed loudly. It's a good thing that in the end we chose to make the bag with a cute cartoon gear instead of choosing to use the mangosteen shape as the highlight as feared.

"It's okay to say no more."

"I hope it's true."

We stopped at the sidewalk, preparing to cross the street to the opposite side of the large stationery store in the university area.

"N'Wine."

While speculating about the reason for calling my name, he reached out his extremely warm hand to hold mine and intertwined all 5 fingers with almost no space left. Everything happened in not many seconds but left someone motionless for a long time.

"I was afraid of being hit by a car, so we had to go together."

"I'm an adult, why do I need to hold hands while crossing the street? I'm not scared at all."

"Who said you're scared? Maybe it's because you're afraid of a car hitting me. If there's bad luck, we'll be together."

"If you're not really miserable, you wouldn't think like that."

He laughed happily before finding an opportunity to take me across the street with him. It may have been a short period of time but it was extremely warm.

Regardless of the reason for that action, it doesn't matter.

I don't care except to let it happen.

After clarifying the matter of preparing the tools, it took almost half a day. We had to return to the department to share ideas about making another booth. Actually, P'Faifah has a lot of friends who are designers, but he said he wanted to have an original result according to our group's ideas, so he and I sat here with our heads together.

"What's the design?"

"Ai'Tao, little Wine, you asked the right person. Let's talk about the design. First of all, our booth needs to be from Friends and have the nature of the faculty."

"That's right, that's correct." His answer was extremely better than expected.

Even a 3 year old child can think!!

"Why are you making such a face?"

"Because I'm good at shocking you."

"There's no need to praise. Let's think about this and that shop sign, let's do what we set out today first." What he was talking about was looking at where the booth would be located. The truth is, I don't want to do much, but my friend told me that the people in their department are very big players, jealous of each other, and in the end we have to do it with them.

We wrote our ideas down on a large piece of cardboard. One part was my idea, and the other part was his idea. They split up as if they wanted to compete to see whose idea was cooler. And I swear I will always be a sure winner.

"Don't use mangosteen pictures."

"That's a unique point. I have a picture in my head, here it is." Having said that, he carefully drew the picture down with concentration. Wondering what kind of image he would appear, until he raised his face and smiled while asking in a rhinoceros voice. "Cute?"

I tilted my head a bit, trying to see the picture he drew as best I could. If you look at it in a way that comforts the soul, it can be used, but if you tell the truth, don't use it at all, chase all the customers away, damn you.

Mangosteen again, it draws mangosteen again!

"No, better try mine."

"If you think it's cool, just come!"

Don't challenge because you will have the strength to fight. I bowed my head, lowered my eyes, placed the tip of the magic pen on the paper, bent the curve, then drew a straight line alternating back and forth. Finally, there is a gear image with the words Friends below. It's crazy, there's nothing more beautiful than this.

"Tho... this is all, don't say anything."

Look at what he said.

"If you think it's cooler than my gear, show it off."

Another corner of the paper is filled with imagination. Not many minutes later, we also received a logo of a mangosteen wearing a workshop shirt. This time it's heavier because one hand is holding the same gear wire.

"Too sloppy."

Everyone refused to lose, fighting until blood almost splattered in their eyes. We don't know how long we were immersed in this, but we had so much fun with it that we almost lost track of time. There was more drawing back and forth until the whole paper was filled. By the time you realize you should stop, there's only a tiny bit of empty space left. This idea is not bought, that idea is not accepted, so the last place must be mine. This time for sure.

"Don't let me draw, I'm tired of this place."

But he shattered the dream again by quickly hitting my arm.

"How can that be? I drew it earlier, now it's your turn."

"Here it is, the idea is running."

"I've been running for hours and haven't seen any results yet."

"I lost all interest in this sentence, I lost all interest."

"I think we need to find a concept for our booth first."

Just like before, it took a long time for everyone to argue. This time I'm serious, after telling myself nearly 10 times.

"My concept is that we are friends, N'Wine."

"So fuck your friend is a mangosteen?"

"Is your friend a cog or something?"

"That's right. Studying Engineering, it's not strange that it's a gear." It's forced to be mangosteen and people ask where the inspiration came from, it doesn't match at all.

"No more arguing, I'm afraid someone around here will lose."

Wow, no matter how much I fight, I will win against his mangosteen from day to night.

But because the enemy is no longer at war, we return to energy conservation mode by using silence and awareness to solve the problem. Sitting for so long that my senior relatives broke the silence by mumbling to himself, but I could hear clearly in both ears.

"The word 'friend', you represent help, good intentions."

He stopped talking for a moment, before his sharp eyes turned to look at my face without blinking.

"A representative of cuteness, sometimes funny, meaningless, but sometimes sloppy."

"Are you cursing at each other?"

"Think so?"

I didn't answer, and it looked like the other person didn't need an answer except to move closer. During that small distance, the body automatically holds its breath. P'Faifah didn't attack me or do anything other than that. On the contrary, he was paying more attention to the position of the paper.

Carefully draw a circle down, before dipping in ink to make the eyes.

"I drew N'Wine."

It looked like this image wasn't perfect, so I conscientiously added the cartoon character's smile.

And that's right...

"I drew P'Faifah."

Everyone smiled after gritting their teeth for an hour.

Its heart swelled abnormally. If I had magical power, being able to stop time right now for just a moment would be great.

There's me, there's him and our drawings.

"So where are we two in the picture? It's a friends business, not a family business. Hui."

And there are always people who come to extinguish my dreams. Boring!

"About the photographer, Newton has already arranged it."

He said it in a casual way, but it was enough to guess that the context was about taking photos to promote shirts.

"Send my thanks to P'Newton."

Last week, the kids in the department seemed more enthusiastic about preparing for the department's event than studying. Many things have improved a lot. Not only my booth but that of my friends and even him is not inferior. Here, even when he came to eat at the cafeteria of the central building, P'Faifah still showed up and sat down to update the situation for everyone to hear.

"It's nothing, he's happy too."

"But when do we start taking pictures?"

"Tomorrow."

"There is!"

The sample shirt was just sent from the new store a few days ago, where are you going to rush it? Luckily, BenG's handwritten font combined with JJ's is so adorable that there's no need to fix any further issues. When I saw the shirt for the first time, I sat in tears with pride for so long.

The coolest thing is the special color combination here. Normally only sold in white and black, but this time we also made a special pink version of the store for friends.

"The only possible schedule is tomorrow."

"Oh, are photographers that hot? To the point where they almost can't be scheduled."

"No, he doesn't have a job. As of tomorrow, I heard he's coming back to help his family with the fruit garden."

"..." Well, it's better not to say it.

"Let my friend come over tomorrow and help you with your makeup and hair."

"Do you have to go that far?"

"The promotion is about that much."

In fact, the standard for promotion is to take photos of all genders and ages of buyers to see the clearest image. But we also have to go back to the old position that we wanted to do this project ourselves, so the result as seen is that P'Faifah was chosen as the model. But I really don't understand why he has to drag another person, like me, into it?

Ok, Janjob said that I represent the first year, and P'Faifah represents the brightness. When combined together... Boom! If you can die, you will definitely die.

Therefore, I could hardly sleep all night, I could only turn over in bed because I was worried about what would happen tomorrow. I've never worn makeup before. When I was in high school, I was never chosen as the face of my friends. If you choose Jay from the beginning, you certainly won't have to predict whether things will go wrong or not.

As soon as the next day arrives, I must quickly wake up and go to the place as scheduled. P'Faifah has many friends, so she volunteered to help with her hair and makeup. In my opinion, makeup is something outrageous. The cheeks must be red, and the lips must be a flashy color, even if in truth it is not to that extent.

From makeup to no makeup is real.

And when I was ready, I picked up the T-shirt we were preparing to sell and wore it.

"Oh hooooooo, unbearably handsome."

Jay came over and patted me on the shoulder and praised me wholeheartedly. I could tell by looking at his face, he was just saying it to please me.

"This level is chill."

"Believe it. It has to have a scene where the male lead walks in and panics while being handsome and cute, with a flash across his face."

"Watch a lot of dramas?"

"Can't say."

"Quit. N'Wine is the cutest."

Before he could finish his sentence, someone appeared, and his gestures were far removed from what the male lead of the drama did. This is clearly a comedy.

"Yeah, I think it's a bit too far from the wrong scene."

P'Faifah just finished doing his makeup and hair and followed. With him, I don't have any panicky moments, he's handsome every minute of every second, good at everything except showing off more than normal people. Ok, when everything is ready, we should take each other to the appointed place. Here I met the photographer who was waiting in front of me, without an assistant, appearing alone.

When he saw him, the happy gentleman quickly ran to find his opponent in a hurry.

"Wait long?"

"I just arrived."

"Ok. This is P'Muk, photographer of fake goods, oh, asset of the times. Booking shows is not easy. You can't call because his house doesn't often have signal."

Still endlessly funny. The entertainment didn't end there because Mr. Faifah even told us all his advantages before introducing us.

"Fai is so complimented haha. But please give me some space to introduce myself, guys." Not only did he have each, but he also included trendy designer business cards. "My name is Muk, I'm a freelance photographer, taking pictures of events all over this kingdom. The most events I take are 99.99 out of 100, and 99.99 are weddings."

"W...what?"

After hearing it, I couldn't ask again. What did you say? Wedding! Do you usually shoot for weddings?

"That's right, the most recent work is Nop's wedding. I'm his friend, so I also want to help you guys with this promotion."

"But we sell shirts." This time it was Ben's words that interjected and asked with trembling eyes.

"Don't be afraid to sell shirts, I guarantee you won't let the awkwardness of the wedding smell."

OK! As you are, so are we. Starting with the first one... the pink Friends shirt.

"I'm starting to not be able to tell if this is a friend's shirt or a couple's shirt. If I don't say it, I'll understand that you and P'Faifah came to take pre-wedding photos together." Janjob leaned over and whispered. Don't tell me you can't tell the difference, I'm starting to feel uncertain too.

But I can't argue too much, because the camera guy comes with his heart. When I help everyone to this extent, I won't let anyone down. Just look at P'Faifah as an example, there's standing and posing for everything. Be overly willing with sampling.

The first scene is a grass field, with tall trees to create a fresh feeling. Being in nature like this is also good, because the concept of our Friends shirt is about saying... We will wear this shirt with our friends anywhere.

Like wearing it to go out with friends.

"Ok, are you ready kids?"

"It's okay to be ready."

"Get the flowers to hold."

"I'm selling shirts, not pre-wedding." I objected again, so P'Muk widened his eyes.

"We sell shirts, flowers represent friendship."

Your father's friendship! Play with red roses here.

"Wine, this is what friends do together." P'Faifah offered words of comfort before we stopped walking at the spot the photographer ordered. The tall relative wears a T-shirt of the same color, holds a rose in one hand, and in the other...

"Hold hands always."

"Huh?"

"Hold hands show friendship for each other."

Okay, let's do it.

Everyone reached out their hands to hold. The warmth of his palm and the gentle grip helped me reduce my shyness a lot.

"Very good." The camera guy held up the camera in full frame while directing our looks. "Let's think about what makes us happiest. What if we woke up and met that person in the morning."

Ugh no.

Concept of friends, not lovers.

"N'Wine, look into my eyes and do as he says."

The low voice of the person next to me pulled me up, gathering all the courage I had to meet his eyes directly.

It has never been familiar to me at all. No matter how much we know each other, closer than anyone else, he is still the only person who makes my heart beat.

Silence still does its job. Or actually, the surrounding was in chaos like before, only my nervous system of perception almost stopped working for a while. Because right now, this moment... what is in concern is only the person in front of you.

Cup! Cup!

The shutter sound is so loud. Change location.

"Picnic is also available, sit down on the tarpaulin."

Oh, who prepared the props? In addition to the light pink checkered canvas, next to it is also a hand-woven basket containing drinks, fruits, flowers, and adorable cakes. It feels so much like friends.

"Where's the cloth bag?" After being questioned by P'Faifah, Ben and Jay quickly ran to find cloth bags with extremely cute gear patterns to gather more.

"Okay."

"Don't be skeptical, I follow the concept of everything. We will wear this shirt with our friends everywhere." The photographer repeated it, so I sent a smile.

"I'm not skeptical P'Muk, I just don't understand."

After saying that, tears welled up in my eyes.

"I'm so moved that I want to cry, N'Wine."

Mom, it's not even right to read people's emotions.

"A little bit."

"Which position should I choose?" P'Faifah would like to propose. Just now, if P'Muk hadn't stopped him, he would have climbed up the tree and posed like a frog. In addition, before that, I also proposed the idea of â€‹â€‹doing 3 somersaults as an impressive point to sell. Luckily, no one supported him so he stopped those strange thoughts.

"For a picnic, you should pose in a classic pose."

"How?"

"Fai, try lying on his lap."

"Ha!" It wasn't just me, everyone was so frightened that they opened their mouths and screamed without prior appointment.

"Trust me, it's guaranteed to be beautiful."

"That's friends, friend concept."

"It's normal for friends to lie on each other's lap. Stop making confused faces and then smile sweetly at each other." P'Muk's words are considered supreme.

It's not too bad. On the contrary, it feels good to do something strange even if your close friends stare at you without blinking an eye. They knew how much I liked P'Faifah, so it was a bit difficult having to hypnotize my friends to the best of my ability.

Friends can walk holding hands.

Friends can lie on each other's laps.

Friends look into each other's eyes and smile at each other.

The truth is, just being friends is good enough.

From late afternoon until evening, we ran around changing places and positions. There was a break at noon and then continued shooting until the sunlight in the sky began to change color. At this moment, my back and P'Faifah were pushed to the water tank area, where the water, trees and sky could be seen at the same time.

"The light is coming, an extremely magical time."

"So what should I do ja?"

"Don't need to do anything? Just walk together."

"No need to think about how to make the picture beautiful." The tall relative stood up a bit, opened his mouth to speak with a smile as always. "Let it go, do whatever you want."

"Then what can I do?"

"All right."

"Can you walk with me? Just walk."

"YES."

After that no one said anything. I just walked with him along with the temperature of the sunlight gradually changing little by little. Immerse myself in it, let time pass by relentlessly moving forward. It wasn't until we had a chance to look back that we realized no one was following us.

The camera is tired, friends are also tired of running along. So I stopped walking, sat down and watched the sun set with him, just the two of us.

It is an image in memory that no camera can capture as beautifully as seeing it with your own eyes.

Tired of running around taking photos to promote shirts all day, instead of resting, P'Faifah and I had to drag ourselves to November 15th, a place of jubilant drinking for lovelorn people. I didn't expect that today it would be Mr. Kongkiat's turn, a man who teases but also blesses the people as they love each other little by little.

I don't know where it will end, but his image is now ruined, so his friends and brothers gathered together to sit and drink and comfort him until tomorrow, when he will have the strength to start again.

"Drink to our friend's sadness."

Bitch!

"Drinking for unrequited love that she never paid attention to."

Bitch!

"Drink to Kong when he loves her in this life but will be satisfied in the next life."

Bitch!

"Uuuuuuuuuu, can you guys not repeat that? It hurts, it hurts so much that it almost makes blood flow. Ughaaaaaa." I know it's always a serious symptom, to the point where my actions are acting out.

"Forget her, friend. Like you, you will eventually meet someone more suitable." P'Faifah patted his shoulder to comfort him, while P'Yotha was the support side, sitting and pouring wine endlessly.

"But she's my first love."

"You say that to everyone, you fucking bastard."

"Bastard Gun. You can talk, you're satisfied with love." After that, he just kept talking. "Kongkiat's life is so unlucky. I loved her but she never reciprocated, so I used the money to buy things for her to see her mother. When I found out she liked pearl milk tea, I drank it too."

"..."

"Look, I drank until my diabetes was almost in my eyes and she never looked back. Pinggggggg I love you beep."

"Drama is dead."

"But today is the day I cut it off."

"Yeah, just cut it off. It's just a woman, don't coax her."

Everyone's friends help each other keep the fire burning. At least thinking about your friends at the most painful time like this is considered a good

solution. As for me, I was the only one caught up in the crowd, so I just sat silently cheering for him from afar.

"I won't ignore you, won't buy you pearl milk tea, won't text you to ask if you've eaten, and won't invite you to watch a movie together."

"Very good, friend!"

"I won't go to class, I'll delete all contacts on my phone. I'll do everything to make her feel regretful."

"Heh!! That's great, my friend, you're really cool."

"I will move forward. I will find a better match than Ping."

"Too bad. Congratulations, congratulations, congratulations."

"Really?"

"Fuck."

P'Kong opened his mouth to scream because something happened without realizing it.

Unexpected things happened because he didn't think the person he liked would show up without a trumpet or a drum. A long time ago, a friend once said that she was the one P'Kong devotedly flirted with for years, but there was no hope. Today, while cutting off, the owner appeared here again.

"Hey, to the point of wanting to forget so much, Ping also followed and haunted me in my dreams."

"What crazy dream? It's me."

"Haaaa. P... Ping. How did Ping get here? I... I don't think bad of Ping. At this point, my friends made it up and I'm just acting it out. The truth is not like that. Ok."

I used to feel drunk like a dog, now I'm sitting like a dog. It probably won't be enough time to go back now. Maybe I'll have to accept surrendering the evidence.

"No need, I heard everything."

Everyone at the table was silent, turning to all kinds of gossip. Only P'Kong and the person he likes have to make it clear to each other.

"So Ping... why did you come to see me?"

"Why do you say you're drunk?"

"Don't give each other hope, okay? If you don't have feelings, then don't."

You really... must have watched too many lovelorn music videos, the dialogue is extremely similar.

"Then how do you know there is no love?"

"So lately, I've been pursuing Ping but Ping has never responded. What else do you want to think about?"

"So how do you respond when you never asked?"

"..."

"Flirting is fine. I've been waiting a lifetime."

"RÃttttttttttt."

The sound of youkai through the air like this is only P'Faifah's. Just like everyone else is stressed out, I'm no different. But the moment I heard the two express their feelings for each other, I felt joy and wanted to hug them to let them know.

"You guys slap my face, I want to know if it's a dream or not?"

Chat!

Without saying too much, P'Gun slapped his face as requested.

"I don't have a dream, I don't have a dream. Ping, yuuu. Thank you for choosing me."

"Can we stop drinking then?"

"It's a break, it's all a break!"

The whole band scattered, each in their own direction, each on their own path. When the movie reaches a turning point, instead of comforting you for being heartbroken, you have to adjust your emotions to express congratulations immediately. Then it's worth nothing that as soon as he was satisfied, he played the missing game with P'Ping, leaving all of his friends to sit and gossip endlessly behind his back.

"I'm laughing at Kong, he's so blind."

"Then where did it go?"

"Take Ping to the car. Wait a minute and drag yourself back." The dark gentleman spoke in a decisive voice, before the rest of them began drinking and thinking of new topics to continue the conversation.

"It's funny to talk about asking to be your lover. Kong was satisfied at the bar, Gun and Yotha were even worse, flirting while drunk." Then the topic was brought up with the situation of asking to be a lover by the seniors in the group.

"Ho, that's not cool at all."

"How do you confess your love, N'Gun? Tell me a little bit." Many people started teasing, so the person in question sent back bullet-shaped eyes.

"Do not be garrulous."

"He said he was talking too much and was provocative." Talk and laugh again. "No, is there anyone who would like to pursue or offer to be a more memorable lover than that?"

"Newton." He and the code I mentioned pointed to my brother who was standing swaying his hips at the cocktail counter while his sparkling eyes were looking at the group of girls at the table in front.

"Oh, that's true. In that case, use all the methods to propose. Kneel down, give flowers, send love songs, close the bar to create a surprise. What else? I can't count." There are quite a few heroes like P'Nop, coming to join and contribute to the experience of humiliating you in a gloating way.

"Wait, wait. Hey, are you asking to be a lover or are you asking to be friends? Why are there so many?"

"A lover is like a friend to her. Lately it's better not to confess anymore, because her daughter doesn't want to be anything to her except to be the person who burns peppers and salts* and curses."

* Like burning wind feathers in Vietnam

"Ho, that's not cool at all."

"P'Arc and P'Arm?" Then the names of a couple suddenly appeared again.

"Oh yeah. Is that the case?"

"It's like asking to be a lover at a bar, just changed to Bangon Pochana."

"So will anyone upgrade from the pub?"

"Huh."

"How are you Faifah?"

After the target was almost gone, it was not strange for him to be noticed as the last person.

"Many things."

"That's the question. If you meet the right person, your friends will help you."

"You don't need to help me, it's just to confess my feelings."

"Yes, the romantic person sees me. But if it were you... how would you ask the person you like to be your lover?"

I quickly picked up the beer glass and drank almost half of it, my eyes seemed to be looking elsewhere, but my ears were focused on the words of my senior relative.

I also want to know if he loves someone so much, how will he ask to be his lover?

Must it be extremely special or extremely ordinary?

"Me? Maybe... do something simple like go out to eat together."

He chooses normalcy.

"Just that?"

"Then I will ask that person what they like about me. If what that person likes is the same as what I like about that person."

"..."

"I will ask to be your lover."

That sentence echoed in my ears. No one looked anyone in the eye, we just focused on the glass of wine in front of us. But the clock hands at this moment seem to be slowly turning back... turning back slowly.

Music, wind, memories, rewind.

Go back to that day.

The day we stayed together in the restaurant as requested. It's a simple restaurant, and the conversation between us happened naturally, no one thought to say anything else. But it finally happened.

He asked me to be his lover.

Even if it's not your real lover, it doesn't matter.

- End of Chapter 13 -

14.1

Chapter 14: Summary of the happy gentleman's life.

[6411]

"W...wow wow, why does Wine look so happy and bright these days?"

The sound from hell is coming again. Having friends is like having gossip nearby. Every day he shows off, shows off a little, and he catches the eye first than the world. Recently, I just accidentally laughed a little and then he found something to tease again. Like a free person, doing nothing every day.

"In love." Finished BenG, Janjob quickly received the next part.

"Hey, really? Who? Why didn't you tell your friends?"

"Ho, you guys should trust that bastard Jay, he'll die with his lips moving." It's so annoying that I want to throw everything at him. Just tease me, I'm so embarrassed I can't stand it.

Love from the night when P'Faifah said he wanted to ask someone to be his lover in the same way that he used to do with me, my heart kept swelling and almost exploded because I thought to myself that perhaps I had been indirectly confessed to.

"Aw, what? At first I thought it was already a date."

"Ben, do you know? Tell me a little bit, you just have a lot of time to talk about a lot of things."

"I know your size too. But Wine, are you free this weekend?" While we were talking to each other, the person asking turned to look at me.

"Are you free?"

"Not trustworthy. Normally I always have an appointment with him."

"Who are you? Is it him? He's the series." Buffalo. I want the earth to suck in and disappear from here. It's been a joke for a week now, whether I meet P'Faifah or not doesn't matter.

The worst was 2 days ago, when P'Muk sent a photo of him preparing to promote his shirt. In my heart I was screaming 'bastard' to the point of being extremely loud. Because whether it's the lighting, the mood, the color tone, or even the position, just print the photo to a large size and then frame it so that before the event, people will know that this is a pre-wedding, not a shirt for a friend.

I told him to send it for re-editing, but it was no longer possible, because the images were extremely beautiful, and the cameraman was so dedicated and skilled, so I left it as it was, even if I was teased non-stop from friends, I ignored it.

Every time I remember something old, my face always feels hot, so I quickly change the subject.

"Let's get to the point, just keep talking nonsense."

"What I want to say is let's hide and hang out together. I don't want to be a stall anymore." Your thinking is so miserable, Janjob.

After sending the shirts to the factory, we were tired of preparing the booth, making locations, standees and other miscellaneous tasks to get ready for the Engineer Market event next week. Because I was afraid I wouldn't be able to make it in time, I had to find free time after school to hang out with him. So recently, almost no one has been able to rest.

But in the last 2-3 days, P'Faifah hasn't appeared to supervise, so his friends are always trying to find something to do.

"You're already hiding, aren't you?"

"Just one day. Wine, don't be serious. Life is supposed to be relaxing."

"Where to go?"

"In the morning, go to Sweet Song CafÃ©. At night, go to November 15th."

"Let me ask you, what are you so addicted to? You always want to go there." All year long I had no thoughts of going somewhere else. If you stick to this addiction symptom, you can't stop it.

"It's fun. None of P'Faifah's friends are normal, they just like to do crap all the time." Jay kept talking and laughing. Every stupid action I ever did gave me a huge headache. "Do you finally want to go? And Ben has already confirmed it."

"Let's talk about it when we don't know?"

"We don't need to discuss, just look at your eyes and you'll know." The two of them raised their eyebrows at each other as if understanding. I'm the only one left under pressure, waiting for an answer.

"Let me think about it first."

"Okay? But you'll meet him. He's aaaaaaaaaa."

"I don't want to meet either."

"That's up to you. Please just do boring things in your room, because we're leaving!"

"Well, it's your business."

I shouted throughout the room. If you want to go anywhere, please invite me, but I will base myself here and not go anywhere. It's a day off, so I have to use my free time in a useful way, like designing a handbook for our store. Everyone swam out and cheered with each other.

Scene change to present...

Ouch! How come it's already November 15th? Totally confused.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh, no alcohol this time, you guys can only drink carbonated water and mocktails." After the three of us walked through the door into the bar, the shouts of bar owner P'Newton rang out in the air as an immediate greeting.

"Oh, what~"

"Why are you whining? Choose whatever you want to drink."

"Can we please go choose a table first? Here, there are so many customers that we don't know where to choose."

"Suddenly I want to put my foot in his mouth no matter what happens. Go sit somewhere." Jay was really itching for something to do, because the whole shop was empty.

Since a new bar opened opposite, 15th November had to forcefully share customers with the other side. It's still good that there's no arguing or fighting as feared, except for taking turns adjusting and changing tactics for customers to use the bar's services.

While he is looking for a table to choose, I take this opportunity to go to the counter bar, where older people are usually there. Seeing that there were fewer guests tonight, I took the liberty of interrupting his leisure time for a bit.

"P'Newton." The owner of the name looked up.

"Ask properly. If you tease me, you'll be kicked."

"No. Just wanted to ask if P'Yotha didn't come to the shop today?"

"Why are you asking for him? He should be with his lover."

"HAS."

"So what about P'Warich?"

"Cuddle with his husband in the room."

"What about P'Nop?"

"Go out to pick up your lover." He brought his face closer, staring at me without blinking. "Hey, you've asked me enough, what do you need, N'Wine?"

"So what about P'Faifah? Don't you come to the shop often?"

"Haven't you seen him yet?"

"I also met at the department, then called to talk, but..." I didn't continue. Normally, after school or on vacation, the cheerful gentleman always comes to invite me to do something or go out to play together. It's just that we haven't gone anywhere in the past few days, so we're worried if he has any problems.

"Actually, there's been a bit of work at my house lately. Mom's back."

"Oh."

If I remember correctly, P'Faifah once said that their mother and father had divorced. Dad is still in Thailand, and mom went one step further and moved to live with her husband abroad, and has a lovely daughter.

"You know, right? A long time ago, Yotha and Faifah separated."

"I also know."

"Fai used to be closer to his mother than his father. So we need to be a little more considerate when we meet this time." Assurance.

Knowing that, I don't want to bother him even more, so he can spend time with his family and his mother who hasn't seen him for a long time. As for me, I sat sipping a drink, watching my friends look at beautiful girls, and was disappointed like before.

But it looks like tonight isn't fun enough. So after leaving the bar, they refused to go back to the dormitory, still looking for a way to drive far away

to eat porridge. After that, we took each other to stand and enjoy the still-unfinished goods stall in a bewildered mood.

"Damned!!!"

Seeing the black shadow, I thought it was a ghost. Even more so, when the owner of that shadow stood up and rushed forward, the little bit of his remaining mind immediately disappeared into smoke. But when I thought a ghost moved closer, I realized that this was not a ghost, but P'Faifah.

Evil father. Who told you to appear like this?

"It's me. Are you that startled?"

"What are you here for?" It's late, and it's not exam time, who would be here?

Okay, so my friends and I are here too.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to finish it in time to build that booth." The other party replied in a calm voice as if it was a normal thing for their people to do.

"I know you want to finish it quickly, but there's no need to try so hard."

"Artists' mood is rising. Wherever you are, you guys are here, help me get some scissors." At the end of the tall relative's sentence, Ben stood trembling uncontrollably and rushed over to grab the scissors and bring them as requested. And after that we couldn't go anywhere anymore because P'Faifah sat cutting paper in the dim light with no intention of going home.

We, the younger siblings, were both scared and worried, but no one dared to ask for anything more than helping us pick up tools that could help. Not long after that, my best friend pulled me closer and whispered in my ear with questions.

"What is up?"

"P'Faifah looks strange."

"Think so."

According to the conversation with P'Newton, during this time the members of the Thanawanyotha family should spend time together, right? But I don't know why he showed up at the department, and worked like he was half-dead, like there was no need to leave anything for tomorrow.

"Looking at his appearance, he's probably going to be there for a long time. Do you want to stay with him?" Janjob always understands.

From the initial intention of just stopping by to see the booth before returning to the dormitory, now I see that I may have to stay for a while longer. But my friends probably wouldn't be able to endure staying another hour. If so, I'm probably the only one who's so worried about P'Faifah that I don't dare go far. Still want him to update his life in front of him rather than talking on the phone like last time.

It's true that the elephant asked for Hai Ba Trung.

"Probably... stay with him for a bit until he returns."

"In that case, Ben and I will go home first. When you're done, call to pick us up again." I nodded in agreement with that thought. "Or if he doesn't go back to the dorm tonight and goes to sleep in his room, text me too."

"Why am I going to sleep in his room?"

"Who knows, it's up to you to decide." After talking to me, Jay turned to the tall man who was engrossed in making the stall's sign. "P'Faifah, Ben and I are very sleepy, so can we please go home first?"

"Scat."

"But Wine will still stay."

"Really?..."

"I'll leave him with you. See you tomorrow."

"EH!"

After clapping, my two beloved friends ran away with the wind. We were the only ones left sitting on the ground looking at each other.

"Poor thing, they abandoned you." He said teasingly so it didn't hurt at all.

"They didn't abandon me, I just wanted to stay with you."

"So touching."

"So why did you come here alone? Have no thoughts of returning to your room?"

"At first I didn't want to go home, I was afraid it would distract me. But now that you're with me, I want to go home now."

"Is it that much of a hassle?"

"The misunderstanding is a bit far. I want to go home because I will take you home with me." Even scratching my head, I didn't understand much of his purpose, in fact I didn't understand it since I saw him sitting in a dark place in the faculty hall alone.

"You need to go back to your dorm."

"Can't you go back to the dorm? Can you come stay with me tonight?"

"You won't be soft-hearted with this sweet coaxing, will you?"

His mouth was talking while his hand was holding scissors, cutting the paper into small pieces until it no longer had any shape.

"Here, I'm about to die of loneliness. If I go back to my room, I have to talk to myself, turn on sad music, and then all I can do is talk about why there's no one around, why life is so unlucky."

"Enough, playing too loud."

"If you play big, will you stick it out to the end?"

I pondered for a moment. If you don't go back to the dorm tonight, in addition to sending messages to my roommate telling him many things, I also have to prepare to receive a strong attack from teasing the next day. But if I don't go with P'Faifah, I'm afraid he will have to face loneliness again.

So between being teased and leaving someone alone, I almost got the final answer without wasting any time to think.

"Okay, let's go. But please go home and get your clothes from the dorm first."

"No need, wear my clothes. Everything is in my room. The only thing left is to move in together permanently."

"Always compose your own performances."

We helped each other clean up the things scattered on the floor and put them in the basket. As for the piles of paper and signs here and there, they were gathered and stacked on top of each other in an orderly manner. Once you've checked the neatness, head to the parking lot where only Japanese cars are parked.

After rolling off, the quiet atmosphere once again had the sound of the songs playing in the car. The only difference is that today he plays sad music instead of music with a cheerful and humorous melody like before.

"Open this song too?"

Still remember, one of Dept's series of songs is called Let's Cry.

"It just keeps spinning."

The person next to me answered with a smiling face. It's an extremely sad and tired smile that I haven't seen in a long time. Or is it because he's

always tried to hide it?

"I really like the MV." Open a conversation with him. Before receiving warmth from the palm of his hand, he gently patted my head.

"The character who has to force a smile even when he wants to cry to see his mother?"

"Yes, it's painful."

"There's a slogan, Boy don't cry. So no matter how painful it is, try your best."

"Where's that right? People are trying to say that even boys can cry."

"..."

"I really like this part, it says to let go of all the tears you have, to let the sadness escape, holding back will be very uncomfortable."

"Like it too."

"Like the same again."

"It's compatible." At that moment, his sharp face turned to look at me calmly. "Is it not possible?"

Playing with the whole person looking like that, the heart is almost no longer with the body anymore. I didn't think that symptoms of confusion would naturally arise, so I didn't answer his question but quickly changed the conversation.

"H... I went to Sweet Song today too. In the evening, I went to the 15th November bar."

"Then why didn't you say anything?"

"At first I thought I would meet you."

"My mother came home and was quite confused. Yotha was also confused."

"Understood. So are you happy? How long have you not seen your mother?"

"Normally she only comes back every year, so I don't remember much." Seeing the look on his face, he didn't want to believe it. To him, saying he didn't remember was probably a lie.

I probably don't understand much about the P'Faifah family's relationship. The life he was born with was with both my parents and children. Perhaps it is impossible to measure his happiness or suffering when in just one time, the once perfect family one day had to separate each person one way.

"I'll be home quickly tomorrow morning, in case you want to spend time with your family."

"There's no need. There's no family activity tomorrow, you can stay with me."

Tonight seems longer than usual.

"We're forcing each other."

But I also wanted it to be longer than that when he insisted.

"This is not an order, but a request. Just tonight... just tomorrow... can we be together?"

As long as he needs me, I will be there.

"Always."

Wait a minute. The last time I came to the room, it wasn't in this much of a mess. Do you raise dogs? Does the baby scratch everything? But when I turned around and looked around, I couldn't see it. I think that puppy is probably a tall relative standing next to me scratching.

"Tearing something so full."

"Mouse nibble." Your house mouse must be so big that it can turn the entire room into a landfill.

"I help clean up."

"No need, sit down and play, let me handle it myself." He pushed my back and walked over the pile of broken things on the floor to sit on the sofa, watching the owner of the room run from here to there to clean up. Even though he didn't look neat or tidy, his natural actions made me look at him for a long time.

"Where will I sleep tonight?"

"That bedroom."

"P'Yotha once said you don't like letting anyone sleep in your bed."

"Did he say that? No... it's not true." The tall relative shook his head and refused in a voice so strong that he didn't know what he was saying.

"I think so too. If that's the case then I definitely won't have the chance to roll on your bed."

"Such."

End of question. Because I didn't want to stay idle, I volunteered to help him clean up the books and miscellaneous items in the sofa area and in front of the TV to kill time. Until his eyes fell on the photo album placed nearby, so he spontaneously picked it up and opened it with curiosity.

"A picture of you as a child? I'm sorry, but my eyes accidentally saw it." I showed it to my tall relative, before the other person slowly turned around to find me and sat next to me.

"It's okay." Thick hands flip through the photo album, taking photos one by one. "This is me, and this is Yotha. Who is more handsome?"

"What?"

Whether they are young or old, both of their faces are so similar that they cannot be distinguished. But it's no different from the eldest brother of the family, as both face and shape are similar.

"This picture must be about 9 years old, and Newton looks at him, making funny faces." In the photo, P'Newton stands with his head up, smiling like a mischievous person, with one hand in his pocket. The teasing look like P'Faifah said is not wrong.

"And this person is your mother?" I pointed to a woman in the center of the photo.

"That's right."

"Mom is very beautiful."

"She's still beautiful now, but a little cruel."

"What do you say?"

"That's a joke."

The sad face was only seen for a second and then disappeared, suddenly changing to a smile and playful eyes. Even though it's only a short period of time, the brain cannot erase that image.

Silence covered the whole area. We didn't say anything to each other other than sit there, sitting silently, focusing on the happy family photo that had now become the past. When everyone was fully photographed together, it was stopped on that day, the day when he was just a 9 year old child, the owner of the purest smile I have ever known.

Knock Knock knock

The clock hands turned a little past 9 o'clock, when I heard a knock on the door. I was only a temporary resident so I didn't dare open it myself, so I

decided to go and stand at the bathroom door to ask the other person's opinion first.

"P'Faifah."

"What's wrong, boy?" Last night he was moody like a puppy, but now he's happy and loving life.

"Someone is knocking on the door."

I don't dare look past God's eyes*, because I have deep memories from watching brutal horror movies when the murderer appears with a smiley face at the door. Just thinking about it gives me goosebumps.

* The magic eye is a hole in the door to look out

"Open it. Normally, the person who comes to my room must already have a key card."

"Okay."

I turned around to the door, before turning the doorknob to face the person outside. In my eyes I saw a woman with shoulder-length black hair, dressed in street style clothes, holding a Rollin Freitag bag and blue and white Stan Smith shoes of the popular youth style. Just by looking at it, I can tell that she is following the trend of today's hipster youth.

Her face looked friendly, because from the moment I opened the door, the other person immediately sent a sweet smile. It looked like we had met somewhere before. And that smile is also very similar to someone I know.

Yes, mom! As P'Faifah's mother, it's definitely not wrong.

"H... hello." As quickly as I thought, I quickly raised my hand and bowed* while stammering a greeting to the person in front of me.

* Thai greeting action

"Hello. Are you Faifah?"

"Er... well, I'm P'Faifah's junior."

My image right now is extremely sloppy. My head is a mess, my face looks like I'm still sleepy even though I've showered and brushed my teeth. Thinking about it hurts my heart. Anyone can bring a machine to turn back time, let it dry, then come back and open the door to welcome mom again. It's over, it will probably be a memorable memory for my mother for a long time.

"This is his junior. Is he busy?"

She moved inside, trying to look for her son. As soon as she didn't see him, she quickly took off her shoes and stepped in to place the food bags at the kitchen table area.

Boys do everything naturally, mothers don't have to speak, walk, or even know how to handle things.

"Taking a bath."

"Have you eaten yet? Mom bought breakfast for him. I didn't think there were any friends coming, let me call and order more." She raised her face to look at me, speaking so politely that the listener almost melted to the floor.

"It's okay, I'm shy."

"Afraid of what?"

"It's really okay."

"How stubborn. But let me ask you something." She left the kitchen, came back, grabbed my hand and led me to sit on the sofa together. Having said that, I couldn't adjust my mood in time, so I could only bewilderedly follow the other person. "Did Faifah get into trouble when he was in college? Did he cause trouble that caused other people's headaches?"

"No, P'Faifah is very nice, he has many friends and everyone loves him."

If I tell the truth more, her child will have a million more energy. Besides studying, he also likes to participate in activities in this world. Many of his friends can remember all their names because of their good memory. The important thing is to be generous enough to invite many lives to layer like canned fish in the car.

So much so that just thinking about it makes you sweat. Please don't tell mom about that.

"He's been like that since he was little."

"Really?"

"That's right. In elementary school, he always got first place in writing about his friends' stories, because every time he talked about his friends, everyone, even the teacher, had to add points for his efforts."

Um...

"What have you been doing since morning, my lady?"

P'Faifah's voice took me out of a world full of unexpected humor. He appeared with his body still wet with a towel, looking untidy at all.

"Mom's call is late at 9 o'clock." The mother turned her eyes to look at her son and opened a humorous joke. "Then why don't you dress properly?"

"I just took a shower, how can I say that properly? Mom, look, I have a 6-pack."

"Where? I can't see it."

"You have to use your psychic ability to see."

"So tired."

They are so similar, from their sayings to their personalities. Looks like someone who views the world openly, not causing people around him to feel stuffy or uncomfortable.

"Mom, this is Wine, a junior with the same code as Yotha but I'm closer to him." You're so good at making announcements. When she realized she had forgotten me, P'Faifah immediately introduced me to her mother officially. And when older people see that, they open their eyes wide and quickly speak softly and sweetly.

"We talked for so long without even knowing their names, I'm sorry, little Wine."

"It's ok."

Once again, I lost my smile and lost my voice.

"We don't have anything to meet today, do we?"

After letting each other talk for a bit, the youngest twin sons finally found an opportunity to interject and ask.

"Mom, is there anything else I need to do when I come to see you? Come here, let's eat together first. I purposely bought it for you." She quickly stood up and walked to the dining table area before taking the dishes from the kitchen counter and displaying them. "Both of you, share it. There's not enough for mom to make more food for you."

"Why are you so cute?"

"Sure." After finishing getting the rice, she walked to the refrigerator, took a look, then complained evenly. "Faifah, why is there nothing in the refrigerator? Have you been drinking filtered water all your life?"

"It's okay to eat outside, Mom."

"Take care of yourself too."

"Good at complaining."

The tall relative went back into the room, leaving me alone with his mother once again. It's good that P'Faifah's mother is not like everyone else. Even though he had mentioned my mother's thoughtfulness, deep inside he didn't

want her to feel upset when I did nothing but sit and eat a golden bowl. So quickly get up from the sofa and help unpack food.

The breakfast set that his mother mentioned in my mind at first must have been American-style food. But that was wrong, his mother bought a full Thai breakfast set of all kinds. Even though she didn't even know I was in the room with him, she still brought a lot to P'Faifah.

"Mom."

Not long after disappearing to change clothes, the happy gentleman also came out.

"What's wrong?"

"If you have anything, just tell me directly, don't act like it's a waste of time."

"What's going on? I don't know."

"Normally, you don't bring food since morning. Let's just say it, I don't know what the purpose is." His mouth spoke but his thick hand still picked up the porridge wrapper to help me open it and pour it into the bowl. So here we also quickly processed the toppings with soy milk.

"Okay, then let's talk."

When his mother said that, I didn't wait but quickly opened my mouth in confusion.

"L... let me go..."

"No need, it's probably nothing important." P'Faifah braked so hard that my head wanted to hit the two bowls of porridge placed on the small dining table. "You should sit down and eat first, the porridge is so fragrant."

Even when he should be serious, he still finds opportunities to have fun enough to fight. I didn't want to get in the way, so I followed him to sit at the table and ate silently. In truth, I wasn't focusing on eating, because my

ears were more focused on the mother and child who were back sitting on the sofa.

"Mom, do you want to eat something first?"

"It's OK."

"So let's get straight to it."

It was oppressively silent for a while then she finally opened her mouth to speak in a gentle voice.

"Mom will be back the day after tomorrow."

"Why so suddenly? At first, you said you'd stay for a week. Did Yotha know? Did he know?" P'Faifah shot out questions, looking quite surprised.

"He knows, mom just stopped by to look for both of you."

"Is there an urgent matter?"

"I have to go home and take care of my business for a bit."

"It's so urgent that you can't wait, Mom?" The tall body leaned back, eyes focused on the person next to it as if some mood was rising, but I couldn't read what kind of emotion it was.

"It's not really urgent, but it would be better to resolve it quickly."

"So will you come back again? Next month too?"

"Not sure yet."

"Let's go back next month, okay... okay, good lady." The big boy changed from leaning back to placing his head on his mother's shoulder. Looking from here, it looks like a big puppy pampering its owner.

"Really whiny."

"Let me pay for the ticket."

"Got money?"

"A lot, just Newton's money is enough to buy a ticket for my mother to fly back to Bangkok-LA a hundred times. Next time, bring me home with me too."

"Definitely have to go home."

"Let's set a date."

"Faifah, wait, you must be impatient."

He pulled away, sighing as the smile on his handsome face gradually relaxed.

"Aren't there a lot of days off over there? You can fly back whenever you want if you want to come back."

"Just because you don't have work doesn't mean you're free. Mom, please stamp it first."

"That said."

"If you say it, you won't take it back."

"Okay. Tell me quickly when you get back, call me right away."

"Yes."

Mother and son talked a little more. As for me, as an outsider, I'm not sure how to express myself when I have to receive or hear private matters in their family. At first it seemed like they were both happy spending time together, but now they're suffering because that time was so short.

Not long after, his mother left. I said goodbye with thanks for the delicious breakfast, then watched as P'Faifah rushed to hug his mother with a bright voice like he liked to do with everyone.

"Bye bye."

At the end of the sentence, the door to the room closed, leaving only silence surrounding.

We looked into each other's eyes silently. At that moment, I wanted to walk up and hug him, hug him tightly, but in reality I couldn't move with my legs other than standing still like an idiot. Watch his broad back turn away from afar until he falls onto the sofa.

"Mom's home and she's lonely." The words and laughter sounded heartbreaking, pain like never before from him. "Of course, if you want to go home, go home. If you want to go, go, don't think about how other people will feel."

"P'Faifah."

"Mom always likes to do what she wants. When she had an argument with dad, she broke up on her own. When she had to divorce, she arbitrarily chose me even when I didn't want to be chosen. Ignoring Yotha to the point of becoming a knot in his heart for 10 years. He willingly wanted to get married again without thinking about other people's hearts."

"..."

"When you are satisfied with having a new family, you can only come back to see your family once a year. You can't stay a little longer."

I walked towards him little by little. But along the way, he gradually suffered when he heard the other person's inner feelings.

"Just thinking that she doesn't love Dad anymore, thinking that she loves Dad and brothers less and less, all the reasons she gave to resist are all shattered into nothing. It's okay to fool yourself, Mom. Happiness is good, those who stay must also be happy."

People who only protect others, encourage them, and stay by their side. He is a source of positive energy for everyone, but when he is sad, he keeps it

to himself, deceiving himself that he is a hundred or a thousand times stronger to the point of exhaustion.

"Love is a beautiful thing, my mother always said that. Have you seen it? Love happens so easily, love will make us better, I'm full of friends."

"..."

"Mom said we'd never be miserable if we had it, so look now, hahaha."

The awkward laugh was like a sharp knife stuck completely straight in the middle of his chest. Then it just spiraled deeper as soon as I heard the next sentence.

"But why does it still hurt?"

"P'Faifah..." I called his name for the second time. The truth was probably an uncountable number of times as I screamed inside.

Finally, my efforts of walking back and forth to get to him were successful. I stopped in front of him, placing my trembling hands gently on his strong shoulders.

"If you don't want to laugh, or don't want to be happy anymore, don't force it."

He raised his face to look at me, the occasional laughter and fake smile on his face disappeared, leaving only coldness.

"I've never been able to accept it, never..."

Before tears slowly fell, and someone's heart could no longer bear to continue with the image in front of them. In not many seconds, my body was so fast that I almost didn't have time to think. I quickly bent down and pulled him into a hug with both arms.

Hug him tightly, as tight as you can manage.

Stay with him as long as he needs.

Sharing that pain, even if it doesn't subside, will still be felt together.

"If you're here, you can cry as much as you want, grumble as much as you want to do. I won't tease you at all."

At the end of my sentence, his hearing immediately heard a sobbing sound until it gradually increased as if he was letting go of all the uncomfortable suffocating emotions today.

Even if I have to force a smile with someone tomorrow, if ever I'm in pain, it's me...

The person he dared to cry out loud with.

14.2

Chapter 14: Summary of the happy gentleman's life - 2

[4155]

Extremely tired from studying today. The kids in the department gradually raced to the activity area to continue preparing the sales booth. Actually, I wanted to call to find P'Faifah to ask where he was, because I remembered that his mother had to return late today, so I was worried that I wouldn't be able to prepare in time to see him off.

But before I could act on my thoughts, my eyes caught sight of the tall figure who was enthusiastically coloring and making signs at our small booth.

"Aren't you going anywhere?" I didn't wait long and walked up to him with the accompanying question without fear of being aggressive.

"No, I'll stay and make signs."

He still kept his head down, not thinking about raising his face to look at each other even for a moment.

"I met P'Yotha in the afternoon. I saw him say he had to go to the airport after school."

"Ah, but I don't want to go." I slowly bent my knees and sat down until our faces were level.

Because I don't want him to be sad and then sit and grumble later that if he decided to choose the other option that day, it would have been better. It will give rise to the endless question, between staying to work at a booth or going to see your mother off at the airport, which is less painful.

"I don't know when I will see my mother again. It could be a month or a year from now. Then I'll be immersed in that feeling again."

"So what?"

"Don't force myself to suffer anymore."

The hand holding the brush stopped, and at the same time, a tired sigh was heard.

"So can you come with me?"

"Yes."

I answered yes in a firm voice. P'Faifah brushed off all the excuses that were brought up and quickly headed straight to the airport. It looked like the flight would take off at 9 o'clock, but we had to arrive first. Then why have to go through endless traffic jams?

Surely if it's a movie, the director and screenwriter will tease the main character who might not be able to make it in time.

When entering the passenger area, P'Faifah called out for his brother. I don't know who it was, but it didn't take long for the line to be answered. He only said 2 or 3 sentences before pulling my hand and walking slowly to the check-in area. There I saw everyone I knew clearly including his mother, P'Newton, P'Yotha and P'Gun. And now P'Faifah was walking to the end but didn't forget to drag me along.

"Can't I go?"

His legs stopped and he opened his mouth to speak directly to his tall relative.

"Why?"

"Because it's your family's business. For me, I want you to be with your mother, tell her how you feel, be yourself in a way that doesn't have to be

forced." At least today, before we won't see each other for a long time. "And I'll wait here, I won't go anywhere."

"If I come back you have to stay here."

"Yes."

"Don't disappear. If I cry, you have to give me your shoulder to lean on." I laughed loudly and nodded to confirm the news.

P'Faifah smiled before turning around and walking away. I can only pray that he gets stronger quickly.

I don't know who said what to each other, and moreover, I don't want to pay attention like you do to many things. You should turn your gaze to the surrounding air instead.

It was also a long time until everyone dispersed. I saw P'Faifah hug his mother, then both were hugged by P'Yotha, P'Gun, and P'Newton rushed in at the end. It was a very happy goodbye mixed with a lot of sadness.

P'Yotha, P'Gun and P'Newton separated and went in one direction, and he returned to look for me slowly, not in a hurry, just slowly walking but his eyes did not move anywhere even once.

Handsome face adorned with a smile. Not a fake smile like a few days ago, but a real smile from the heart.

"Not crying? Disappointed."

"It's worth fighting." Well, I shouldn't have a dog's mouth, when the other person pushes my head I want to shake it. "I talked to my mother and felt much more comfortable."

"That's good."

"Don't ask what was said at all?"

"Are not."

"Hey, people want to tell. I tried to move on."

"That fast?"

While asking, our feet also started walking along the road.

"I just realized it when I was crying on the sofa with you."

At first I thought he wouldn't feel anything anymore considering he refused to go to the airport at first. The biggest fear is that he will be so angry with his mother that he won't want to forgive. Those feelings have no way to disappear but have been buried deep within his emotions for so long.

One day P'Faifah will live happily. But there will also be times when he secretly cries alone. Just keep repeating that... I don't like it at all.

"Everything said that day, viewed from another perspective, is like throwing all the blame on the mother alone. When problems arise, the father only knows how to work and not care about the family. When he had to choose who to take care of, because he couldn't come to an agreement, he had to separate Yotha and me. Then it wasn't wrong for me to start over with someone more suitable."

I listened to him silently with a feeling of peace of mind gradually appearing.

"It's not that Mom doesn't love the three of us, she wants to come find us often, but I'm greedy and want everyone to go back to living together fully even if it's not possible. Then you know today did I tell mom anything?"

"To be?"

"If it's not good, don't curse."

"Hmm."

"I once told my mother about finding the meaning of the word love. Whether it's from Gun or other friends, I really don't know what love is. Every day it changes like I told you, you were on the rooftop."

It seemed like he took me back to that day. Love with P'Faifah is that saying, 'I feel so happy when people reject others to be with me'.

"But today I told my mother that I know what love is."

"..."

"It's not about giving good feelings to people and hoping to receive them back, it's about giving those good feelings with sincerity without expecting anything in return."

I once thought that the meaning of the word love on a rainy night on the rooftop was so special and sweet that perhaps there was no other meaning that could compare. But this time I had to give in to him again.

Being a P'Faifah who is not selfish, being a P'Faifah who is mature, being a P'Faifah who includes the feelings of others but at the same time does not neglect his own feelings. Such lack of hope prevents him from suffering any more.

"As long as that person is happy, that's enough."

"That's right, as long as that person is happy that's enough."

I answered the person next to me, then continued walking with an extremely warm feeling floating in my heart.

What he feels for his mother, what he feels for his family is the same as me at this moment.

As long as the boy named Faifah is happy, I don't need anything else.

"Come on in! Dear friends, please come to our Friends booth. Buy a shirt and bag now and you will receive a free high-quality drawing from your own workmanship, limited quantity."

People didn't buy it because of your gift. I don't know if it's inviting or chasing away guests.

Engineer Market only takes place for 2 days, but it's only the first day and it's already bustling from the morning. Other faculties still have normal teaching jobs, and only the Engineering people don't study anything at all. Everyone wants to sell things, wants to compete, and wants to show off their coolness to the world about all the amazing ideas that have gone into these things.

We strive to study at the Faculty of Engineering to bring our knowledge and abilities to full use. Other faculties had to see the complex mechanism, countless physics formulas, overcome the cruelty of calculus while having to cry a river, to open a huge store today. Extremely unique goods are only available at our booth.

Friends shirt and gear-shaped canvas bag.

Um... Is this me putting all the knowledge I have to use?

"Fai, I'll buy one." Distracted thoughts are shattered when a new customer walks in. This person must be one of P'Faifah's countless friends, because since opening his stall, the relationships that the cheerful gentleman has long woven have also yielded results.

In addition to selling extremely well, the line is still long until the front of the dyed fabric shop of IE industry seniors.

"Which color do you want? Our store has pink, white, and black which are extremely popular." The sales guy had an extremely sweet mouth, so much so that my two friends and I could barely help ourselves to bring the shirts out of the box in time.

"Black, size L, but don't take bad gifts."

"Why don't you do that to people? What's wrong with their pictures?"

"Everywhere."

"Hey listen."

"Quickly sell your shirts so they're all gone quickly. It's troublesome!" I burst out laughing, but quickly turned serious when P'Faifah turned to look.

Our shop's shirts reduce the use of plastic bags as much as possible, so we wrap them in brown paper, tie them with natural banana strings, and then add the shop's signature stamp to decorate them beautifully so that no one will see them. I also have to scream wow non-stop.

The customer in front passes, the next person in line behind is also ready.

"P'Faifah, I want a bag."

"Okay N'Ming. Do you care about the shirt too?"

"You bought one for me just now."

"Extremely adorable." Mom, you're crazy promiscuous and talk nonsense. "This is a bonus gift."

"Thank you very much. Good luck with your buying and selling."

It looks like that wish will come true according to what the mouth said. I don't know if I'm doing business or not, I value the power of friendship more. Realizing again, the shirts we made were sold out quickly, also a result of the strength of support from all friends across P'Faifah's departments.

It ended so quickly that me, Jay, and Ben stood with our mouths open.

He said calling customers wasn't enough, his hands were as quick as a flash to grab the money. It must be called doing everything for the booth.

"It's sold out."

We helped each other take down the sign as if closing the shop before the complaints of some customers were so loud that P'Faifah had to stand up and explain the situation.

"Ho!!! What are those pants, Fai? Don't sell them if you have this much."

"Is this how much you call 200?"

"Open your eyes and see your friends." Oh really! See!

"Can you apologize?"

"Are there any more for sale?"

"Bring another 200 tomorrow."

"Not enough for friends around the world."

"Never mind, it must be a bit difficult for limited items. Back off, still close the shop." Having finished speaking, he waved his hand and chased them away, then took out a cloth and covered it all over the front of the shop, ending today's activities from before noon. I heard that the event starts at 9:00 a.m. until 11:00 p.m., right? Then what should I do now?

It was still a good thing that P'Faifah had to go help a friend at the academic booth, so Jay and Ben and I had time to wander around and play around. Enjoy eating and playing games at the same time. In the evening, we go home and take a shower to refresh ourselves so we can come back to watch the performance and wait for the department's band to perform at 7 o'clock later.

While looking for my lost friend, I met P'Faifah in front of a shrimp wonton noodle shop.

"Aw bro."

"N'Wine, I've been looking for so long, come here."

"No making phone calls."

"No, I'd rather leave it as fate."

"Vomited a little."

"And where is your friend going?" He looked around, but I didn't know where they were at this time of the event. I still don't read messages after sending them, and when I call he doesn't pick up the phone, probably the surrounding noise is too loud to hear.

"Probably the area nearby, we got lost."

"That's bad. So why don't you come with me? Here... ever since I went to help my friend at the Electrical Department, I haven't gone to see anything at the event since then." Crying so long, who would dare to refuse?

"Let's go. Have you eaten anything yet?" Started to worry about his stomach, later he liked to eat at irregular times.

"Not yet, planning to eat at Yotha's stall."

I know, if I were a normal person I would probably go straight to my destination quickly. But P'Faifah is a leisurely group, passing by this stall, stopping by, going to that stall to say hello, little by little.

"It's so funnnnnnnnnnn." You look happy with everything. He can't even curse, this is his nature, so he can only look up. "Ouch, heart-shaped balloon."

What is there to be excited about? Have you never seen a heart-shaped balloon since birth? Did you know that the world also has cartoon-shaped balloons, balloons that people bend to look like animals?

"There's also a flower stall." He held my hand and walked towards the small flower stall built from a few white wooden planks. Both inside and outside the shop are placed flowers that have been neatly arranged in bouquets, even in pots, all lined up in rows. "How to sell?"

"What kind of flowers do you care about, Mr. Faifah." The kind saleswoman is a 2nd year senior, the president of some industry that I can't remember.

"All kinds. How much is this whole stall?"

"You bought it?" She asked with surprised eyes.

"It's okay, that's all I asked."

"With a mouth like this, you probably don't want to die." The listener made a challenging face as if he was not afraid of anything. Suddenly he turned to me.

"What flowers does N'Wine like?"

"Ask me why?"

"Buy for."

"I don't want to."

"You're such an unromantic person." When he saw that I wasn't doing anything to play along, he turned to talk to his friend again. "Are there any flowers with good meanings?"

"I don't know, I just sell it like that."

"How can you be so good as a salesman?"

"I study Engineering."

"Then why come to sell cotton?"

"You can still sell shirts, that's great."

Let them both argue and fight until satisfied. The tall relative took out his cell phone from his pocket, took the time to type something, then clicked on a flower whose name I didn't know.

"Get this small pot."

"Gerbera?"

"That's right."

Closing the sale quickly. And finally I took on the position of the person holding the small white flower pot plus the half position of the owner. Because people can buy it according to their own will. If they don't accept it, they will cry and the children will die.

After passing the flower shop, we finally reached our destination.

"Fuck, how did you get to the booth? I don't want to go in at all." Even in front of the store, he was still playing loudly. But surely, no one can stand greeting with such a teasing sentence.

"It's my leg."

"Kong and Gun still haven't rested yet? That's so sympathetic."

"Yotha, go slap your brother's mouth, he keep provoking my mood." P'Gun turned away and told him with a cold face, but today he changed into wearing a very cute yellow apron to play the role of the boss who bakes meatballs for sale.

"Ah aw, I came as a customer." P'Faifah was still not gentle and continued to argue, so P'Gun took responsibility for immediate retaliation.

"So what do you want to eat? The food at our stall is all delicious."

"Get 10 skewers of powdered sausage."

"The heart has no courage at all."

"Then you know." Then his sharp face turned to me. "What does N'Wine want to eat?"

"You don't get that treat."

"No treats."

"2 skewers of pork patties."

"How's it going? Is my brother generous?"

"As far as I know, I have the same code as Yotha."

"Many things."

To fight a few more times, you can move to an empty table.

Along with the spacious area prepared for food, beverage and snack stalls, there should be a large yard to place tables and chairs in large numbers to support students.

P'Faifah ran to buy water, and when he returned not long after, the patties and sausages were also served in close proximity to each other. We sat down to eat, take pictures and talk about everything before our eyes moved to the small tree placed on the table. With wonder and curiosity to know what it means, try searching.

Until I get the answer. Gerbera flower means...

You are the sunshine in my life.

I blinked, didn't want to believe it so I closed the first website and then found the next one. But the answer remains the same, which is the meaning that makes me so happy that I can't adjust my expression.

"What's wrong, N'Wine." When asked, I quickly pretended to change my mood.

"No sir."

"Doing?"

"Talking to you." And just thought of it. "Let me come back later."

Without waiting for the other person to respond, I quickly ran out of the food area and headed straight to the flower shop of my 2nd year seniors. My eyes searched for a flower from all the species in the shop but I didn't know what it was. What do you want to buy? And the person in front of you doesn't have enough knowledge to introduce you either.

I came here and stood here just because I wanted to repay him with the feelings I had.

After thinking about it, I picked up my old phone to look for information like before. I finally decided to choose it not long after.

After I finished paying, I walked back to the table and gave the small pot with flowers to my senior. He made a confused face for a moment before slowly smiling and accepting it with joy.

"When I teased him, N'Wine wasn't romantic, I'll take it back." He said humorously. "But what flower is this?"

The little white flower is small, and is often added to other bouquets to the point that it seems like it's just there for decoration...

"It's called flower cutter."

"What does this gift of flowers mean?"

It means that even if you don't look at me, it's okay, but I still only have you.

"I don't know, I'll just take it."

Hate yourself for being too shy to admit the truth. Hate when you just hold on because you're afraid of facing disappointment.

"It's cute to be married."

"P'Faifah, thank you for everything." He nodded, still chewing the sausage in his mouth. "Let's ask this."

"Say."

"It's so good to me because we're still acting like lovers, right?"

What answer am I hoping for in my heart? No... because I really wanted to do it for you or that's right... When you asked and I was happy to do it, it

turned out as seen.

"YES."

"What do you mean by yes?"

"This is because we are lovers."

But after getting the answer, my heart felt pain again.

Whether I'm willing to treat each other well or not, I can't deny that the relationship we have is not real.

It should be brothers, P'Faifah and N'Wine, it should just be a 2nd year senior with a first year brother but I'm in too deep. But perhaps it's not so late that it can't go back to the way it was.

I still clearly remember the saying from the other day, love for him is giving good things with sincerity without hoping for anything in return. I feel like that contradicts the present.

The truth is, deep down I always hope to receive love in return. That makes me happier and more miserable at the same time every time he treats me well, because that hope doesn't really happen.

"I have something to say. Actually, I decided to just be brothers with P'Tor."

"When?"

"Some time, sorry I didn't tell you."

"I don't see anything."

We should have stopped a long time ago, but we've been hanging on until now because of my selfishness and wanting to continue deceiving myself, even knowing that the dreamer must wake up one day. .

"I've stopped hoping to date P'Tor."

It might be a little painful at first.

"So can we just this much?"

Oh no, extreme suffering.

It hurts so much that I want to cry but I have to hold on.

"Stop acting like we're lovers."

One thing I realized after mustering up all the courage I had to say to the other person was that there was a sentence that popped into my head, which is: I love him, no matter how it begins or ends, it doesn't matter.

"Wine, if you say so"

"..."

"It's okay, it's up to you."

He had no objections.

So it ends here.

Just two brotherly words as before.

- End of Chapter 14 -

15.1

Chapter 15: Want to know but don't want to ask

[4638]

My life when I don't play the role of P'Faifah's lover is completely empty. To the point where it's only been a day and I still feel like this, I don't want to think about what it would be like if it were more days.

Last night I tried to close my eyes and sleep because I didn't want to remember him. But in the end it failed miserably. Besides not being able to forget, the first thing I did after waking up was to go out and take care of the pot of gerbera flowers I received from him.

"Boring... so boring. What are you doing on the balcony?"

"Are you talking about me?"

I turned my back to look at the person inside and asked in a stupid voice even though I already knew who it was talking about.

"Probably ghost talk in Pay's room."

"You... I'm like..." Quickly put the water bottle on the ground and shuffled into the room. The feeling of my eyelids burning so much that I want to cry, let it out to let it know it's good. But all actions were blocked by the roommate first.

"No need to talk. Get inspired!"

"No nouuuuuuuuuu, I have no spirit anymore."

"Are you going to sell things? All of your friends are starting to go to the booth. You're not going to be stuck with watering the plants in this scary situation."

"I'm lazy, I don't want to go. My heart is sad."

"There's no need for a percentage of the sale price."

"If you refuse, pour it all out."

"P'Faifah doesn't want to meet either?"

"Don't talk about it, okay? I don't want to hear this name." I won't accept any temptation, and this person won't even meet me. It hurts my heart even though I'm the one who's really asking to stop this fake relationship.

"What the hell are you doing?" Janjob squinted his eyes. But how should I say it, that I did something unintelligent.

"Uuuuuuuu."

Many people want to choose the world of truth, even when they are not that strong and are still weak and sensitive. Wanting him to treat us well, wanting him to see us as lovers, still hoping to receive a special response in return. That beautiful world that I have thought of before, please throw it all away, I can't do it.

"Even if you don't want to hear his name, you have to meet him. Hurry up and leave!" I shouldn't have said it so early. How do we look at each other then? You still have to sell things in the same booth.

Even if we die and come back to life, we cannot deny the truth of this world, that we study in the same department, are seniors and juniors. And within these 3 years, before he graduated, we had to meet each other so many more times that we couldn't count.

I was dragged to the department in a state of despair, but I still had to try to evoke bright and radiant emotions, putting a smile on my face as if this moment was extremely happy to welcome the arriving customers.

Our booth opens at 9am along with many other booths. But by the time I showered, brushed my teeth, and dragged my exhausted body to my destination, it was nearly an hour late. There's P'Faifah and Ben at the store,

the important thing is that we still have to wear the Friends shirts to sell as before.

Ben is black, Jay is white. Then why do he and I have to wear pink together?

"Don't be reluctant to watch it, make it a little more professional."

"I will try."

Ok. 1... 2... 3 Come on!

Even though we were no longer pretending to be lovers, we still greeted each other like before, just without being fussy or arguing like children as usual. Everyone helps each other sell things like yesterday.

"Here's the Friend shirt. If you wear it, you can only be friends."

Wait! Damn Faifah, I don't know what words to curse anymore. Yesterday I didn't say anything, but today I'm looking for words to promote, my chest hurts. Besides being like kicking out customers who love someone more than you, it's also like kicking me out of the store.

"Can you only be friends?"

A male customer appeared and asked, looking like he was in a bad mood. This time I probably won't be able to sell shirts like yesterday.

"That's right Prasitpopchaichan."

"My last name can be a joke, Fai."

"Finally bought it?"

"At first I wanted to buy one, now I want another one! Get both white and black."

Aw, different from expectations...

Buying a lottery ticket that has never won, asking for anything too much is not possible. Mr. Faifah's friends also have people like him, with inner thoughts, hipsters, so sometimes their thoughts or decisions are not like other normal people.

"Fai, take the pink one, size M." Then a sister who owned a flower shop yesterday came to line up to support us.

"This is a shirt to be friends, not friends but lovers."

"Yeah, I know."

"Then get it now, don't miss it." Hearing that, I immediately gave the package of clothes to his thick hand. He received it and continued processing it fluently, along with dozens of questions from his friends around him.

"When will the pastel color collection be released?"

"To have an event next year, we will produce all colors."

"What if the department doesn't organize it next year?"

"Then it's okay for the next life."

Extremely slap-worthy.

"Fai, I'll buy you some cake."

"For what? I'm afraid."

"If you buy it, then receive it. This is what my friend sent me." The first bag is donuts, the second bag is grilled meat that looks extremely delicious.

"Whooooooo?"

"That group over there, there are a lot of people. They saw that you were full of energy since opening the shop, so they were impressed."

"So touching. Come on, come and hug me."

But no matter how often his mouth turns to heels or his risky behavior causes chaos in the crowd, he always receives responses and worries from his friends.

Look, everyone is buying water and buttermilk cakes to almost fill the entire stall. Even so, it's still not enough to satisfy so many mouths and stomachs, because in addition to what friends have sent it to, I still often go here and there to pick up this and that food without stopping. Realizing again, the mountain of food from the first time was gone. Only a few cookies were left in his stomach.

"Please allow me to go buy some drinks and cakes to serve the salesman first. I wonder what I want to eat?" Besides what I observed, Jay was also one of them.

"Can I have the powdered sausage from the Yotha stall?" P'Faifah opened his eyes wide and quickly turned to speak.

"Okay. How are you, Wine?"

"If you have something, take it."

"A bag of offerings? The dead person looks even more like a dead person." Yes, I am like a dead person and the second corpse following behind is a close friend who has known each other for many years like the owner of this question!

"Wherever you go, go."

"Refresh your spirit, my friend, please." He hugged my face, then kissed my forehead before running away. Mom, how did you know that if you were slower than this, you would get beaten up a lot?

Instead of having 3 people looking after the booth as expected, Ben, the bastard, sent a devious smile and asked to go help Janjob buy things to take care of his stomach and mouth. Hearing that, I didn't know what to

interrupt, so I nodded and let him follow his heart. So now only me and my tall senior are left standing and selling together.

"N'Wine, bring out some more shirts, they're almost out of stock in front of the store." Without giving me time to get distracted, he immediately asked for help.

"Yes."

Step back with both feet, count the remaining goods until they are sure, then carry the cardboard box containing the remaining shirts to prepare for placing in front of the store during happy hour, because the items will probably run out before long. very.

"There are less than 40 shirts left and we're done. As for the bag, there are the last 5 left." I told the person next to me and then arranged the shirts by color and size.

"So cool, so good, boy."

"I do, I'm extremely good. I still sell it alone, to the point that I'm ashamed." Even when accepting money, he still does it all.

"You and your friends helped me a lot. From choosing the shirt, designing, setting up the booth, there's nothing else to be afraid of."

He has never blamed others, and still looks at the world with optimism even now. To the point where sometimes I can't even think what it would be like if he met someone better than me.

"What's the point of looking at your face?" It's not okay to be silent and think for a moment, you have to talk all the time.

"Look to compliment you in your heart."

"Oh, it's better to say it out loud, I want to hear it, what are you complimenting?" He brought his face closer, so I held my breath for a moment. Until you know what to do, it's time to decide to take a few steps back to let yourself breathe comfortably.

"N... compliment me well."

"I can't refuse, because I'm telling the truth directly."

"If you know that, it's better not to say it. I'm tired of hearing you praise yourself."

"So it must be tiring to listen any longer, because I will tell you every day how good I am. Here, no one can compare. Do you feel sorry for not going on a date?" To be honest, I'm sad every minute. If I'm not in trouble, I'm just a lover playing around. There's no way I can break up with you. I'll just die.

"It's a pity, but we can't hide from the truth."

Be silent, death air appears. At the same time as that situation, a customer came to remove the stuffiness between us. Everyone focuses on selling things. But because there were so few shirts and bags left, the items ran out in less than 10 minutes as planned.

"Can I ask you something?" While taking a long rest after finishing his business, P'Faifah turned to talk to me again.

"It's like you have questions every day." Even though my mouth said that, my heart was beating strangely. "Say it."

"Why don't you talk to P'Tor?"

"Because I just realized I don't like him that way."

"Yes... okay... and now you have someone you like so you want to stop playing the game of being my lover?" He looked shy, changed into a completely different person than before, to the point where he didn't even know where to put his hands.

Or does he actually... want so many things that he can't control his mood? So let's try to probe and inquire first.

"Do you want the truth or a lie?"

"It has to be true. Look at my face, I'm serious about so many things."

I haven't said it yet, I really want a lot of things.

"Yes."

Maybe I can only say this much, so he won't be uncomfortable with feelings he never wanted. Even though the owner once said that I was the only one who was the exception to everything, the words of a drunk person cannot be thought of together.

"Since when? When? Who are you talking to behind my back?" P'Faifah blurted out the question, but I could barely take it in time so I decided to ignore it.

"Don't say anything."

"N'Wine."

"..."

"You like me?"

Who would have thought that these were the words that came out of his mouth. I stared at that quiet handsome face and saw the seriousness appearing on it.

Once again I stopped myself at the crossroads of choice. One is to tell the truth, but you have to accept it if you have to lose him forever. Or second, continue to lie and then be like brothers like this for a long time. Which is better?

"Wine, you still haven't answered the question. Is that me?"

I swallowed a mouthful of saliva, my heart was still beating like a war drum, my limbs, my body, my brain, or even the heat spreading throughout my body, were saying very clearly that if I were to delay any longer than this. I will definitely be shocked to death.

"No, I don't like you."

Having said that, not long after thinking about it, two close friends appeared.

"It's here, there's a lot of water and sausages, it's a lot."

The focus of the gaze changes from the tall relative to the person who has just arrived. To not look panicked, I had to find something to talk about.

"You two are always late, the shirts and bags are sold out, and the store is closed."

"Hey, what?"

"Anyway, since it's over, it's better to come here and take a commemorative photo, let my friend take it for me."

P'Faifah, after being silent for a while, also found an opportunity to interject. We acted as if what had happened just now, we only cared about what was in front of us, which was taking pictures.

Four people moved to stand in front of the shop, in the middle were me and the cheerful gentleman, next to them were Janjob and BenG.

"Everyone, please stand close together for a bit." The cute sister volunteered to help be the photographer. We did as requested by moving into each other but it wasn't much different from the beginning. "Smile widely."

"Take a nice photo, Nook, don't look pretty."

"How can you not be beautiful with this level of craftsmanship, Fai?"

There was a moment when I wanted to use the courage to look up at him when I was not many centimeters close. I want to know what expression he's making but I don't have enough courage like before.

"Smile... 1 2 3 Strawberries ~"

"Strawberry."

Cup!

Maybe that's all I can do, look at the camera and say cute things to my seniors in front of our souvenir shop.

It's good that this time only 'Friends' shirts are sold. If I had insisted on selling more 'Just Brothers' shirts, I would have been the first to cry at the end of the most miserable Engineer Market event of the year.

[Faifah]

I'm a little sad that the department's annual event has ended. Even though my relationship with someone remains the same, I am also aware that little by little it begins to change.

Wine has a secret from me, he won't even tell me who he likes. When I forced to ask questions to get answers, he looks miserable, looks like he wants to talk too much about his personal matters. But staying still like that is not like the way of someone who knows the world's affairs better than his own affairs. So I had to use the smooth method of secretly spying.

First task: Ask from a close friend.

"What's wrong? Your face is serious and you're frowning."

It's 3 p.m., the class schedule is empty, so there's time to sit and play on the iPad at a familiar cat cafe. At this time, Phuri was not on shift yet, so he sat bored at the table together.

"Don't bother."

Just telling him no doesn't work, you have to raise your eyebrows twice as if I'm cool, I don't want gossipy people to know, because I'm the only one who gossips.

"Yeah."

Aw, why is it so easy this time? Not asking questions like I've been doing for a long time takes all the fun out of it.

"Have N'Wine and his friends been to the shop often lately?"

"Don't bother."

See, you got revenge on me. You should not talk sweetly to your friend until he has a hand in the plan that has been set.

It's said that the plan has a pattern, but the truth is, think about it when you do it. Like this... I think I should ask you directly, if I see him with someone, the scope will be reduced.

Wine didn't like me, but at that moment, it was like he wasn't talking to anyone. If not P'Tor, it could only be friends in the department. But that guy, he has hundreds of them, plus his friends in the industry, he has almost everyone's abilities.

"Bastard, poor Phu, just pretend to be humiliated." While I need to ask for your help, I can't take matters into my own hands like usual, so just say something serious or joking first and you'll hear a muddy voice reply. I caught in the trap!

"What are you guys doing asking me?"

"Do not have."

"Yesterday he wasn't there, today he seems like he was seen."

"So it's normal, kind of normal, when I'm not at the shop, has he ever brought any friends or strangers with him?" When asking, he moves closer to me so that he picks up the pencil case and taps his head.

"You first."

"Wine."

"Yes, the other day it seemed like he was in the same industry."

"Damn. How's that guy? Does his behavior imply anything?" I hurriedly asked again because I couldn't control my mouth or my behavior. Are you in the same industry? I told you!

How much better is it than me?

"What do you mean? Did you take the wrong poisonous medicine today?"

"I'm normal, you can figure it out for yourself."

"Very trustworthy, stink."

As soon as Phuri spoke, I regained my composure and went back to sitting quietly again. But in my head I was thinking about everything, including predicting the possibility of success.

The mind map has appeared.

In the middle, enlarge the font to a large size plus bold Wine's name, dividing the branches into separate branches. The first branch is from the same department, it divides into more branches. Well... I see I have to open my friends list to check how many guys there are in the department. There are definitely two kids, Janjob and BenG.

"Then what are you doing with him?"

Still looking for more information.

"You're not done yet, you bastard." My friend was also miserable, but he also helped as much as possible. "I came to do a report and saw books all over the table."

Relieved, but not very confident.

So I spent the rest of my time checking his social media. Hey, am I too much of a stalker? If he said it, he probably would have said it already, why do you want to know and see private things?

But like... What if Wine refuses to talk? Crazy. How can I do this? To the point where they still haunt each other in their dreams.

Wine has not updated on social networks for a long time, completely different from me. In the past, there were many times more than now, because I kept the concept of posting 14 stories in 5 minutes. Since he doesn't have any updates, he doesn't really know what the ace does, who he talks to, where, when, or how. I suspect he probably did most of the talking in chat.

But I didn't waste all my effort and went to the page to see the tagged pictures. Surely all the photos from all of his friends are not as many as the number of my countless friends. This plate is from the Engineer Market event. Bre!!! Did you stop by the bubble dart booth again?

Then I'll learn how to smile so cutely when I see my mother, I'd better press save.

The academic booth of the 2nd year Electrical industry was also there. Why have I never seen it? Click save first.

Here too, the picture is tagged with Kong, because in the picture there are Puppy and Yotha appearing as well. Everyone looks beautiful. But everyone had to surrender when they saw the smile of P'Faifah's adorable little boy, press save again.

Eh, I already have this picture on my phone, when there was a lot going on on the dark guy's timeline. But that's okay, having 2 pictures is better than none.

"Fai, what are you doing with your pants?"

"Save image."

"Whose picture?"

"Do not say."

"Is the time right?"

"Uh heh." I just thought of it and I've gone too far off topic.

In the end, the mission was ruined!

Besides not knowing who he likes, I also have hundreds of photos to fill up my phone's memory. I hate myself, fuckeeeeeeeeeeee.

Task 2: Watching from afar nervously.

It's so bad that so many things in our lives are limited, making it impossible to follow each other's news 24 hours a day. Life still involves studying, participating in activities, and even dividing time to meet people. There is not much time left in life.

It's still good that today there are many subjects to study in the department, and as far as we know, Wine's class schedule is still the same, so there is even more hope that we will run into each other somewhere. And here it is, damn.

More than just luck, because while standing in the hallway on the 2nd floor waiting to enter the classroom, my eyes caught the person my heart desired standing below the faculty seating area.

He came with his friend, putting down his bag to take a seat. It's nice to have the opportunity to secretly observe from afar without the other person noticing. Today I have to know the truth about who he likes, but it certainly doesn't go beyond the circle of friends in the department as expected.

It can be seen that Wine has not been very close to anyone lately. But when he goes to school or participates in activities, he has many friends. From the looks of it, there were already 8 people sitting crowded together at the long table.

Heck! Damn it. What are you doing? Why are you caressing Wine's cheeks like that? Who are you? What right do you have to caress his cheek like that? Unacceptable! Fai couldn't accept it so much that he stuck his face out from the hallway indignantly.

Then that obedient boy did not resist, but instead sat and giggled happily. But needless to say, I'm so miserable that I can barely stand and want to fly down to show my face.

Or is he dating this kid?

"What are you doing, Fai?" Phuri was standing next to the phone playing, interrupting. I still couldn't take my eyes off the person in the distance, but instead used the method of answering the question sent to me.

"Oh, come on."

Open your mouth and scream. The cow still hadn't disappeared when the buffalo came and intervened. Because next after the first guy, Pay also caused trouble by sitting and hugging Wine's neck as if being close. The way he looks at him looks so gentle.

Bre! Or Pay? Accidentally electrocuted each other while chasing ghosts?

It wasn't born into a divine couple, I don't accept it.

"Hey, are you planning on jumping down?" While struggling with my thoughts in my head, my body accidentally reacted by looking down further than before. I realized it again when my friend was startled and tried to pull me down. I jumped halfway down and came back here.

"Your father." I turned to shout at Phuri. What crazy person would jump down? I'd rather bend instead.

It's the first time ever, if I want to be born a superhero, if not I can do it as The Flash or Quicksilver. Just asking for speed like the blink of an eye, to be able to separate the two from each other is enough.

"Then why the fuck are you leaning over?"

"Child care."

"Which child?"

"Do not say."

"Wine?"

"Not."

"I don't know why I'm keeping him."

"Many things."

"I don't want to talk too much, but my friends are all in class, so let's go quickly."

"Wait."

"Dude, if you get points deducted, you'll eat them all." Having said that, my friend from hell pulled my collar like a superior. The effort of using his hands to hold on to the railing to resist is only effective at first, but soon he starts to get tired. In the end, you have to let go.

I don't see Wine anymore, only the image in my memory lingers in my head for a long time.

If Wine secretly likes Pay, what should I do? I have to go talk to the ghost in the dormitory to help tease him until he moves out. Will this person get his wish? Huuuuuuu, I feel so sorry for myself.

15.2

Chapter 15: Want to know but don't want to ask - 2

[5710]

Task 3: 15th November is family

Tonight, there was a gathering appointment because it had been scheduled from the beginning. It was a very fun gang Bar with the appearance of countless older brothers, and a group of friends who specialized in traveling around the world to do their jobs like Kongkiat and Gunyukol.

"Halo friend." Upon entering the restaurant, I immediately went straight to the sofa that my friends had reserved for me. The question is, did you see it as soon as you entered? I must say that is correct. The bar was empty, so much so that you could still hear the sound of mosquitoes peeing. What's so quiet?

"Who invited you?" Kong opened his mouth to talk, so I made a pitiful face and turned away.

"I'm really sorry, my friends don't know me, my family doesn't want me."

"Good drama sees mom."

If asked about the frequency of coming to November 15th, it must be less than Yotha, who almost lives here more than anywhere else. Moreover, before, he slept on the upper floor of the shop, but when he had a lover, he moved out. When he went there, he opened the room to people he knew to rent it out. I think today the shop still exists because the room rent is more than the money earned from selling drinks.

Tonight we didn't sit at the bar, but moved to sit together on the sofa in the corner of the bar because we almost had high privacy. Everyone sits in such a way that their faces are clearly visible. The first person was his twin

brother, next was Gun, next was Kong, Phuri couldn't come, he was busy taking care of the night shift for Hia. So this is all we have left.

Everyone probably thinks I'm someone with a lot of friends, but when I hang out, I like to hang out with any group. It's not often that I take someone from this group to get to know another group, except when appearing at Bangon Pochana because every group knows me.

"Wine or beer?" Your question draws attention back again.

"Let's have a beer."

"Drink a lot and get a big belly."

"Oh, little Puppy, you're not fat."

"Sure." The day before, I was still complaining about it and it was already a big deal.

Normally, when we get together there's nothing very important, we just want to spend time drinking and chatting with each other to chill and escape the fatigue from studying for a whole week.

"Yotha, haven't you been hosting a party for the code family lately?" After drinking alcohol for a while, I finally found the opportunity to ask about the things I had listed in my heart. Everything done here is a plan, it's all planned.

The desire to know who Wine likes has not disappeared from my heart, no matter what, I must know.

"There's a treat next week." He answered while bringing up the beer to sip. "This time we're treating everyone from P'Jet to P'Arc."

"That's great, my family doesn't care about anything."

"I heard that you showed up to treat us all the time, no need to say anything."

How do you know that?

In other families, you treat your juniors, but in my family, I treat everyone. Every day when he's lonely, he invites his brother to go with him to find good food, to the point that later he has to say to take a break for a while, his weight suddenly increases to the point where he can barely keep up with jogging and exercising.

"So is N'Wine going? Confirmed?" I still didn't lose hope and it enticed me to continue asking.

"Go."

"Did Wine ever tell you any secrets?"

Yotha frowned, squinted his eyes and looked at me quietly. He refused to answer anymore, making me start to sit nervously without touching the chair, other than looking back at it, smiling slightly with an embarrassed expression.

"If it's a secret, why should I tell you?" Dog, if you answer that then don't answer.

"I'm your younger brother."

"Wine didn't say anything."

"Have you ever wondered about someone he secretly like? Like he havs feelings for that person, or considers them an idol."

"He sees me as an idol."

"Dark like you? Only Gun can fall through the cracks."

"Atâ€¦ at..."

My mouth really harms my body. After arguing with my brother for a while, I gained another enemy, his wife.

But because I'm a cunning person, experienced in deception and survival, I just acted like I was drunk when I saw my mother and sat sadly sipping my beer slowly. When I saw that the enemy didn't care anymore, 10 minutes later I created another raid game.

"Yotha, with Wine..."

"What do you want to know about my brother?" I haven't finished speaking yet.

"That's all I want to know, isn't that okay?"

"Your symptoms are strange, Fai, you've never been like this before."

"..."

"Symptoms look like..."

"Do not tell."

"Like..." Without letting the other person utter that word, I quickly said everything in my head in rapid succession.

"Dear brother, I'm still the same person, how can I feel strange? You slander me, what is your heart made of? It's heartbreaking. Ho~ please give me some more cheers." After speaking, without delay, he quickly stood up and walked straight to the counter bar quickly. "New, I'd like another bottle of beer."

"But there are dozens of beers on your table, you buffalo, go home!"

Ho~ I was wrong.

Fourth mission: Spying on his friends.

Seeing Janjob sitting alone with his head up in the distance, I immediately thought of something, so I quickly went to find the other person happily with a plate of rice and a glass of water that was nearly half empty.

"The table is full, can one more person sit?" I made pitiful eyes as I walked to stand in front of the younger guy. Jay turned to look around before stopping his eyes on me again.

"O... okay, but actually, the table is still full."

What should I ask now? How can people justify this? The important thing is that I sat down to eat first, but I can't let him know, I have to act smoothly, squeeze in and sit down on the opposite side of the other person.

"Wine and BenG aren't coming to eat?" I pretended to ask but inside I was praying that he wouldn't show up now, I still haven't had time to get any information, baby.

"They just went to buy coffee at the Social Sciences building. They'll be there in a bit."

"Wow, that's good."

I also guessed that he might like people around him, but over time, his other friends didn't do anything special other than hug his neck, mingle, and have fun partying as usual. But there is one person that I have the opposite view of because many times, we humans often lose awareness and affection for our best friends.

Plus, looking from his timeline, he hardly spends time with anyone except his peers. Moreover, people who go everywhere together are even less likely to come down, if not Jay, then Ben. As for me, it wasn't because I was rejected not long ago.

It hurts. The book of proverbs likes to describe that the pain is so painful that the heart becomes pus-filled. I still can't imagine what it was like now, but I was just as miserable.

"Jay, can I ask something?" He was stunned but still nodded while chewing rice with his mouth full. "Since when did you become friends with Wine?"

"That's level 2."

It's a relationship that can't be broken easily.

"It's not a big deal to ask, it's like you two are so close, you even stick together all the time."

"You and him, we're almost never apart. We went to high school together, went to the same department and the same university. That's not enough, we even sleep in the same room together."

Correct! It had to be it, they were together almost all the time, and there was also the time they spent out of my sight. There are people who say they like someone, but in truth, there is someone already connected to them in their hearts.

Wine probably said he liked P'Tor to avoid the fact that he liked Jay, I said it like it was true. To avoid being distracted any further, I had to ask for more information to negate that hypothesis.

"N'Jay, what about you? Don't you think you have a lover?"

"I still haven't met the right person yet."

"So what about taste? How is it?"

"An older person."

Much to his relief, Wine is the same age. Hearing that, I almost couldn't smile when I closed my mouth, but I still had to maintain my state. But while I was about to open my mouth to ask again, N'Jay interrupted first.

"But if there is no one older than you, just being someone who understands each other is enough."

Damn it! We've returned to the old distance again, what should we do? Scream, I can't do anything, I scream.

"Some people think they don't like having people close to them as lovers, what do you think?" Begin to give direction and ask questions smoothly.

"I don't mind, the closer the better."

Namo Amitabha Buddha. Faifah's chest was about to burst to death, I felt impatient like a fire burning into a pile.

"You're sweating, are you hot?" Suspecting that I was asked too many questions, he retaliated against me.

"Yes, it's extremely hot, the basil is also spicy."

"But you're eating mixed stir-fried vegetables."

"Stir-fried vegetables also have chili, don't argue!"

Just saying that there is no table to sit at is already extremely hard-faced, don't make me pity myself any more than this.

I don't understand, just because you want to know who your younger brother likes, you have to work so hard, or even plan to do so many things to this extent? But I can't stop here. Once you have reached this step, you must follow through until the end.

"Jay, I have one more question, no 2. Er... 3 questions."

"Just ask, you keep opening up and making me want to know." He put down his spoon, took two sips of water, then listened attentively.

"First question, have you ever liked your friend?"

"Ever."

Heart broken in half.

"They're close friends, very close friends, they've always known their mother, they've been friends since middle school, they stick together all the time." Is it too specific? But it seems like there's no time, let it go, just follow along.

"Never."

Phew ~ Totally relieved.

"Second question, do you like girls or boys?"

"Girls."

Yeah!!!!! Let's shoot fireworks to celebrate. So it's impossible that Jay likes Wine, but it's also possible that Wine secretly likes Jay. Therefore, this is what I want to know the most.

"Third question, do you know who Wine likes?"

"I know."

"Who?!"

"I won't tell you. If you want to know, go ask it yourself."

"You really..."

"Aw, Wine came at the right time..."

Without being allowed to finish my sentence, I quickly took my plate of rice and glass of water, stood up from the table, and ran without thinking about life.

Task 5: Try to fight for your own participation.

If you can't ask anyone, you have to become a spy yourself.

The ancients said that's it, be self-reliant, just use friendliness and knowing people everywhere to your advantage. I checked my face and hair with the car mirror, and once it was neat, I headed straight to the famous meat restaurant near the university fence.

"Eh, P'Faifah."

"Ugh! What a coincidence." Let me tell you all about lies, P'Fai here wholeheartedly.

I wouldn't have walked boldly into the barbecue restaurant by accident if I hadn't accidentally heard N'Jay talking loudly to his friends about going out to eat meat and drinks after school.

"Are you coming to eat barbecue too?" N'Pay asked in a friendly manner.

"Right."

"Eat alone?"

"What? Can't I eat alone?"

"It's OK."

"Want to come eat together?"

"If you come to eat, you're spending time with your friends, right? I won't bother you." But my actions were the exact opposite, because I chose an empty table next to him, to the point of almost sticking with the group of kids.

The staff finished setting up the kitchen, I also sat and watched, letting the water boil first. It's not because I don't want to leave the table, but I'm looking for an opportunity to go get meat, mushrooms, duck, chicken, vegetables, fruit, this and that with N'Wine. But I never had that moment because everyone volunteered to work instead.

How lucky to be blessed. There's no need to get up, the juniors will bring it all. There are hundreds of types of meat, including meat with Thai chili sauce, soft meat, softer meat, soft meat like mom's soft meat, so soft it's so soft, it melts in your tongue when you eat it. So much so that I couldn't refuse in time. Whatever he gave, he received it all because he wanted to appreciate the kindness and say thank you in a handsome voice.

Realizing it again, well... this is all mine.

You should sit and grill to avoid boredom. Wine was sitting far away at the other end of the horizon, no matter how much I looked up, I could only see a small part of his face. Our human mood gradually deteriorates to the point

where we don't know how much time has passed. One of his friends stood up, then was replaced by a smaller person the next moment.

He sat next to me, he sat next to meeeeeeeee.

"Is it delicious?" Was the first question N'Wine asked. P'Faifah was so happy that he held his chopsticks wrong or right.

"Extremely delicious."

In fact, I only ate 2 pieces, and the kitchen is extremely new. I didn't put anything down, just grilled each piece to prolong the time.

"Your meat is about to burn, eat quickly." The cute little boy shouted a reminder. P'Faifah did not dare to do anything wrong, quickly dipped his chopsticks to pick up the piece of meat that was about to burn. This time, it's time for the legendary gravy champion to fill the grill* to make enough for someone.

* The root word is kratha, which is a pot that is both grilled and hot pot.

"You too." Having finished speaking, flip the meat expertly. From time to time, he picked it up and put it on his plate with care. "I'll bake it for you."

"Thanks."

So cute. Is this crazy cute guy really worth pinching? That's right, the most ridiculous thing ever.

Then what am I? Go ahead and spit your tongue out, pants.

"This is delicious, I tried it."

Damn, I'm dead. He grilled meat for me, and even chose a delicious one. I can't stand it, I can't hold this feeling no matter what.

"Eat a lot."

Then his friend ruined our romantic atmosphere by picking up meat from the stove and putting it on a plate for Wine. When I saw it, I immediately felt strangely uncomfortable. This guy doesn't fit, just now he was sitting on the other side, now Wine moved over and he also followed him curiously. There was enough suspicion that one had to keep an eye on it.

"You should eat too, pick it up for me." He responded by giving the opponent meat that had just been grilled. But my heart hurts so much.

Self-pity. Besides the fact that he's kind to me,he's also kind to other people.

It has to be right, Wine must like this guy. It looked suspicious, something inexplicable, strange. Besides being nice to each other, when he gets up to scoop food, add ice, or whatever, that guy takes care of everything. As far as I can remember, the name seems to be Nao, right?...

Try to dig up the household registration in your mind little by little, and remember what childish things he once did. I'm not sure if it happened when I was tutoring at Sweet Song and it also appeared.

"You bastards, I purposely grilled it for Wine, why do you guys eat it?"

There was a commotion when someone came to touch Wine's grilled meat. It's worth paying attention to.

"Smelly head."

Even worse is sitting and smelling each other's hair. How can this stubborn kid still let people smell him as he pleases?

"Your hair also stinks."

"Where? Who said it smells bad? You smell me, here it is."

I cursed in my heart and picked up the wilted vegetable and put it in my mouth. No result. If you sit and look at a situation like this, you will only see people appearing in their scene. Therefore, I need to step out by once again using the power of being overwhelmed.

"You guys look so close to each other." First question asked.

Wine and N'Nao turned to laugh together. Damn... To the point where the actions are still the same. Do you really like this person? Are you really dating?

"So we see each other every day. Studying together is not enough, we still see each other when we wake up in the dormitory." It's like a married couple setting up a camera to record a video presentation. "But there's P'Faifah, why did you come alone today? Normally you go everywhere with a big group of friends."

"I quit today." The truth is that I left you...

"Like you, is there someone else leaving? At first, when I saw myself alone, I thought it was a secret date with someone behind the scenes."

It deliberately kicked my leg, it must have considered me an opponent.

"Oh, who do you want to date? My heart is still empty."

"Really?! You have a lot of friends, you're not alone."

"There you are, N'Nao, going out to eat with friends like this, doesn't your lover say anything?"

"That person understands."

An answer like this means he has a lover. Howl!

In the end, I was jealous for no reason, and I intentionally scolded him in my heart a lot. Now it's almost impossible to keep up with the apologies pouring out. I hate myself to death when I think or associate all kinds of bullshit. And not to let myself get too distracted anymore, I sat down to grill the meat and continued gradually without making a sound.

We spent more than 2 hours in the shop. After calling the cashier, everyone went their separate ways.

In the parking lot, this was the only chance I had to talk frankly with Wine.

"How about?"

"Your car." If it was before, I probably would have volunteered to take him home myself, but today I don't have the courage. He already has someone he likes, and even deliberately told me to stop acting like a lover, even when I didn't want to stop. Everything is all for the heart.

"Are you full?" He continued asking. But it was a question that felt a little strange because it was after we came out of the barbecue restaurant together.

"Um."

"I mean this meal, I don't see much to eat."

"I'm full, I ate a lot, you just can't see it."

"I asked because I saw it."

"Seeing the whole time?"

"Nowhere."

"Ok ok." Have a look at that. That cute guy, he's making people's hearts swell again without taking responsibility.

"I'm coming home, please come home safely too."

In the moment he was walking behind his best friend's butt, something suddenly came to my mind so I quickly called out to him before she missed it.

"N'Wine, are you free tomorrow? I just wanted to invite you to go jogging together." He stopped to think, and I waited hopefully for an answer. It's a period of time that, even though it doesn't last long, feels like a year.

"If it's after school, I'm free. But did you invite many friends?"

"Only with you."

"Invite Jay and Ben too?"

"Okay, but actually... I want to run with you, just the two of us."

From the bottom of my heart, I just want to be alone with him.

And it looked like Wine also looked at my expression and my eyes almost popped out.

"Two people are two people."

Strange. Looking at it like this, how could I not know that I have feelings for him?

Task 6: Must know, leave it alone.

We humans should know just enough. I tried so hard to know his secret that I forgot that I was gradually encroaching on more privacy. If Wine wants to talk, I'll know it myself one day. Or even if I knew the truth today, I wouldn't be able to do anything but congratulate and help wholeheartedly.

Like back then, when he said he secretly liked a senior named Tor, even though the feelings I had for him at that time were not the same as now, I didn't care.

"The atmosphere is so good, there aren't many people anymore."

"If you run this far, there must be a lot of people."

He doesn't care about me at all.

I quickly rode my motorbike to pick him up in front of the dormitory to take him to the large water reservoir, where college kids often came to jog, but it wasn't as crowded as the middle ground. That place was like a mini marathon event, jostling each other and knocking each other's shoulders until we fell.

But today is more special than any other day because I want to spend time with him and do whatever I want. Like chatting together, walking and jogging together after not doing anything together for who knows how long, since the Engineer Market event ended.

"I brought my airpod too, can I listen in one ear?" Before he could finish his sentence, I quickly put it in my pocket immediately.

"No way."

"Hold it carefully, huh? I'm human."

"Just bring it just in case. Actually, I didn't use it because I had to concentrate on listening to you."

"That's good."

We walked together slowly between the water, the cool breeze and the sunlight in the sky soon changed color and gradually darkened. I enjoyed this time so much that I remembered when I had to take photos to promote Friends' shirts. That day, both the cameraman and his friends were so tired that they stopped following.

It was just us spending that time together, watching the sun set.

That's strange too. The sun rises and sets the same every day. Sometimes I never pay attention to how beautiful it is. But when I'm with him, time seems to pass more slowly, revealing many small details that were once overlooked.

"How are you?" Scenes from the past return to the present.

When we don't talk to each other, what is he like?

"Lately, everyone's topic in the dorm is still the horror story in Pay's room." Wine said and laughed. Actually, the funniest thing was when I tricked the kids with the umami, wasabi spell.

"In the end, is it real or an illusion?"

"Can't find the answer." His eyes turned around a bit as if thinking. "Jay is also good, move on, try to find love."

"He doesn't suffer from being rejected over and over again, does he? Even though I only had it once, it still hurts to death."

"I guess he's used to it."

"Only talk about other people's things. What about you?"

"It's still the same."

"Is it the same with love?" Lips pressed tightly together, looking both awkward and uncomfortable at the same time. "It's okay, let's not talk about this anymore."

"It's not like there's hope for me to like that person."

But every time I don't want to know, I always get the answer.

"Then just cut it off."

"You think so?"

"Yes. If there is no more hope, then give up." I'm selfish, very selfish in not wanting him to belong to someone else.

To Wine, who came to sit at my table in the diner that day, it was like he was an extremely funny kid. I saw him as a brother, and gradually began to bond more with him without even realizing it.

We do many things together, go on rooftop dates, go to music festivals, get drunk together. Everything I ever did with my other friends, I did with him. But it's not the same.

"I will try."

What do you mean? Will you break up with that person? If this selfishness makes him look back at me, that's fine.

"Hey, why are you listening?"

"Because you said so."

He just said that before accelerating from walking to running. No more conversation happened for an hour.

There are only thoughts in my head running around endlessly. Maybe it would be good if I had a little more courage. Never mind everyone, it doesn't matter who Wine likes, I still want to tell him some feelings. Emotions that rarely happen to anyone.

"I'm so tired, where are you going so fast, N'Wine? I can't keep up."

Once again I increased my speed to follow the person in front so that I could hit the shoulder.

Previously Wine ran faster than this. It's still good that he slowed down, maybe because he had to wait for me or was tired from running so hard for so long. Whatever the reason is, I don't care.

"Sorry."

His tired voice made my remaining strength slowly decrease. We ran parallel to each other, to the place where drinking water used to be.

"Some water?"

I asked him as I stopped and stood far away. He nodded, mumbling in a trembling voice.

"I tried, because you told me to try..."

"What?"

"To be decisive if there is no hope. But I probably can't do it, at least right now."

I didn't think my selfish words would make him suffer. I really thought too little. If having love doesn't result in happiness, then why am I hindering it?

"That's all I said, don't believe me. Sorry."

It hurts like hell. It really hurts to see his tired face.

No matter who he likes, I just need to accept it.

For so long I have asked the question, why should I want to know his story? Why do you feel bad knowing that he likes someone else? Why not be happy when he's close to someone even if it's his legitimate right?

Until I realized, it's because I also like him.

Dad once told Yotha that every day they spend time searching for the meaning of the word love. And then one day that meaning changes when we grow up. So when it comes to love, it's extremely complicated. Why do we have to find its meaning?

Better ask yourself. If this life lacks that person, can I live? This is important.

And I'm also absolutely certain that no, life without him is absolutely terrible.

Just having him as a brother, as a friend, as a part of life without having to occupy it would be so good.

Once I thought that, I immediately gathered all my courage to tell the other person no matter how lost I felt.

"If you're tired of holding on, just tell that person."

"..."

"Try it once and see how it goes."

"Can I talk? Can I talk to that person?" Wine asked as if about to cry, both pitiful and adorable at the same time.

"No matter what the end result is, I'll always be here."

Waiting for a hug, waiting for comfort, companionship, everything until you feel comfortable inside.

"P'Faifah, when I said I didn't like you, I lied that day."

"..."

"I think I like you now."

His confession made me freeze, my legs were almost unsteady, as if I was about to fall right now. In my head, I'm trying to analyze the results to see if what I heard is true or just my brain's imagination.

Silence enveloped the area between us for a long time. And I don't know how to answer him when his happiness is rising like this.

"Are you... not going to say anything at all?"

It was at that moment, when he opened his mouth to ask, his eyes opened wide and trembled.

"What do you want to say?"

"It's okay to curse, or it's okay to chase away. Anything is okay as long as it's not about being silent."

I moved my steps closer little by little until I stopped standing in front of the younger person. The distance in our relationship seems close but is always far away. Today I feel it... The truth is, there has never been a distance since a long time ago.

"Thanks for liking me."

"That's all? You're not rejecting me at all?"

I nodded while opening my mouth to repeat it again firmly.

"Thank you very much."

On the day he decided to confess that he was gay, he sat down and just looked down at the ground. This time it was me, as my legs slowly gave out after the effort of keeping my balance wore off and I was muttering like a crazy person.

"I am really relieved."

I'm definitely crazy happy.

"Always thinking, guessing thousands of times about who you like. Feeling dissatisfied when you are with this person or that person."

"..."

"But when I know that the person you like is me, it feels so damn good, I don't want to curse anymore." The moment I looked up at him, I saw the transparent tear that his owner was trying to hold fall slowly.

The sun is about to set.

The surrounding ground turned to orange light.

His being right here... is the most beautiful thing of the day.

- End of Chapter 15 -

16.1

Chapter 16: Moments of a lover

[4340]

The alarm clock is not as annoying as usual.

Normally, whenever it rings, I like to raise my hand to turn it off. Worse still, I throw it on the ground in anger and then go back to sleep. But today is different, I don't want to go back to sleep, I want to wake up and see the freshness of this world, i~

A question popped into my head...

Why is the new morning covered in so much pastel pink? Every direction you look at is sweet. Then what is this? Pillow. Why do you look more round and lovely today than usual? Huh! This pillow is so cute, I'll hug it until it's bruised tonight.

I leaned forward and sat up on the bed, stretching a bit before getting down to get a towel to dry myself and prepare to take a shower.

Bang!

Extremely painful. Ah... I hit my head on that door. It's okay baby, is it very painful?

The pitiful thoughts will go away in just a moment, it's better to go back to doing my own work. Start from watering the flower pot cutter received from N'Wine, then move my body to stand and brush my teeth with mint-flavored toothpaste. It's the same smell as before, but today it feels more refreshing than ever. Or is it because the end of the tube has a triple blend of mint?

Certainly, my question has no answer, only the expression in my head. After brushing my teeth, take a warm bath with moderate temperature and comfortably hum the song I like to listen to these days.

Today's clothes must also be chosen carefully and meticulously. It's a bit bad that today we went to the workshop, so outerwear was required by default. But inside here, we have to rely on many years of experience in the fashion industry to mix and match. In addition to shirt color, I also have to choose pants. These beautiful jeans are so complicated. Which style should I wear? Dark or light color? Do I want the ripped style? Too many to choose from.

Jeans with ripped knees look handsome, but if I take risks, I will definitely be scolded by the lecturer. So it's better to be safe, she'll be able to see that I'm someone who knows the times.

Bags are also considered a difficult task. After looking around the cabinet, I also came across Newton's old but cool black A-Cold-Wall Utility bag. He left it behind and refused to take it back, so this case is sweet to me. When I tried to pick it up and bring it up, oh my god it's so handsome but I can't put anything on other than my wallet and pen. As for the school materials, put them in a mangosteen-shaped cloth bag instead.

Looking from head to toe, it's absolutely perfect, with only a slight mismatch where the cloth bag is crumpled from use. Surely it's okay? Just in case Wine sees me and looks at me like I'm a mix and match veteran, no matter how good or bad, I'll become a leader in the fashion industry without realizing it.

Thinking so, I closed the door and happily walked out of the room. I have a feeling that today must be a great day.

Oh, I forgot something, I forgot to wear shoes...

Scream. From my handsome walk, I now had to awkwardly return to my room, pick up the shoes that young people were wearing, and then head straight to university.

I'm also thinking about what having love changes about us. Love makes us want to take better care of ourselves? Or does love make the whole world bright?

"So refreshing."

"What kind of pants are so hot and uncomfortable? It's so hot that my liver is about to burst."

People are in a good mood but like to have ghosts interrupt them all the time.

Entering the faculty building a bit, Yotha and his group of friends greeted me with their first teasing words. Early in the morning, we usually gather together to eat, update public news, and even finish unfinished homework before going to school. It's always like that, even if we each study in a different department, it doesn't matter. .

"Are you crazy? This is Thailand, where does it get so hot?" I walked over, before jostling people to sit down in the empty space without waiting for them to invite me.

"Are you not feeling well?" Kongkiat likes to doubt me all the time. Is there anything wrong?

"I'm ok."

"Who brought the bag? Never seen it before."

"Newton's, cool?" Not just saying it, but giving it proudly.

"Cool, but who would take it to school? Where's the math book? Where's the report that was about to be submitted? Where's the iPad?"

"Here you bastards, find fault with me." I quickly brought out the mangosteen-shaped cloth bag and placed it on the table. When I looked satisfied, I secretly smiled with pity and quickly changed the topic of conversation.

"Have you eaten yet? Will you sit down and eat together?"

"Okay. Eh... which restaurant should I eat at? Every restaurant is delicious, this one is fine. Which one should I choose? I can't decide."

When there is love, the perspective of everything changes completely. The first is to look at the world with optimism, to the point that any restaurant that you have never eaten at normally feels like you want to try it because you are confident that it must be delicious.

"Go for the old restaurant's porridge, you like it."

"Damn, Yotha, I love you so much."

"Nerve."

In the past, I would feel hurt when my brother opened his eyes and saw the world not many minutes ago and scolded me in a painful way, but these days I always say that it has nothing to do with me because the power of love always helps heal things. wound.

"I'll go buy food first."

"Go wherever you're going."

I walked and danced to the familiar porridge shop. He always remembers me because every time I come I order the special portion. Until today, before I could even open my mouth to speak, he quickly understood and ordered me.

When you come home and sit at the table, please take the time to absorb the image before you with gentleness.

"Today is so great, even the eggs added to the porridge are heart-shaped. Besides, the juice order is also a dish for couples, iiiiiiiiiii."

"You're overdoing it. Is there anything you want to say to us?" Gun's question made me immediately turn around and stare.

"No, I'm normal, everything's ok."

"Whoever believes this is crazy. Your expression is familiar, like someone in love."

"Crazy, what are you talking about?"

I was so embarrassed that I couldn't stand it and hit the other person's hand harshly.

"What did I say?"

"You're teasing me."

"Isn't this kind of symptom a sign of love intoxication?"

"I don't know what's wrong with being in love, I'm normal as usual."

"Let it go, it's annoying."

I smiled at my friends before bowing my head and continuing to eat the porridge with heart-shaped eggs.

My friends say I'm drunk, crazy? I'm not that into love, but I see the beauty of having love.

I don't know what's wrong with me, but it feels so good, my body feels light and as if it's ready to float away at any moment. Or is it because the past time has carried too many emotions to the point of being heavy? Once you have released those emotions, your soul feels more peaceful than ever.

"You, what did you say just now?" Phuri leaned closer, so I helped clarify.

"Wine."

"Huh?"

"He's so cute I can't stand it, I want to meet him so much."

"What's wrong with you!"

Cursing to the left ear and through the right ear. It's like the teacher is trying to concentrate on teaching, and I really need to apologize for asking for permission to pay him less attention than usual for one period because someone else's mind is running around in circles.

The downloaded lecture file on the iPad now has no content related to learning written in it, because instead the screen only has someone's name.

"If you want to end class quickly, how many more minutes will it take?"

"I've only been studying for 5 minutes but you asked when class is over. Calm down first."

People who are not immersed in love cannot understand. I want time to pass a little faster than this without him, but when we are together, I want time to slow down to almost a standstill. It's a contradiction seen in my mother, but it happened to me.

Half an hour passed like hell.

"Can you find the answer to this question? Why, after I did it, the answer is not the same as yours?" Phuri leaned closer and asked again, so I bent down to look at the iPad screen where the squiggly words appeared. In it I wrote...

"Love."

"What?" He asked again.

"My answer is love."

"Um..."

My friend didn't bother me anymore until class was over. Do you think Faifah will be sad and cry when he's busy missing someone all the time?

"When I met you, I knew how valuable you were. And regardless of any other meaning."

"Are you singing?"

I don't answer you except to put on my shoes and prepare for the next class, but still don't forget to continue singing with my heart.

"This is what they call love. Love, is the love that makes this world bright and beautiful, right? It's the rainbow in the deep blue sky that becomes beauty in the morning of a new day. Is this love ?"

"It's not love you bastard, it's my leg."

Extremely tired, to the point that I have a lover but Phuri is still the one who doesn't give into love at all more than I thought.

Love makes me no longer myself.

I was already happy but now I feel like I have to multiply it by 10 or 100. I don't know where I got my superhero powers from, but I don't feel tired doing anything, especially when meeting and greeting friends.

"How are you, Pun?"

Everyone who passed by me said hello.

"Hello Ning."

"Hello."

"Savitri looks in a better mood today than usual."

"Faifah looks in an even better mood than me."

"Can you see it too?"

Be shy. To the point where you try to keep it but you still see it. Even their friends invite each other to pout or roll their eyes and say, 'What do you use

to think about preserving your image?'. Then I ignored everything, I didn't care and continued to say hello.

"Hello Latte."

My dog â€‹â€‹was not spared either, calling the black and white short-haired baby's name in a cheerful voice, but he looked at me as if asking 'What's wrong with your?'. But I will also tell the dog directly, that... he is a person who has love.

Until I walked up to peek-a-boo with someone with a familiar face, like we had grown up together since we were kids. Au! This is my twin brother. Normally he doesn't go to the Electricity building very often.

"Yotha, what are you doing in the Palace building area?" The person in front of me sighed, looking at me from head to toe with unreadable eyes. I don't know if I'm praising the extremely cool fashion or indulging in the extremely cute mangosteen-shaped fabric bag. "What are you looking at?"

"You're not normal today. For the most part, this is the Civilian Building. You are, so what are you doing here?"

"Is that so? Probably going a bit overboard."

To the point of forgetting direction. I quickly turned around and went back the same way without thinking about talking to it. And at that moment, my eyes met the adorable boy, the love that my heart screamed for since I woke up. He is walking on the bridge between the building and me. When I saw that, I didn't delay and prepared to run to find the other person immediately.

"N'Wine ~"

"Faifah, come here." Oiiiiiii, I really hate Phuri, because while I was about to run away to nowhere, my best friend's hand pulled me back first.

"Hey, what's going on? I just met my love boy."

"He's still in school."

"That's a sin, preventing people from loving each other." Phuri didn't listen but still tried to drag me back to the old path. Ok. Even though I wanted to resist, I felt that we really had to sit down and open our hearts to each other.

I still haven't talked about the relationship or the situation that happened yesterday. Sure enough, everything happened in an instant like that, and I was enjoying that time to the point of bringing it into my dreams, so I still didn't want to tell anyone. But when it becomes a serious problem, it's better to talk about it and get it over with.

At least besides my friends not stopping me, I might be lucky enough to receive help.

"Wake up, what just happened? When did you fall in love with him?" Phuri dragged me to sit at the marble table under the Electricity building as before, so I went into serious mode, sat down and focused on the person opposite.

"Phuri, since you're my best friend, I wanted to tell you first."

"You're close to everyone, Fai. Say it, don't be so slow."

"You really can't help my handsome self at all, it's so tiring."

"I'm more tired of your actions, speak faster."

"N'Wine likes me."

Why did he not look nervous after saying it? Or didn't he hear it just now, need to repeat it again? I was about to open my mouth to repeat what I said before, but it was faster as I quickly interjected right away.

"I heard, it's enough to see that he likes you."

"Hiiiiiiiii, really? How come I didn't know that?"

"You'd have to be stupid not to see it."

"Bear." Accept that you are a buffalo and a cow so you can scold me. If I had known earlier, Wine and I would have moved in to sleep in the same room together. All, instead, will be howled about 2 months earlier than this.

"And what about you? How do you feel about him?"

"I like N'Wine too. Hollllllllll, I can't stand being embarrassed, my face is hot." I have to raise my hand to pat my cheek in the most adorable gesture, so that my friend doesn't know that I am so in love.

"Are your actions really offensive to demons? Seeing them makes me want to kick them."

"Let's have some sympathy for each other, people just have a lover after not knowing anyone since elementary school."

"Your father! Your actions have become a visual pollution for your friends, do you realize that?"

"Sorry, people are in their thoughts."

"Have you asked for a date yet?"

"No, but I'm kind of... like... nervous to see him, my heart kept beating out of rhythm, I was about to die when I heard him confessing his love. Yesterday when I got back to my room, I jumped up and stepped on my pillow. How many times, where do I get the energy to ask out on a date again?"

"I can visualize every scene."

If I were to describe it in detail, it would probably be long enough to make a clip of nearly half an hour. After expressing all our feelings for each other at the reservoir, we stood awkwardly and let the mosquitoes bite us for another hour. After that, we took each other out to dinner, sat and teased the plate of rice, but no one ate even a single bite because we were shy with each other.

After finishing at the restaurant, I took him back to the dormitory, and I quickly returned to my room and jumped into bed, hugging my pillow

alone. I was so happy that I tossed my waist around for 3 hours straight. Then as seen...

"Phuri, what was it like when you first started dating your lover? Were you excited?" My friend has a lover, she is a girl from the Humanities department, has a beautiful smile, is kind, and has great manners.

"Also excited." He answered with a dead face, an expression contrary to what he said he saw her mother.

"Be honest, did you sleep when we met?"

"Sleep well."

"Damn it, how did you do that?"

"Faifah, listen to me. My lover and I were together before we were lovers anymore, so it's not strange that I'm not as serious as you, you bastard."

Boring, talking to people who are not romantic is like that. Phuri's life is not step by step. Actually, it's impossible to say because each person has a different order in their love life. I probably started from liking, asking for a date, then moving in together. But for him, he just met and still hasn't fallen in love, just trying to have sex first. Once we have been together, we can move on to a continuing relationship.

"I understand." I stood up, preparing to walk away. "Then I'll go first, go find my love."

"Wait."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Forgot?"

"What? Let's have a surprise this time."

"You have to go to school, you bastard. Is that enough of a surprise yet?"

Hoi, that's so bad, I forgot I came to school to learn, not because I wanted to meet someone, even if that's the truth, I don't care.

Love makes us look at this world with optimism.

Today's class schedule is until 3pm. As soon as the instructor finished class, we split up and followed our own plans. I could be wandering around, watching indie movies, going to exhibitions, finding something delicious to eat, getting a part-time job or even... going out on a date with someone I like.

La la ~ La la ~

I remembered that this was N'Wine's free period, so I secretly went to look for him at the Computer department building. While walking straight, I don't forget to pick up my phone and connect with the owner, just in case the other person is preparing to accidentally get embarrassed like yesterday.

But when I called, he didn't pick up. Huhu.

I suspect that if he doesn't study late, he'll still be with his friends. So P'Faifah was probably a little sad, like a rose thorn pricking his finger, but also tried to endure it as much as possible.

If so, go wait downstairs in the building first. If you're shy when meeting each other, don't say anything about it.

...!!

All my hopes and dreams were gone in the blink of an eye as I was walking when I noticed a coldness in the area in front of my stomach before itching took its place. If it were a horror movie, I'd probably be shot, but in real life, someone would shoot me, so I quickly looked down before I got extremely surprised.

Sloppy.

"Sorry, P'Faifah. Hoiiiiiiiiii, my shirt is dirty." It seemed like he had just regained consciousness to me, quickly speaking in a stuttering manner. "Brother, I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

A junior and I accidentally bumped into each other, causing the glass of water he was holding to fall on me without meaning to. Water flows from the front of the abdomen to the groin. Looks like apple soda, right? The smell is extremely familiar.

"It's OK."

"I was really in a hurry just now."

He looks more pitiful than me. Why do you look so sad? Meanwhile, I feel very chill because having love makes me look at the world optimistically. Even if it rains, thunders, or is scolded by teachers or cursed by friends, I will smile and accept every situation.

"It's so crazy, I don't see anything wrong, that's all."

Even though now the water is about to flow and seep into my shoes like peeing in my pants, I don't care.

"Can you clean yourself first? Let me..."

"No need, no need, hurry up and go to school."

"Yes?" What is he making such a confused face?

"Go, I'm in a good mood today, I can't study anymore. La la ~ la la ~" When you don't go, I'll go myself. Continuing to walk straight to the old location, before I was caught by the other person's hand. When preparing to turn around and say it's okay again, my little heart immediately jumped out of my chest when I looked at him.

"P'Faifah." An extremely familiar voice called out. From the first moment my heart jumped out of my chest, now I don't know where it has gone. Maybe it's Wine's place. Eiiiiiiiii.

"How did this happen? Or is this a dream, a dream again?"

I didn't want to believe it so I mumbled to myself over and over again.

"What crazy dream? Can you clean your shirt a bit?"

It's real Wine.

"I'm fine, just chill chill."

"But the shirt will become dirty, I think you should wipe it with a little filtered water."

"What Wine thinks is what I am." If I have never refused this person, I will always go out and let the other person take me to the bathroom.

We both stopped at the sink. Wine took out a handkerchief and dipped it in water until it was wet, then brought it to wipe the dirty area. I still stood looking at him quietly to sneak a look at his focused face, looking at his lips as if they were pressed tightly together. Looking at it to the point of wanting to move my face to kiss him to let him know, but I had to endure it.

"You're wearing a light colored t-shirt underneath so you can see it clearly, I'll try to clean it." He said without looking up at all. That feels even better, as for Faifah, I'll be able to use this time to look at his face with all my eyes.

Normally I don't dare to look, I'm so shy I almost shrink.

"Pay too much attention."

"There you are, don't care about anything." Damn it, he looked up without sending a signal first, my soul was all scattered. "Then why laugh?"

"Am I smiling? Is it gentle? Does it look gentle?"

"It looks more like horror."

"Tho. What about you, why are you blushing?"

"I do not have." Cheeks turn red like cherries but still deny death.

"So cute. Thank you."

"It's just that poor guy, I should help."

"Your pants are dirty too, please help me clean them."

"It doesn't show any marks, you have to deal with it yourself." It's bad karma, I only asked in case it caught fire, but when he refused, I could only make a fake sad face and let him go.

"What a pity, what a pity."

"What are you sorry for?"

Somewhat, encountering Wine's attack. Whether it's the voice or the facial expression, that image stuck in my head won't go away. So embarrassed that I wanted to dip my head in the toilet to wake up.

"Wine."

"Um."

I got it...

"Even though at first I didn't understand why people want to love each other so much. But now that I've encountered it myself, I know it."

"..."

"So I am happy like this."

16.2

Chapter 16: Moments of a lover - 2

[4225]

Love makes us brave.

Being brave and hard-faced is the origin, but when I like someone, my soul becomes strangely weak and sensitive. I don't know how it doesn't look like who I am. It's not that it's not good, it's a great feeling even if it's a little lacking, it's okay.

"What wind brings it to the shop?"

My brother's voice rang out from afar. Tonight I dragged N'Wine to November 15th, intending to announce it to my brothers and let everyone know that we like each other. Although we are not yet dating, we will soon be lovers. We just have to wait for a good day and then create a surprise so touching that we will burst into tears. Thinking about it another 40 years later, we will definitely not forget it.

"That wind of longing." I answered Newton in the most deceitful voice of my life.

A familiar corner that I still come to no matter how many times I come to, that is the counter bar, the usual position of the bartender and the shop's shareholder. P'Nop even makes drinks for customers, while New doesn't do anything but mix it himself and drink it himself.

"I'm vomiting, like you?" Then look at his answer, feeling the fullness of his brother's love for him.

"Trust people, they tell the truth."

"My heart is so tired. N'Wine, have you eaten anything yet? If not, let me make you some food."

"I've eaten."

He acted like he didn't care about me but instead turned to ask his younger brother sitting on the high chair next to him.

Before coming, I told Wine that we were going to do a grand opening with you guys, and he nodded cutely as if you made it public, I would follow. Once we have agreed with each other, the vision is as seen.

"Hey New, I'm also your younger brother. Don't you think we'll ask each other anything?"

"Like you, I won't let myself suffer." He said and then pouted his face. "But it's just the two of us? Aren't our friends coming with us?"

"No invitation." It's a matter between two people. You...

"Isn't his mother feeling sorry for himself?"

"They understand."

"Oh yeah. What do you want to drink? And Wine is a child, so we won't sell alcohol today." What kind of virtue do you have that you can bring out now? I remember when we were so busy that Janjob and BenG were lying flat on each other, so drunk that the dogs were about to drag them home instead.

"It's up to you." I don't want to interrupt, it's up to you brother if you please.

"Strange."

"Hello Fai."

"Oh, I can't believe I get to meet another shareholder." Suddenly, the shrimp chip flew straight and landed on my head.

Isn't it strange that P'Warich came down to the bar today? Normally, he likes to help clean the restaurant and close more sales, due to being attached to his lover. Lying together all day to the point where you guys had to drag him out and beg to work.

But the interface still doesn't look very ready to work. Walking out of the elevator, his face was still sleepy, his hair was messy, and most importantly, he was still wearing his wrinkled t-shirt. So guests sit and look from head to toe.

"Yotha, is he coming too?" Warich didn't care about continuing to chat with me, as he was paying attention to the newcomer, so he helped inform me instead.

"I called there."

"What's so important?"

Ok, enough delegates have arrived, P'Nop arrived not long after the dark boy, plus there were only 2 tables left in the restaurant, I also had a good time to talk about something important. Before speaking, don't forget to turn to ask for trust from N'Wine. The moment he nodded and said ok, my face slowly heated up.

Adorable, adorable, unbearably adorable. Want to grab!

"If you want to say something, say it. Don't hesitate." It's Newton who wants to know, wants so many things that he can't stand it, quickly hits my hand to start right away.

Please allow me to clear my throat a bit before opening my mouth to speak to everyone.

"We are now the witnesses, the karma of this place, the wandering souls, the angels."

"Enough..." P'Nop reached the point of raising his hand to bow. "I beg."

"Okay." A little nervous. But when I turned to look at the love boy sitting next to me for the second time, the confidence that had disappeared immediately returned fully again. "After all, life gets crazy and crazy a lot."

"Are you going to introduce yourself any longer? Let's get down to business."

"I have someone I like. And that person likes me back too."

"Huh?"

"Someone likes the name Wine."

"Huh?"

"And yes, the same Wine is sitting next to me."

"..."

Deadly atmosphere.

It was like the earth stopped spinning, nothing moved, only Wine and I blinked communicating with each other. It only took a few seconds for me to feel scared at the reaction of my friends. But in the situation where I was about to open my mouth to ask for opinions, the silence at first turned into a noisy sound like a volcano erupting.

"He!! Celebrate, this must be a celebration~"

What is that? Please give me time to adjust my perception.

"Congratulations Fai, congratulations Wine." The people behind the counter quickly ran around to the front to where I was. They hugged each other and shook each other, some even pretended to cry, some used beer to dab their tears, acting out dramatic scenes with each other.

Probably overacting like when P'Nop proposed to P'Fai. It's still good that Yotha doesn't play with them. Warich's symptoms got worse, he quickly

took off his shirt and swayed. Customers were shocked when they saw it. Luckily they didn't check the bill quickly.

"I said it, I said it aaaaaaa." The situation returned to silence once again. Before Newton wiggled his fingers in front of all his friends. "You guys pay, 200 each. Dear Yotha, Nop you pay, don't act like you're reluctant."

"What happened?"

Because I was wondering, I couldn't help but ask.

"We've been on the edge of our seats since the actions of the two of you. Mom, it's like you guys like each other, but you're speechless."

Huh?!

"Then you guys bet with each other whether Wine and I like each other, is it true or not?"

"Sai, I bet you two will date each other any month."

"..."

"You can tell whether you like it or not from outer space, you buffalo."

But I don't know...

"Dear little brother Wine, say something." Anyway, after Newton provoked him, the adorable boy lowered his eyes shyly while speaking in a whisper, but it killed the hearts of listeners like me one more time.

"Yeah... please love me."

"Hiss, sure. Whoever my brother loves, I love him too. Come on, come here and give me a hug, quickly." New was still flirting non-stop, spreading his arms and preparing to pounce on his brother. It's good that the body has quick reflexes so you can use your foot to push it away in time.

"Hey New calm down, he is mine."

10 minutes later we celebrated together heavily. Who said children shouldn't drink alcohol, but the thing he carried over there was a whole box. Still have the face to tell Wine that it's expensive, champagne can't stand it, making a mist makes him drunk, like beer this is the final answer.

Fortunately, I had already prepared a plan, taking him out without thinking that it would be easy to bring him back. You should tell Wine's friends to not worry that tonight they probably won't go back to the dorm but will take them back to sleep on the soft bed in P'Faifah's room.

---

2 hours passed...

"Can you stand? N'Wine can you stand?"

"I do, but I don't walk straight."

"Are you crazy? How can you not be straight?" The road is crooked like a snake.

I don't know if I can't keep the pressure anymore or what, so I'm celebrating to the fullest. Someone knocked me back, someone told me to finish my glass, I drank it all in one breath. Solve it all, don't miss it, they won't dare say don't challenge P'Faifah. So the scene is as seen. I couldn't drive home alone, so I had to act as a leopard and ask Yotha to take me home.

When he arrived, he became N'Wine's burden to help and support him right to the room.

"Can I help you take a bath?" I asked him, not even looking at his own body, just walking straight is still difficult.

"I can bathe myself."

Phew!

Ok, you said you'd take a shower yourself so I'll go to sleep and lay down on the bed.

"Cute boy, after taking a bath, let's go sleep together." I clapped my hands on the mattress without opening my eyes to look at anything. Wine seemed to reply back but I'm not sure what he said.

Realizing again is when my nose smells the light scent of shampoo or shower gel, it makes me want to wake up extremely. I should try to open my eyelids before the blurred image seen in front of me gradually becomes clear.

"Wine."

"Hmm?"

"Wine."

"Yes."

"Wine."

"What do you call me? I'll just wipe your body a little, so you won't sleep well."

"Why are you so cute?"

I said it without thinking, but his reaction was something I didn't expect, especially when he made his eyes widen in surprise like this.

"Sorry..."

It was at that moment that my body told me to do something.

Oh no, it's more like the heart commands. By placing the palm of my hand on the cheek, pull that clean white face closer and then slowly press my lips closer to the other person. Wine did not seem to resist, on the contrary, he complied easily by closing his eyes and gently accepting the kiss.

After a while, he separated and everyone quietly looked into each other's eyes. Not long after, the boy got brave again and came forward to kiss me again. In the midst of those chaotic and trembling emotions, he and I, we

went further than that. With a closer touch, Wine opened his mouth a little, giving me the opportunity to insert my tongue inside, intertwining with his warm tongue to exchange countless emotions filled in my chest.

While he was trying to breathe into his lungs, I turned over so that the person squatting above me was slowly lying underneath me, then quietly immersed myself in the image in front of me. Even though it was his big round eyes and plump lips, just looking at him was extremely seductive to the point that I couldn't stand it, hugged his body tightly and continued kissing.

Once again. And one more time...

We kissed and kissed without getting bored. But nothing more than that.

Good morning, new day. In the morning, there was a rattling sound from outside that woke me up.

I stood up and stretched like every other day, then the image of last night's vision came back and made me feel emotional again. I accept that I was a bit drunk, but that doesn't mean I can't remember anything. Every image, every touch, every mark between me and him, everything is still clear.

Thinking about this point makes me so embarrassed that I have to fall down and struggle on the bed while punching the mattress with my hands wildly. Crazy... extremely crazy.

I'm thinking about what face I should make when I go out to meet him. From the sound, one could guess that Wine was enthusiastically doing something in the kitchen.

I was trying to look serious but I was afraid he'd say I was pretending.

If I act like I don't know, I am afraid I'll get kicked out, and then he'll say I am thick-skinned and don't know anything.

But when he walks so shyly, it's something like that, the symptoms are like those of someone who is crazy in love.

What should I do?

"Are you awake?"

"Damned!!"

It makes me panic all the time. Ok, thinking about how his head was about to explode, in the end the first image he saw was a blank face like someone encountering a ghost like this. Anyone can help bring me the time machine right away ~

"It's me, not damn it."

"People don't curse me."

* Faifah addresses people and Wine as himself like those couples >///<

"Go take a shower and brush your teeth first. I ordered food. Before eating, reheat it first." It's nice to have someone worry and take care of you in this life. I rarely eat in my room except when I bring friends over. Because eating alone is very lonely, I like to go out to eat all the time, leaving the refrigerator almost deserted, with only cold water left to soak in it.

Not now. Even though we don't cook, at least we have more friends at the table, so we don't have to feel lonely anymore.

What's even more surprising is that it looks like Wine took my t-shirt to wear. Yiiiiiiiiiii, lambada dance in my heart. In addition to the shirt, there are also pants. While he was using his eyes to examine the body of the person in front of him, he seemed to realize it so he quickly spoke up impatiently.

"I'm sorry for taking your shirt to wear. I already asked, but you answered?"

"If you want to wear something, just take it. Actually, lovers have to wear that couple shirt."

"What a crazy couple."

"So we're lovers."

"Not yet, just everyone confessing their love."

"But we kissed."

"..."

He didn't answer but turned around and ran away, banging his head lightly on the bedroom door so gently that the onlookers had to laugh.

I was no better, my face was extremely embarrassed, so I followed suit by banging my head on the bed.

Poc!

Damn you! I just realized that the headboard of the instant bed is so hard.

"Are you okay?"

Wine turned to look while asking in a trembling voice, those sparkling eyes made me force a smile at him before the wetness slowly flowed down. Not sure if this is tears or stupid blood.

"P'Faifah! P'Faifah!"

This time it's heavy. Instead of using those moments so sweet that the cake makes me jealous, I have to sit and let him find medicine to treat the swelling and apply it to me. I don't have a head, I don't think about anything.

I'm not stupid, I really can't do it, I'll say it.

Around that time Faifah and his boyfriend went for a walk. Instead of showing off my handsome face to my friends and taking souvenir photos, I

had to suffer with a distorted, grimacing face to go out with my younger brother. To the point where Sweet Song still kept getting greeted along the way.

"It's swollen. Luckily my head didn't break."

But my face is broken.

After all, the water that flowed down there was my own tears. I lost all my handsomeness because I cried in front of my younger brother again.

Wine was rightly worried about me, even if he tried to hold back his laughter as best he could while treating my wound, it didn't matter.

"Fai, what's wrong with your forehead?" Counting the 4th or 5th person, he shouted and asked with that question. I also answered lightly so as not to lose my coolness, saying...

"Let's go touch a little."

"Touch what? Why do you look so bold?" If I forcefully tell you that it happened because I was shy and didn't know my limits, you'll be shocked at how worthy I am. So it's better not to say it.

N'Wine just secretly smiles non-stop, Laughing for 24 hours or what? Every time I turned to look, he burst out laughing, worthy of hitting him. If you don't feel pain like other people, hit it and let it know.

"But you there, why are you here today?" On a Saturday afternoon like this, normally Phuri would be cuddling with his lover in his room.

"She was busy with work so I came here instead."

I nodded to show understanding and followed Wine to sit at the table he had chosen. Saturday afternoon but there were not as many people as expected. Perhaps because it is located near the university area, the students have a bit of free time, so they all invite each other to go out together. At least there are many cafes that are beautifully decorated, take chill photos, and look more stylish than this one.

"I wonder what you want to drink? My friend, my brother." Phuri went to the table and asked. Normally I like to bring a menu with me, but today I'm going alone. Maybe we already knew that Wine and I came so often that we remembered almost every dish.

But today, ordering the most commonly ordered old dish is not that special. Deliberately having the good fortune to go out on a date with someone you like, you have to hang out, it makes him panic.

"Give me the sweetest drink of all."

"The sweetest ever?" His friend asked, so I had to repeat in a firm voice.

"For those who love, they must make it the sweetest."

"Ok. How are you, N'Wine?"

"Let me be like P'Faifah."

"Iiiiiii the cutest." Don't say no, just reach out and slap my hand again to show how involved you are with love this time.

"You two are enough."

Shaking my head like this can't reach my heart.

"Try to make it delicious."

"I will try my best at my skills." He replied sarcastically before taking himself to do the barista's duty. Whether it's delicious or not depends on fate, but if it happens again, then I believe Phuri must definitely do his best. "Here it comes, a drink for the sweetest couple in the world."

Less than 5 minutes left and it's already there?

It looks like the drink you receive is sweet pink crushed ice, sprinkled with heart-shaped jelly on top, a symbol of blossoming love.

"Thank you Phuri, tears welling up in my eyes."

"Enjoy yourself."

Please pick it up and taste it. Then just try it or it won't work, you have to look at the face of the person you like.

Minute!

Damn it. It's so sweet, are you knocking over the sugar truck? Fortunately, I raised my hand to cover my mouth in time, so N'Wine only got to taste the drink from P'Faifah's mouth a little bit.

Phuri, is he trying to tease me? I say sweet, but it doesn't need to be this sweet. I'm afraid it will make me sick. More importantly, as soon as my lover tasted it, he immediately said it was iced milk*, what's so special about it?

* is the pink milk, it's very sweet >///<

Even though I am cursing everything in my heart, I have to stop it from showing on my face. Smiling widely, then using my crooked hand to pick up a tissue to wipe the table and wipe N'Wine's face gently, the towel was the same as the one that wiped the table.

It's okay, people with love must always look at the world in optimism. Continue flirting slowly.

"N'Wine, you can't drink, let me drink instead." Don't delay and speak up to stop him first. Don't let it taste it, otherwise dying alone will turn into dying together.

"What's wrong?" He tilted his head in wonder.

"Because it's too sweet."

"I can drink it." Stubborn to the point of not wanting to stop. Then just try it.

I really hope that no one will be taken to the hospital in the near future. Wine picked up the glass of water and tried to smell it a bit. When he took just a little sip, his eyes immediately lit up, and the guy who was drunk last night saw it and immediately woke up completely.

"Can you really drink it?" Worried about my health too.

"It's okay to drink, it's sweet."

"Iiiiiiiiii, I'm drunk."

If you say it's delicious, I also think it's delicious. The menu for the sweetest couple in the world because countless spoons of sugar have become a witness to our love.

It's only a little bit but it's extremely sore on the throat, I suspect it's a bit too sweet.

"P'Faifah, please ask me something."

Spending time sipping iced milk alternating with gallons of filtered water*, Wine finally broke the silence again.

* 1 gallon ~ 3.785 liters

I like being with him. It's not necessary to talk to each other all the time, sometimes just being silent, sitting opposite each other to do the responsible work, it warms the heart.

"Ask away. Even if you have a hundred or a thousand questions, I'm ready to answer."

"Since when do you feelâ€¦ like me?"

It's so difficult.

With some things we almost don't realize it anymore, by the time we know it, it's already in front of our eyes. Like winter slowly sending signals, but

without setting an official date, it just happens slowly, slowly every day, the surrounding environment and time slowly nurture.

I think the feelings that arise for him are like that.

"Well, I can't explain when I liked you. I liked you the first time we met. I liked the way I met many new friends." I talk funny and keep going back and forth, making me want to tease him even more. "But as time passes, I gradually begin to want to have an image in your eyes."

When I remember the time when I walked into the hairdresser and told the technician to dye my hair so that it would be impossible for someone to mistake me for my twin, I felt like I needed to play it that big. This too? But when you think about it now, it's worth it. At least the first time we met each other again in our new appearance, he greeted me so excitedly that he continued our conversation longer.

Images from the past flow into each scene. When I saw him listening attentively, I wanted to express even more emotions that I had never expressed.

"But the most obvious thing was probably at that time, when I felt dissatisfied when I knew P'Tor wanted to meet you. So I invited you to go see a concert before."

"Hey, people call it jealousy, right?"

"What jealousy!" I raised my hand and scratched the back of my neck. "What about you? Since when did you like me?"

Wine was stunned, not expecting to be attacked so unprepared.

"Let's talk a bit."

"Admit that you're jealous first."

"Admit it, you were jealous at that time!"

The listener gasped. With that cuteness, I reached out and rubbed my head to reduce the symptoms of panic.

"When did you like me?" He rolled his eyes back and forth as he muttered in a small voice. "When I went to meet P'Tor, then you disappeared."

"I'm sulking."

"The truth is, maybe I had feelings before, I'm just not sure."

"Can you tell me?"

"I like to keep things related to the person I like in the memory box, I feel like I keep everything I receive. But I never realized that in that box, there are only things I received from You, it's all full."

"Oh, keep everything?"

"Yes. Like water bottles, flowers, beer cans."

Having never known it before, when I heard it, I immediately felt extremely happy that someone was so important to me that they kept their belongings. Even though I've never done that, I haven't thrown away anything I've ever received from Wine. Just not as heavy as him, holding a can of beer.

Hearing this, it felt like my body was gradually shrinking little by little, and then being embraced by his warm arms.

The care, the worry, the gentleness in the eyes, the actions that an ordinary person like me does are so wonderful.

"Want to see that box." Wanting to see everything is who he is.

"Don't show it."

"It's okay to talk to each other. I'll show you whatever you want to see. Six pack?" Pull up your shirt and wait.

"I don't have a six pack." He said lazily.

"It's not enough to comfort each other."

Then he changed his mood to laugh out loud instead.

Time passed so quickly that I didn't even look at my watch, but it was probably long enough to make the sweet crushed ice melt. Surely no one drank it all. And I'm also afraid that Phuri will be so sad that he'll sneak away to wipe his tears behind the bar.

"P'Faifah, why does it have to be me?" Wine's question got me thinking immediately.

Not because there are no answers or reasons, but because there are too many to count. I told him once, but my heart was stupid so I destroyed what I said until there was nothing left and pretended to be drunk.

"You're kind."

"The people around you are extremely kind."

"I said it before at P'Nop's wedding."

When I saw Wine sitting still, his expression showing no mood at all after I expressed my feelings, the strength I had suddenly gradually disappeared. That night, I kept regretting why I didn't wait to hear his answer. Why pretend to be drunk? Because if we had a little more courage, we might have fallen in love sooner than this.

"No matter what you do, whether it's good, bad or like everyone else."

"..."

"I like you too."

From my heart, it is he who wins over everyone who has passed through my life, just because he is him.

"If you say that, I don't know how to behave."

"There you are N'Wine, you never said anything to me."

"I often fall in love with people who treat me well. To the point of thinking that I can easily change my heart, and in the future I'm deathly afraid that I will change my heart that easily."

"So do you think you'll have a change of heart?" I know the answer. I know... but I still asked.

Want to hear his voice, engrave it in his heart, and repeat over and over again that I am the one he chooses.

"Rather, if you leave me."

Well... the formula is a bit wrong. Why wasn't the answer what I thought?

"Hoi, who would dare to abandon such a lovely person?"

"Is that ironic?"

I shook my head, reached out and held his hand. He quickly bent down and opened his mouth to say something... Something that only he and I could hear together.

"Actually, if you don't mentally prepare yourself, you will fall in love."

"..."

"It comes without preparation, without being ready, without being your most perfect self. I see so many bad sides of you."

Me too, I'm not mentally prepared to fall in love. When he walked in, we were both Faifah and Weesawa, not perfect, not as good as we are today. There are still days when I'm selfish, days when I like to use my emotions, but he still accepts me, helps change me for the better, and is by my side on the days when I'm broken, too weak for anyone else to see.

"I used to think that if I could turn back time, I would create a better image than this." Wine was silent, before raising his face to make direct eye

contact. "But when I think about it again, it was good that we liked each other for who we were at that time."

"..."

"Even though I'm not mentally prepared to love, I don't regret it, not even for a second."

"It's never been like that for a second."

No matter how love changes us, if that love is you then it's fine.

[Phuri]

"What's wrong with those two? They're all sitting up together."

It's Saturday, the shop owner hia Mhi often comes by. But many hours passed and those two people still sat by the window and refused to get up and go anywhere.

"Let's get acquainted hia, you're in love."

"Today's youth are infatuated with each other, seeing their mothers."

"But isn't the shop closing early today? What should we do?"

"I think keep opening."

"But the ingredients are gone."

"It's not open for sale, it's open for the two of them to continue sitting. Believe it, it's still 11 o'clock."

"..."

"Good or bad, they look at each other until morning."

Then karma fell on me again, having to watch this disgusting scene until they both left. Slightly ~

[End of Phuri part]

- End of Chapter 16 -

17.1

Chapter 17: I sat smiling alone, laughing loudly alone

[4721]

In the past, I would have enjoyed reading books about lost love in my free time. Or worse than that, I will pick up quotes to highlight so that when I have free time, I will post a cool status complaining about my love life to attract fame.

But whatever I did before, I can't do anymore. Like these lovelorn quote books, forget it. I cleaned them all up, gathered them up, put them in a box, and pushed them under the bed without thinking about taking them out and opening them again. Then I changed to buying and collecting quote books about love instead.

Thinking about it, I just laughed happily. Pick up the new quote book that is a best seller, go to the cashier, pay, then go out to meet my beloved friend, Janjob, who is standing there eating ice cream, waiting.

"Why are you looking? Is there something strange?" Seeing sharp eyes looking at my face, then alternating with the book in my hand, I started to get scared. Do we need to catch each other's mistakes or what?

"Book quote?"

"Yes, it's normal."

"In love is already serious."

"I do not have one."

"If you're in love, just say you're in love. Normally you only read the lovelorn genre, but recently you've found yourself buying the heart-filling genre of an enviably sweet love life."

I immediately knew I was going to be teased like I thought. I decided to tell Jay and Ben about my feelings for P'Faifah when they coincidentally coincided. They also congratulate me wholeheartedly. But no matter how sweet love is, it also needs to be expressed a little too much. So BenG and Janjob are harassers, always setting traps in advance.

Looking for a love-drunk me? Are you so infatuated with P'Faifah? Tho... let me say this. As soon as love comes into life, almost nothing changes, in fact, everything remains the same.

"You think so yourself."

"If you're too dull, you can just show it off. You don't have to respect your friends."

"Respect for what? I just changed the genre of books to read. Besides, the new comic book volume hasn't come out yet." When I spoke, I lowered my eyes, not daring to look Jay in the eyes, so he would see my eyes wandering.

"Why are you avoiding my eyes?" Oh, this guy...

"Come on, I'm not like many other people. When I'm in love, I'm dull, only thinking about the person I like every day. I can tell the difference, is it what I'm doing or where I'm at? With whom."

"So ?"

"Yeah."

"Wait and see."

"You just wait and see."

"And what time is your family's appointment?" Hearing the question, I quickly bent down to look at my watch. There was only an hour left, but I figured I should go to the restaurant first so I wouldn't look rude.

"6 o'clock."

"Let me take you? Or let your lover take you?"

"You go. Why did I let P'Faifah take me there? We don't need to be together all the time, we talk on the phone normally, there's no more or less than that. Did you see it when you were in the department? It's close. It's like we didn't see each other at all. It was just that it was November 15th, and it was too late so he let me sleep in the room."

Is this kind of justification okay? The longest I've ever done in my entire life.

To the point where Jay opened his mouth and stood motionless for a while until he had the sense to go to the motorbike park.

Today I have an important appointment after school with the divine code family. What's worth being excited about is that the brothers and sisters of each course are free together, to the point of being able to come see each other. Even if the seniors have already graduated, they can come and celebrate together. This time, my beloved Janjob volunteered to be the driver before disappearing after his senior.

"He's here, he's here."

The dimsum restaurant is a new meeting place. Ho, it was contrary to expectations when I thought that I would be the first to arrive, but that was not the case. Because every player sitting in front of the store sent me a smile that showed off their gums, to the point I felt guilty.

Finally, the whole family has arrived, and I am the last one to arrive.

"Sit down N'Wine."

"Sorry for being late."

"It's not late, everyone just arrived a little early. Probably nervous because we haven't seen each other for a long time." The only daughter of the family told me, so it helped relieve my anxiety a lot.

Her name is Yeepun, she is a fourth year senior studying Environment. I met her countless times, talked a little but didn't have time to officially sit down and eat a meal together.

"This is the first time the sacred code family gathered together to have a full meal." She continued, her expression showing excitement.

I glanced around, many people made me feel smaller every time. Why are they so cool? What do I have here?... Oh, here's a book of love quotes.

"I'm so nervous. It's been a while since we introduced each other so I wanted to ask again." It looked like the eldest was the one speaking, and the first person he turned to look at was... "N'Wine."

"Yes?" I saw. The feeling is no different from Katniss Everdeen in the movie The Hunger Game, when she was chosen to play and didn't know how she would die.

"You're startled. No need to be afraid." Your words don't help me feel any better.

"What do you want me to do? Pick up food?"

"No, I was wondering if you remember anyone's name or what?" Immediately relieved. Is that all? It's a hundred times easier than writing code in Mr. Sitthichay's subjects.

"I remember. It started with P'Jet." I pointed to the owner of the question. In the blink of an eye, someone interrupted.

"Exactly. After finishing school, I don't know how to do anything."

"Tsk, I do the same thing. Who is like you, Arc, just lying and cuddling with your wife."

This party is entertaining. Sometimes there will be qualifying muay matches in the dim sum shop.

P'Arc, the dominant moon in legend, a man who specializes in teasing people. It seems like he's quite close with P'Jet. The more we sit opposite each other, the more clearly we see that we are always ready to punch each other. Can that be called intimacy?

"Here, this person."

"P'Yeepun. And this is P'Arm, P'Arc's lover."

"Now we're not lovers anymore, it's called haunted." P'Arm quickly argued back before turning to raise his eyebrows at his lover in a very annoying way. I know how well these two people know each other, and their crazy personalities match very well. Seeing that anyone nearby must have crossed their legs over their foreheads.

"Are you jealous?"

"Hey bro, I didn't do it on purpose. Yotha made me say it."

"Then why did karma fall on you?"

It happened that I threw my guilt at him and my code as an escape. People with only one face like Mr. Yotha remain the same, the quietest in the group, no matter how funny someone tells a joke, he just smiles. Or maybe he was actually laughing on the inside.

"Let's take a photo together first. Eating until you have a big belly won't look good."

The oldest brother only said that before we were approached by the shop's staff to act as cameraman. Shutter continuously took many shots until he got a photo in which everyone looked beautiful and suitable for posting on social networks, which was sent to the group line with up to 10 photos.

P'Jet (gear 0297), P'Arc (gear 0163), P'Yeepun (gear 0498), P'Arm (gear 0775), P'Yotha (gear 0682) and me (gear 0646). Complete family members' divine codes.

It didn't take long for us to order food. While waiting, invite each other to update both life, study and work, to mentally prepare in case something happens in the future. In this economic situation, it is not easy to make money, find a job, and struggle to survive. Just thinking about having to grow up to recognize the suffering and difficulties makes me want to curl up and fly out of the earth to overcome it.

P'Arc told me that when he was in school, he had joys and sufferings in his own way. When I grew up and went to work, I had my joys and sufferings in the style of working people. You cannot compare those sufferings with each other. But we have to be mentally prepared to receive what is coming in every form, that's all.

As for P'Jet, he talked about the work he did. Issues with co-workers, customer issues, and other miscellaneous things come up. Call it no controversy, but P'Jet still has a cool saying to say, which also warms the heart.

It is pain that will make us grow, learn, and overcome faster than usual.

As for P'Arm and P'Yeepun, they help with study materials, which subjects face difficulties, and practice this and that.

You could call it a family reception that really opened up my world. At first I thought it was just a formal meal and then separate, but it was more than that, and I was also very happy to be in this family.

Not long after sitting happily, the food was slowly served, so we sat down to eat dim sum together. Because of the extremely delicious taste, it made me secretly think in my heart what kind of expression he would make if P'Faifah came to sit and eat with me. Probably praising his non-stop, smiling widely to the point of making people look full. Or stand up and talk to the staff with full praise.

"Wine, eat a lot."

"Yes." I nodded in understanding. But the hand holding the chopsticks picked up the dumpling and put it in his mouth only a little bit. So full, I

can't explain it in words, just thinking about P'Faifah.

"Wine."

"..."

"Straight baby Wine."

"Yes, yes. What's wrong? I'm sorry I didn't hear you earlier." It's P'Arc calling my name. When I turned to look, I saw everyone staring at me.

"Daydreaming about what?"

"There's something to think about." Remembering someone who is called by love.

"Appear like someone with love." See, you can see it too? But I have to keep my expression because I haven't told anyone too much yet. Only P'Yotha knew because they brought each other out publicly on November 15th.

"P'Arc keeps talking nonsense." I'm embarrassed, let's say it straight.

"Yeah, I'm fine with messing around."

Oh, don't make fun of me.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" He asked again. So I answered in a gradually quieter voice with someone's expression clearly in my mind. He never asked me out, so I assumed I was single.

"Not yet."

"Doubt that you like being single. Laughing non-stop." I'm laughing so hard I almost can't realize it.

After that, no one asked any more questions, instead they switched to eating and chatting about other things. Most recently, we invited each other to watch a movie next. Recently, giant movies have been introduced, I don't

know if they are superhero movies from big companies or war movies with high investment capital. Just know that leaving the dim sum restaurant will take each other to find further entertainment.

(Rrr â€" Rrr â€")

P'Yotha's phone vibrated. I looked at the other person for a moment before picking up the green tea and taking a sip.

"Why Fai?"

Há»›iiiiiiiiiii ~

Are you happy to call? As soon as I heard his name, my once smooth heartbeat immediately started pounding. The tall relative asked permission to leave and talk on the phone outside, so I just craned my neck to see what he was saying, even if I couldn't hear it, it didn't matter.

After a while, he came back and sat at the table again. I didn't dare ask for details, so I just kept silent, silently praying for someone else to ask and clarify.

"Sorry, Faifah called just now."

"Yeah, I haven't seen him in a long time. Next time we treat the family, invite him to come along. It'll be fun." P'Jet invited, so everyone nodded except P'Arm who sat and shook his head.

"It's even more painful, just this much makes me want to die, especially the good P'Arc."

"Arm, come here, give me a kick, your mouth is so good."

Laughter rang out once more, before P'Yotha turned to me.

"Oh Wine, Fai asked for help."

My heart ~ What else do you need to say? Is there no hope at all? The love guy, the crazy guy, the romantic guy who knows no time. I'm thinking a lot,

but I have to pat my face to calm down and wait for the other person's answer.

"What? Why..."

He and the code squinted, suspecting that the action still looked too shady.

"He says eat a lot."

Huuuuuuuu, to the point of not being together but still so worried, I actually thought about wanting to get up from the table and call him right now. Once he said that, the act of sitting around eating like a sticky mouse disappeared completely.

I finished holding my chopsticks tightly, brought them down to pick up the dishes on the table in front of me, and immediately put them in my mouth. You told me to eat a lot, so I listened and ate deliciously.

"Can... can I eat a little? Are you choking?"

"Bring me water, water."

P'Yeepun kindly gave me water. I took it and rushed forward like crazy.

"Does anyone want to order anything else?"

"Baby." Quickly raised my hand without thinking about life even though I was chewing my mouth full of dumplings, I didn't care.

"What do you want?"

"I want to eat dumplings, wonton shumai, and mantou."

"Are you fried spring rolls too?"

"Okay. Take it, take it all."

I smiled at everyone, but for some reason I received strange looks in returnâ€¦

Impossible! Jay said I was too drunk. So I need to show him that after having love, my life is still normal in everything. Yesterday at the family banquet, I showed off a bit too much. Today I have to adjust myself, keep repeating to myself not to be too much.

Where do I change? It's the same as before.

There is nothing new in the classroom at the department. The kids who sleep in the back of the classroom are still the same, and the kids who focus on high school and answer questions well to see it is still the same. It's just that today I feel a little more positive than other days. Calculus is not as difficult as I think.

"Who can answer, what is the answer to this question?" At the end of the question, I was the first to raise my hand, so my friends turned to look with interest.

"Baby."

"Weesawa raised his hand first than everyone else."

I smiled at the person in front of the class, then lowered my eyes to look at the answer on the paper.

"The answer is 24."

"Exactly, very good. Answered every question today."

My friends invited each other to clap and whistle to show off, it seemed like they were happy to see me with my abundant energy, even if it was just normal.

"Thank you very much. I believe that the answer to the problem is not very difficult, and so is the sound of the heart."

"Ho!! Muk* feels disgusting."

* is the type that likes to joke around and lie around words

"When I study, the smell of love spreads all over me, I vomit a little."

From the initial applause turned into non-stop teasing. It could be said that the once quiet atmosphere immediately regained its color, even though the close friend sitting nearby was still pouting and trembling.

"Weesawa, you're a funny person, you know that?"

The teacher only said that before asking the students to solve the next problem.

I've never been funny in my whole life, until I met a boy named Faifahâ€¦

When I hang out with friends, everything is still normal.

"What movie should I watch?"

In a happy mood, we invite each other to watch a movie on our free day. My friends won't feel sorry for themselves and complain that once they're in love, they have to stick with P'Faifah all the time. As I said, I can distinguish when to do what.

"Here it is, 'The General's Revenge'." BenG pointed to the large movie poster prominently in front of the theater. I nodded in agreement because the family reception a few days ago had considered the superhero saving the world genre.

"Put it away."

Drinks are ready, popcorn is ready, it's movie time.

But I still can't imagine what it would be like if P'Faifah came to watch with me? I started to imagine that image in my head. We sat next to each other and ate a bowl of popcorn. Then in a moment, our hands accidentally touched each other, just like a romantic love scene. I had to quickly lower

my face to hide my gradually red cheeks, while P'Faifah pretended to look the other way.

When the panic subsided, we took care of each other again. I fed P'Faifah water, and he fed popcorn back. Just thinking about it... makes me laugh so hard I can't stand it.

I don't know when the violent war movie ends, or how it happens, I just know that after leaving the theater, I still couldn't stop smiling when thinking about the lovely image in my head..

"I think we took him to the wrong movie, right?"

"That's right. Wine, what's in the movie that makes you laugh for 2 hours?" Jay's question pulled me back to pay attention.

"The movie is adorable."

"Is the blood splashing that much?"

"Then don't focus on the blood splashing out, focus on the feelings inside your heart."

"Um..."

Going out to eat was nothing special, just like every other day.

"For the tempura set."

"Let's call it together, two parts. There's a lot of salmon set."

Jay called first, followed by Ben. Not long after, he turned to ask me as usual. "What's wrong with you, Wine? What did you get?"

Opened the menu many times and still didn't find any satisfactory dishes, so I turned to the staff to ask. Sometimes they can recommend something.

"Is there a lover's set?"

"I have to apologize, our shop doesn't have a love set."

"So is there a set for Valentine's Day?"

"It's not Valentine's day yet, so there's no such set."

Double sadness.

"If that's the case, you can take whatever you want."

The staff looked awkward. Right in that situation, my head shook because my friend hit me. What's wrong with you guys? Just asking to find love's food set.

"Ho, that's a lot of things, you're really..." Jay widened his eyes before quickly talking to the staff. "Please give me another set of tempura."

"It's OK."

"Do it right, set your father's lover!"

Finish a meal. In the end, all three of us ate the same tempura set. Slightly ~

As for the food at the dorm, the taste is still the same. And I'm already used to it.

"Uncle, give me a plate of fried rice with crispy pork stir-fried with basil."

"Okay, I'll give you a lot today."

"Thanks."

On days when I want to lie lazily in my room, or don't want to move my body too much, my friends and I often invite each other to go down to eat at

the dormitory, because it's a gathering place for all kinds of dishes, plus the price is extremely cheap.

As soon as I got the food, I went back to sit at the long table, where many friends had been eating before.

"Why so much?" Jay made a jealous face. That's right, your sauce only has two or three stalks of collard greens, it's really pitiful.

"He gave me more." Answering no is not enough, I have to smirk and mock.

"That's really good. Because of love, your life is so good, right?"

"So w..." Damn it. Just thought of it, saying this seems like I want to emphasize how passionate I am. Therefore, drifting with the wind must be prevented. After pretending to be quiet, I replied in an indifferent tone. "What's the right place? I'm a loyal customer of his shop."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

Two minutes passed...

"Hol, heart-shaped basil leaves." I never thought I would accidentally see one of those millions with my own eyes. Even basil still wants to show its happiness to my love? That's crazy. That's definitely the case.

"Look a little."

"Extremely delicious."

"Then hurry up and eat it, you'll die if you delay."

"Eat here." I scooped up the rice until the spoon was full and put it in my mouth. Food just touches the tongue and you already know it.

Salty to see!!!

I don't know if I accidentally spilled fish sauce or not, but it tastes so salty. But looking at it from another angle, it's okay, sometimes changing your taste is good, so slowly suppress it and force yourself to chew the rice in your mouth until it's all gone. Tears flowed but I still smiled. Born as Weesawa, someone whose heart is full of love must look at the world with optimism.

"Wine, is it spicy?"

"Ummm."

"Can I prepare the car?"

"Preparing for what?" I asked again.

"In case I carry you to the hospital, you don't even know me anymore!"

I think it's good to prepare someone, in case there's an emergency, they'll be able to help right away, listen.

I often stop by and join Ben's channel, but I don't find it thrilling at all.

It's become a normal thing to be a guest in 'Gorrowing Special' episodes. Normally the fanclub only pays attention to him, otherwise Jay is the main character, and I'm the supporting character. Every time I go live, it takes a long time for someone to mention it once. One is because I don't eat as hard as they do. It's even more BenG, sometimes you just think of stuffing it in and then swallowing it, forgetting to chew it by default.

Whenever he eats something, it always looks delicious, but I feel like I'm being forced to eat it. So the person who is not hungry becomes more worried about when he will eat it all. Seeing it is extremely miserable.

"Hello. Back to BenG's channel again. Today we have the same old guest but a new menu. What is it, Mr. Wine?"

I immediately picked up a tray with hundreds of donuts on the show.

"That's right. As you can see, it's a donut sponsored by a beautiful lady's donut shop. The shop is located next to the school. Anyone who passes by can stop by and support."

"Details are written in the description box, come and order immediately." And Janjob is responsible for introducing more about the purchasing channel.

Comment and your heart jumps continuously, please see before entering the important part of the program which is eating.

3 2 1 Let's go!

As if someone blew a whistle in my heart, I picked up the donut, took a bite, and fully received the deliciousness. Another bite is delicious, so one goes away quickly. But the problem isn't the heads, it's the back there.

The more you eat, the slower you eat. Drinking countless glasses of water didn't help, the deliciousness I felt at the beginning gradually disappeared, leaving only the suffering, wondering when it would end.

That bastard Ben. I told you, making 10 or 20 is enough. Get it something like a hundred.

I really have bad karma!

"Thank you for the comments. It's delicious." He still has the energy to eat and respond to viewers.

Until my eyes met someone's comment. It's Jay who is faster than anyone else, read that comment with excitement.

"P'Faifah sent us a comment cheering us on, saying 'Do your best, guys'."

Hollllllllllll, my heart is swelling.

"It's sent again, saying 'N'Wine is so cute, please eat slowly, the donuts will get stuck'."

I will eat slowly. It feels like the eye bags are heating up, you have to blink often to keep the tears of emotion from falling. Donut feels like I want to eat it all quickly, now it's starting to have no results for me.

"Aw, it's not over yet, P'Faifah is here again."

"..."

"I will stay here, sit and watch with you until the end of the show."

Huuuuuuu, why do you have to make me feel this much love?

Therefore, there were about 10 donuts left on the tray, I asked to eat them all, not leaving even a crumb of sugar left.

17.2

Chapter 17: I sat smiling alone, laughing loudly alone - 2

[3757]

Dorm life is also flat. Having that love doesn't make it any more exciting.

"You guys came at the right time, especially you bastard Wine."

It's there again. Before I could reach the door, my friend grabbed both of my hands and pulled me along. So I screamed endlessly to ask questions.

"What is that? What happened?"

"Pay saw a ghost on the wardrobe again."

"Huh?"

I gathered all my sanity back, ghosts were not a problem. When they were pulled into the room, they were the ones who calmed the chaos with firm words, so that their friends were confident that nothing could harm them.

"No need to panic, quickly go stand around the bed and pray for him." Having said that, everyone quickly followed the instructions. More than 10 people stood around the bed with Pay sitting trembling in the middle because he encountered something 'good'.

"Wine, can you call to find P'Faifah?" One of them asked for help in a trembling voice.

"It's okay, this time I'll help myself."

"Can you do it?"

"Let's try."

Take a deep breath, then muster all the courage to look up in the closet at the source of the problem. I don't see any ghosts or anything shady in that place. And I can't find the answer whether Pay really saw a ghost or if he was just scaring himself.

But having reached this step, we must first solve the immediate problem.

"Sir, I don't know how long you've been here, but we're each in a different world. My friend is very afraid of you. If you really love someone, you won't do that. Won't make that person scared, won't make them cry. Or if you don't love my friend, please just try to open your heart?"

"..."

"See the good side of that person, accept them, and then live together happily."

Whether it is the world of the living or the dead, there will still be something unstoppable.

"It is because of the power of love that people should have for each other."

In the blink of an eye, Pay's trembling mood gradually subsided and began to quiet down. He looked up at me, his eyes trembling. Friends raced to swallow the saliva down their throats, looking at it with fear. I finally received an answer from his mouth.

"You... that person cried."

"Really?"

"The one that's on the dresser, they cry."

"Ho ho."

"It's not touching, it's just pity."

"..."

"The power of your father's love!"

Bangon Pochana is just a pub, whenever you go, you always come back as if you were feeling giddy at that time.

"Please give me some of your lonely sounds."

"Rittttttttt."

"Precious."

"Tonight, I hope we'll have fun and dance until we forget our lives together. Aw! 3... 4!" When the fun melody started, my friends also started to let the devil inside them come out step by step in a way that no one would lose to anyone else. There are a lot of people who want to party tonight, because they're drawn to the whole industry.

There's no need to be afraid of drinks, when you run out, always order more. Beer bottles were piled up all over the table. A little drunk, they hugged each other's necks and danced in front of the stage. As for me, I don't like anything like that, so I have to be responsible for holding the table, with Janjob sitting nearby. His reason is not the same as mine, it's just that he's more afraid of losing his cool guy image in the eyes of his older sister.

"How do you say you're not drunk with love?" These eyes, such a mocking voice, I'm being teased again.

"I don't have it, I'm the same."

"But your actions are very obvious, bastard. If you've come to this point, admit it."

"Yeah, it's okay to admit it, feel free to tease me." Jay laughed lightly, but it wasn't as serious of a tease as he thought.

"Everyone likes each other, let's go on a date, I'm tired of being so excited."

"No, wait first."

"Sounds contradictory." The person listened and then picked up the beer to sip. The mouth is talking to me, but the eyes are looking the other way. Tell me I'm falling in love, I'm no less. Tho...

"So he didn't ask."

"Then what are you asking for? Go ahead and ask first."

"Think so? So how should we propose?" When I dated Toey, it happened very simply. But this time I don't understand why I'm still thinking so much. "It needs to be special or just confess in a simple way."

"It's up to you."

"Your words help me a lot, damn."

"It's your love. Some people are happy, so if they want to preserve an important day, they will confess their love in a little special way. But there are also people who find it not very important compared to when they were dating, so they just Confessing love to know what status you are in." He kept talking, and I kept thinking. "So which style do you like?"

"Me?... I don't know. Sometimes we need a little formality, right?"

"When you were with us, you no longer had an image. Meaningless, talkative, you'll be disappointed." Look at every word used, are you recommending or cursing each other?

(Rrrâ€" Rrrâ€")

Speaking of P'Faifah, P'Faifah called. People call this fate, right?

I didn't want to keep the line waiting for too long, so I quickly pressed the button. Jay was nearby observing the situation.

"Yes."

[What time do you plan to return?] He's definitely worried. Crazy guy, my heart trembles unbearably.

"I still don't know."

[Don't drink too much, you're still young.]

"Not much."

[Are you drunk?]

"A little drunk." Not really, the truth is that I almost don't drink, my friends do, they drink endlessly.

[Hey, I'm worried. To pick you up?]

"You don't need to come pick me up, I can go home with my friends." Jay pouted, but did I care? "But my friend is also drunk. And driving is dangerous, right? I'll probably leave the car at the shop and grab a ride instead."

[I'll come pick you up, no need to suffer.]

"I am shy."

[If you're still shy about anything with me, you can just say anything.]

"I've already said that, if you're planning to go home, let's talk quickly."

[Okay, lovely boy, po.]

"Cup."

I can't stand the embarrassment anymore. As soon as I pressed the end of the call, my heart never stopped working, sitting at the table for a long time. Looking up again, I saw Jay sitting and smirking from before.

"Wine my dear." He reached out and patted my shoulder loudly. "Your neighborhood calls this image."

"..."

"Your actions, people call you a buffalo!"

Oh, I just realized it. It's normal... my normal, so my friends just don't understand.

Another day passed, probably still nothing special.

I once told Jay that I would find a way to confess my love to P'Faifah as my lover, but still thought I didn't know how to start. Invite them to go jogging as usual and then confess, or find some flirty lines from the movie and a quote book to help.

I always write down ideas here and there that I think will be effective. As for you guys, it's even heavier. If you come across some silly flirting lines or some form of confession that you come across from watching foreign clips, you'll also send them to me for review, just in case you use them for yourself. You must be very tired because you keep procrastinating and not doing anything.

The latest was watching movies on streaming together last night. If you want to not be like anyone else and have no one else, confessing your love in a horror style is probably also an effective way. Like the movie Truth or Dare, the question is that I have to do a certain task, if I succeed I will survive, I will go confess and ask to be P'Faifah's lover. If he refuses, let Ben follow and stomp on him. There is both horror and becoming a scene to remember for a lifetime.

But my friend said that if I wasn't truly miserable, I wouldn't be able to think like that, so I abandoned this stupid thought.

(Rrr â€" Rrr â€")

The sound of my phone vibrating pulled me out of my thoughts. When I bent down to look at the owner of the name appearing in front of me, I

immediately smiled. We don't spend much time together these days. Like I said, I like it when we don't have to stick together all the time. Still have your favorite style for private matters, friends, and family.

But if every time we miss, we meet and share many things together.

[N'Wine.] His bright voice penetrated the line. I smiled and received it, replying briefly as usual.

"Yes."

[Is school over yet?]

"It's over, let's go back to the room."

Lying back on the bed, one hand holding a spicy cake, the other hand pressing the phone, in front of a familiar laptop with a romantic movie playing, in case I have a good confession idea to follow.

[That means you're free from now on.] He continued asking. [So can you come to the bar with me for a bit? It's okay to invite friends to come along, there's an important event today.]

"Important?"

It feels like the bar has important events very often. Last time, P'Nop proposed to his lover. One time, he came to celebrate with his friends. Even if it's a little serious, it's still important... like when a competitor opens a bar across the street. What is it this time?

[Newton plans to confess to someone as his lover.]

"Huh?" I admit it was a surprise. I didn't want to believe it so much that I raised my hand to scratch my ear in case I heard it wrong.

Like P'Newton, who else can he love? It also looks like he hasn't shown any signs of trying to open his lips to anyone in the past. Relax to that extent. P'Yotha once said that the person Mr. Newton talked to had the same

thought, that he did not like commitment. Just once they were in a relationship, they broke up, so there weren't really any pending issues.

[Freeze right? I was just as shocked.]

"I already said no." The other end of the line laughed loudly, probably imagining what I was making.

[Let me come pick you up.]

"You and I can go on our own, I won't bother you."

[Do you want that?]

"Yes."

After hanging up the phone, I immediately switched my target to my tall best friend lying on the opposite bed. He was lying down playing video games passionately. I don't know if I'll bother him or not, but I still want to invite him to see the extremely romantic atmosphere together just once, in case he has the opportunity to confess to a girl as his lover in the future.

"If you hesitate, just say it." Aw... observed it too? Just think you're playing a game.

"Don't want to bother you."

"I'm just pretending to play games, actually I'm eavesdropping." Damn, people like that also exist.

"P'Faifah asked to go to the bar, it seems like P'Newton will confess to the girl as his lover. Are you interested..."

"Go!"

Before I could finish speaking, I answered.

"Have you asked Ben yet?"

"Let me ask him something." Succumb to extreme perseverance. In less than a minute, the notification sounded continuously, knowing that the answer could not be hidden from my roommate.

"He replied yes, shall we go now?" See, what's wrong with expectations?

"Let's go."

With the call of the heart and the power of wanting to talk more than normal people, we flew to the bar in a short time.

The two feet stepped inside quickly. The atmosphere was not much different from the time P'Nop proposed to his lover. It looked like a special restaurant that was closed, with only people around who knew each other.

"I'm looking for it right now. Take the flowers." P'Faifah rushed over with flowers for me to hold.

"When are you planning on making a surprise?"

"Damn, she's here, she's here. You guys go hide first, follow the plan, don't make any mistakes." As soon as I arrived, my goal also arrived.

While standing and scratching my head because my brain had not yet had time to analyze the data, my wrist was grabbed by a tall relative who ran and hid in the corner of the shop, the same place as the one used as a hiding place last time.

"Luckily I was able to escape in time, my heart was about to break."

I turned to talk to the person hiding behind me. Heart pounding with excitement. P'Faifah rubbed my head in confusion before answering back with an extremely teasing expression.

"Wait until you die, let's stay together first."

I died because you brought your face close to me. The nose is almost touching. Luckily I turned away in time to avoid it, otherwise I would have died. But as I said, when people are close to each other, there's no way to

hide, because now it's not his nose that will touch, but his mouth and my ear.

"Move your face away from my ears, I can't stand it."

"Why?" The more he spoke, the more incited he became, with the voice coming closer, the hairs on his body jumped up.

I'm soring. The more he saw me flustered, the more he teased me harder than before and occasionally laughed out loud. Why didn't you know he did this often?

"No reason, that's embarrassing."

"Oh, N'Wine is so shy."

"Who is that person anyway?"

Quickly change the subject, maybe I can reduce the panic. Fortunately, we weren't looking directly at each other, so I took this opportunity to look at the brightest place in the shop instead. But it was only a matter of time, because no matter when the person behind me answered, every time I had to turn back.

"Bring your ear here."

"..." With curiosity, I brought my ear a little closer.

"Closer."

"I don't want to know anymore."

"Giving up is so easy." Who would be willing to be the victim for you to tease? "I don't know who Newton likes."

"EH?"

"Do you want to tell me about the surprise plan?"

"Listen listen."

"See that place at the bar?" His finger pointed to the jet black marble counter bar, where P'Newton usually stood. But the nameless person we don't know has not appeared yet, so we can only listen to the plan of the person behind us.

"Ah ha, then what next?"

"If the person he likes comes in, P'Nop will adjust the lights in the shop and play extremely romantic music to create the atmosphere." I nodded in understanding. "And my brother will stand at the bar and get ready for the confession."

"Just like P'Nop."

"Really?"

"Really, it was the same last time."

"It's not the same."

He argued, but everything was the same as before, even the white rose I was holding in my hand was no different. It can be said that these friends have only one idea to confess their love to all of them.

At that moment, the shop that had once fallen into silence heard a sound, it was soft music that was not too sweet but brought a strangely warm feeling. Or is this another thing that senior relatives need to say.

"If you just change the music, don't call it different." I turned to speak to him in a whisper, so he flicked my forehead.

"Are you going to listen again? It's so naughty."

"Go on, go on."

"As for friends, everyone will run away and hide in a corner. Last time P'Nop's surprise plan, we had to bring flowers to congratulate the future

bride and groom, right? But this time there's no need to do that, because no one gets flowers but us."

"Are we representatives of your group?"

"No, we are not representatives."

"..."

"We just need to hide in this corner."

The light in the shop began to gradually darken, an ivory yellow light that created a warm, dreamy feeling. My eyes could still see P'Newton slowly enjoying the atmosphere little by little. But still don't forget to ask the person behind me next.

"And then what? The person P'Newton likes hasn't come yet? I don't see anything."

It's been a long time since I ran away, until the already abundant curiosity to know has increased even more.

"It's true that I didn't see the person. Because the plan was that after we ran to hide here, I will confess my love to you."

"...!!"

My legs were so exhausted that my back leaned against his chest, before using a strong force to pull myself back up like before and turn around to face my tall relative.

Everything happened so fast, whether it was his words or my response.

"Why is it so surprising that it's so adorable?"

"N.. it's not a joke, right?" I asked again. The truth is that I wanted to raise my hand and slap my face hard, but was held by a thick hand. The overwhelming warmth from the large palm, or even the warm touch from the breath, clearly showed that this was the real world.

He looked into my eyes, we looked into each other's eyes. Once again aware of the shiver from the thick hand.

... Equally thrilling, right?

That's right, we were so young, with very little experience, but we still wanted to learn and grow together. He only asked one question.

"Wine, are we lovers?"

It's not like the books of quotes I've read.

It's not like a romantic movie that you can watch a hundred times.

Not like the sweet scenes dreams used to create after falling asleep.

Not like anything but actually happening.

We stood here, in a corner of the bar, between the drinks cabinet and the wall. It doesn't sound romantic, but to him at this moment, even without impressive melodious lyrics, even without lights to create the atmosphere, it's already romantic.

It's because of him, who said he loved me with sincerity.

"I still remember the scene that day. When we ran to hide in this corner, watching the loving couple propose, you probably thought it was too romantic, but for me, it was more fun than that. That's not because my brother is getting married, but because you're with me at that time."

"..."

"Your face is only so far away from mine, the more red your face or red ears are, the cuter it is. I keep thinking in my heart that if one day there is love, I want to have someone like that as my friend. Love."

So many emotions are jumping around in my chest.

I want to smile, laugh, and cry at the same time.

"So what about you, do you think the same?"

The hardest thing in a relationship is the beginning, we've been through it.

The hardest thing in a relationship is expressing our emotions, we've already gone through it.

So what happened today is not a proof, it's just a promise, that we will get through it. Whether happy or sad, laughing or crying, and many more things...

"I also think the same as you. So... let's be lovers."

Me too.

Even him.

Both us, and many people who love each other.

Growing up.

- End of Chapter 17 -

18.1

Chapter 18: Great love comes with great courage.

[6383]

[Faifah]

"Is the life of someone with a girlfriend that lonely? Boring as a dog."

"Yes, if you have a lover but they are not with you, are you called a lover?"

"..."

"If you have a lover but they don't meet you, don't make eye contact, and aren't with you when your heart needs you, are you still called a lover?"

"So you need him that much?"

"Anytime."

"But this is the end of the semester! He has to go home too."

I want to step down, then writhe like a rabid dog on the floor every time I don't get what I want. Most recently, the first semester ended, so the kids raced to go home.

At first I planned to follow him all the way to Sukhothai, but he said there was no need, because he had something important to tell his family, so I had to sit, then lie down alone. Then I waited and prayed for when the new semester would start.

"Can't stand it, can't stand it, I want to meet you. Just a video call is not enough for a heart that is earnestly looking for love." I lay down on the sofa, with a box of dried fish pizza on my chest, a special menu from the restaurant near my apartment.

Think about it, how desperate it is, to the point of even lying down and chewing food.

"This is such nonsense. Wouldn't it be better to use the time we can't see each other to do something useful?" Kong still behaved like a parent, standing with his hands on his hips and looking at me with extremely pitiful eyes.

"What helps me is missing Wine."

"I'm vomiting."

"Kong, you must understand the moment of love, because when you first started dating Ping, your symptoms were several times worse than mine." Don't be tempted to exaggerate, otherwise they'll say it's an explosion. Every action he does becomes a memory in the eyes of countless friends. Like that, he still talks to me.

"Babble to me all the time." He shook his head before looking down at the floor full of paper scraps and snack shells. When Wine is not around, I don't have the spirit to do anything. "Clean your room, you bastard, it's unbearably messy. Which way can I go?"

"Go whichever way you want to go."

The listener tries to tiptoe through the debris of filth with each step to get to the bedroom. In truth, he wasn't worried about me at all, he just stopped by to pick up the books his major needed to study for the next semester, so he accidentally saw my pitiful image.

"Do you often take him back to his room?"

He turned back and put his feet in the same position where he had stood because it seemed to be the cleanest place in the living room area. Actually, I want to invite him to eat pizza with me, but I'm afraid he'll poke his stomach, and his stomach isn't as healthy as mine.

"There are, but mostly we stop by to eat together and then go back to the dormitory to sleep, it's always like that."

"He doesn't want to sleep in your room because it's dirty, right? Normally, the maid always helps, how can it be this dirty?"

"We don't hire them anymore, we do it ourselves."

"To?"

"I don't want anyone to enter our little place."

"When Wine comes, you clean the room, is that so?"

"YES."

"Extremely pitiful."

"Ever since we started dating, we've hardly had any fun with each other." Just thinking about it makes me excited. N'Wine is a pure kid, so us losers have to keep up our image a bit. He plays an offensive style by saying 'If you want' or 'Can you whip each other?' it doesn't look very artistic. Moreover, I have been 'the beautiful world through my hands' for many years, so familiarity makes me not dare to start.

Question: Have you ever had a fleeting moment when you wanted to bully your lover? To tell the truth, I always think about it later. My lover, whose whole body is so lovely, how can I bear it?

"What kind of howling do you mean?"

"If you still have the face to ask, it's embarrassing." My friend is good at provoking people's hearts. Here, see? Just thinking about this, my face suddenly became hot, to the point that I had to quell my shyness by holding the pizza on my chest and munching.

"I know why your relationship is not going anywhere. Looking at your image now, I, Wine, can't swallow it."

"Such a good mouth!"

"Please stay alone, kid. I have a book, I'll go first."

"Hey, Kong, help me." I tried to quickly sit up from the sofa, shouting loudly to keep my beloved friend back like a person with no self-esteem.

"Who the hell is helping? I can't even survive by myself." Then look at the answer, there is much more hope than sadness.

"How am I going to impress Wine?"

"Act like a human first. I'm leaving."

"Kong, wait! You bastard Kong."

Bang!

The door slammed shut, leaving only me, pizza, and a pile of trash the size of the room.

If I'm forced to lie down like this without thinking about what to do, maybe I'm as useless as Kong said. At least having a small goal set makes me try harder to reach that dream.

At a time when I longed for a sweet, cuddly moment with my lover, and he still hadn't returned, I took this opportunity to change myself. Causing panic, that this is a new Faifah, a man full of dreamy charm.

And this is the end of the semester with a new goal bigger than before.

Start with cleaning the room first. Damn it, I shouldn't have the habit of throwing food everywhere. When cleaning, the dining area looks like a mountain. Just cleaning is not enough, I have to vacuum, sweep, and clean. In the end, it took a day, and my strength was almost exhausted. So I fell down on the bed and slept like dead, without even a single dream anymore.

Day 2 of the change.

It's about creating a memorable image for him. Have you ever? When reading comics or watching movies, the hot male protagonist of the story will have to be coolest under soft lighting. In addition to the captivating face, that person also has a beautiful and perfectly muscular figure that makes people look at him in awe. Last scene I was bringing myself to stand in front of the mirror.

Take a deep breath to muster up the courage to slowly pull the shirt and look at my stomach. Other people have muscles that create beautiful abs. Poor thing, all I have is a bloated stomach, I can't count eggs to relieve my sadness.

Is Wine going crazy? The most memorable extremely romantic scene disappeared in the blink of an eye. But normally people don't have time to sit and think about what the puppet will be like when the mood is this extreme.

While I was fighting with the thoughts in my head, I tossed that problem aside, waited for a decision later, and then moved on to thinking about another messy thing.

When I want to be handsome and cool like in my dream cartoon but at the same time I want to be different like no one else. Even more so, Kong always likes to find stories and invite friends to tell him things. And people often do the same thing. I let my lover wait on the bed, while I finished showering, stepped out and stood leaning against the door, my body still covered in water, only a white towel wrapped around my lower body.

Ho! Repeat until boredom.

Question...Why does it have to be a white towel? Thinking so, I immediately had to resolve my doubts by searching for more information through Google.

And I finally met a cool item that shows my personality, which is a towel with pictures of animals around the world ~

Available in all colors and styles. A goldfish as adorable as the whole world, a baby dinosaur with big eyes, or an aggressive shark are also worth noting.

Just thinking about that scene, Wine looked at me with a smile, I walked over to him, and let the other person reach out with a trembling hand to pull down the scarf shaped like a green sea turtle. Hooooooooo, how high is it?

I smiled excitedly and quickly placed an order online, sent by EMS (express delivery). Order multiple patterns in case I choose again when I want a different style. How? Others only have plain colored towels, but I wholeheartedly support the lovely patterned products of Neon Sawang village.

Having finished with the image, the next important thing comes. As for lovemaking, there are many forms, and we haven't learned anything yet, so we should probably start with something basic first. As for BDSM people who often play hard, it may be a bit rough, so cutting back to the first level, emphasizing gradual comfort and relief, is good.

Hey, sound! The male lead in the movie likes to whisper in his lover's ear with a sexy and deep, sweet voice, but I was born as a normal human being. I'm not a Marshall speaker, but I can adjust the Bass and Treble voices as desired. So let's cut this topic out.

Thinking about many topics, I finally sat down to decide what to do with my belly and body. But exercising isn't bad, it's good for you. Last time my mother came I was scared to death when she said she didn't see any muscles, in contrast to Yotha who had everything like a cartoon male protagonist.

"Alright!!"

Whatever happens, let's try it out first.

The schedule of gym activities is planned in detail. I do everything from swimming, tennis, jogging, lifting weights, and eating clean, but the price is ridiculous. Exercise like crazy. But like I said, muscles don't come just in the blink of an eye.

So trying for weeks didn't help much, so I had to go back to lying down with my legs over my forehead and trying to attract Wine's attention with something else instead.

Knock Knock knock

The knock on the door was loud enough to pull me out of my thoughts. I stood up from the sofa and walked dejectedly to turn the doorknob.

"Please." My twin brother stood in front of the door with a panicked face, and even came without calling or sending a text message to say anything. "What wind brought it?"

"My dad's friend at work bought me a gift." Not only did he say that, he also showed me the bag containing the cake box inside.

"There's free food too, thank you."

I opened the door wide to invite Yotha inside. He placed the cake box on the dining table, then moved himself to sit on the sofa, the same position where I had sat before.

"Then what?"

"Using thoughts."

"No, I mean these days. I heard Beagle say you like to go to the gym often." Rumors are faster than light. People tried to sneak away.

"I'm working out to tone up."

"As big as you?" He looked unconvinced.

From childhood to adulthood, the three of us often had different interests and activities. Newton was only concerned with alcohol and women. Yotha also exercises but mostly spends time for himself. As for me, I play with all kinds of entertainment, do everything this world has to offer except exercise.

It's not that I like to go jogging, I just want to meet people.

Therefore, getting up and doing heavy exercise without bargaining at all becomes a bit strange in the eyes of family members.

"Because I want to have a better image. At least be better than you."

"Just do whatever feels comfortable."

Oh hey, after all, Yotha is a person with a lot of experience sitting right in front of me, I should take advantage of this opportunity to entice and ask a little in case I use that information to adjust it in the right direction and in my own consciousness.

"At the end of the semester, what are you and Gun planning to do?" Actually, I want to be specific about how you 'do' each other. But that's not possible, right? I have to ask the universe first, so it doesn't scold me for being too enthusiastic.

"Asking for what?"

"Want more things."

"Let's go home and play at Beagle's house."

"And then what?"

"Nothing to do, lying bored in the room."

"Is it just boring lying down? Not doing anything else?" The opponent squinted his eyes, so I quickly extinguished the fire. "Like... cooking, watching movies, listening to music, then getting drunk."

"Let's do everything." The answer is none of it is helpful.

"So are you nervous?"

"Many things."

That guy...

"Your room smells like before lately, huh?" Wait, while Yotha was talking about life, he mentioned why the room smelled so bad? I was so confused that I had to scratch my head, because from that day on, I cleaned my room on a regular basis.

"Is that so? Maybe I've been here for so long that I've gotten used to the smell. Do I need to buy scent spray?"

"Kong once recommended scented candles."

"Scented candles?" I just found out that he's a dark boy, but he's also in the mood for certain scents.

"Well. There are many types of that. Light to relax, light to have a good mood, or light to stimulate, depending on the type." UNMARKETABLE! Want to press stop on the last type.

Can candles also stimulate the mood? I kept that saying in my heart. Actually, I want to ask more, but it's better to keep an image first, take it slow and get information later.

"What are you laughing at ?" The deep voice pulled me out of my imagination.

"No, am I laughing? Just thinking about it myself."

He nodded before standing up completely.

"Eat the cake too, I'm afraid it will expire first. If you're lonely one day, stop by to visit dad."

'Can't I come and look for you?'

"I just want to be with you two and Beagle, no need to show your head if anything happens." Pout my lips to the point that my face is all crooked. Every time I hear him being sweet with his lover, I really want to find N'Wine.

"Whoa, once you have someone you love, you forget me."

"You don't have that?"

Having finished speaking, he walked out of the room with a dead face. Less than 5 minutes after Yotha left, my eyes caught sight of the old, wrinkled cloth bag he had forgotten on the sofa. I quickly picked up the phone, with my other hand I curiously opened it to see if there was anything important inside. But the moment I was on the phone looking for my brother, I saw two items appear in front of me.

It's a box of three wolves and a bottle of lubricating gel.

At that moment, I quickly pressed end the call after thinking of something.

Why should I return it? It's better to keep it for my own use.

Scented mood-boosting candles, condoms, and lubricants. If Wine returns, he probably won't have good thoughts.

Next week, the university will reopen. A lot of people started to return to prepare, but it was so early that Wine was still at home. I heard that I will come back 2-3 days before the new period starts.

While waiting, I found an opportunity to ask Kong's opinion about candles, bought them and tried lighting them myself first.

"Sweet-smelling." After lighting it up, I ran back to bed, pulled the blanket up and covered it with imagination in my head. Will it stimulate the mood much? Do you like Wine? Thinking to myself until...

"No, no."

Why do I feel sleepier the longer I light it? It's only 9 o'clock, isn't it?

Hit myself hard in the face to wake yourself up. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't resist the feeling of sleepiness. I'd better go to sleep.

Kho ~~

Bastard. Is this a candle or anesthetic?

"Kong, what kind of candle do you recommend for me? It makes me feel sleepy."

Last night I slept like the dead. If someone hadn't called, I probably would have stayed in bed for another hour. Crazy candle crazy candle. It smells good when I first burn it, but why don't I feel like it stimulates any mood? Forced to take it out to use while staying with Wine, they invited each other to sleep as a couple, without doing any fun activities that were planned.

"Aw, you asked for candles to relax your mood, so I introduced you." He still didn't feel any exclamation, he raised his face as if he had done the right thing.

"I asked you about candles that appeal to emotions."

"You didn't say that back then."

"I did say!"

"Don't argue."

"It's okay not to argue." I first raised the white flag to surrender. "Is there any other scent to introduce? It's like when you light one, you feel a burning sensation, your eyes wide open."

"There's no need to light the candles, drink coffee instead."

"Ouch."

"But it also has the scent you need. I once recommended Yotha to try it." Hearing that, I eagerly asked again quickly.

"How's the feedback? Did he tell you?"

"No, but it seems to be very good, because it seems like I don't buy a lot of stock." I didn't wait but ran and picked up the phone to give it to my dear friend. At least ask for information, even if it has been going astray for a long time, it's okay.

"Please type the name, please tell me the name too."

"Are you going to take someone and crush someone or something?"

"Crazy, who would do that?" Think he believes me? He certainly didn't believe it, but he didn't say or tease anything other than moving his eyes to the floor full of paper and decorative tools.

Last time he came, the room was messy and not cool. This time, it was like dÃ©jÃ vu for him to show the movie on repeat for him to watch and he didn't know how.

"Yeah, let me type. Then what is this for? The room is messy again."

"I'm decorating my room to make it as romantic as possible. Here... I took a bunch of references from Pinterest, mixed them together, I guarantee N'Wine will definitely be impressed."

"Did you decorate his waiting room?"

"Yeah."

"He sleeps in the dormitory at school, right?"

"What if one day we come here to sleep together? Don't ask too many questions, you're here anyway, help me decorate the room a little." Giving a pitiful smile, Kong let out a breath and then knelt down and sat down.

"It's gotten to this point. If I don't help, I'm sure I'll be exposed as a sinner for how much longer."

Having good friends makes everyone jealous. In the past, whoever was in love had to be sent to help with everything. From Gun to being satisfied in front of the people, then to Phuri, then to Kong, who had almost broken his

heart, to the point of inviting each other to drink goodbye. I didn't expect that the situation would be reversed to satisfaction that night.

In turn, my friends and brothers were also extremely cute and helped me think of a plan to surprise and confess my love. When we started dating and still remained friends and didn't abandon each other, it helped me achieve my dream.

"Fai, it's understandable to decorate, but what is the purpose of buying a Christmas tree?" Being touched by his kindness, he was able to interrupt my mood when he saw it.

"Doesn't it suit? Look at the reference, it's really beautiful." I picked up my phone and opened the photo for the person in front of me to see.

"That's what people call Christmas, it's not like that now."

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"Decorate the room without considering the occasion, you bastard, rest first."

"And since I bought it, I still have to deal with it, right?"

Kong raised his hand and patted his forehead over and over again. Finally, add one more condition, which is to decorate the room in a romantic way with a Christmas tree decoration.

We started with the soft white synthetic shag rug underneath, which adds some softness to the room quite well. After that, gradually carry the decorations to decorate other corners little by little.

"This picture, where is it?" When it comes to printing large framed photos for decoration, I have to show them off. It's a picture of me and N'Wine we took together when we took a photo to promote the Friends shirt at the last Engineer Market event.

"Oh, is this a photo or the roof? It's so big. You're so handsome."

"Well a little."

"Is it okay to leave it at the head of the bed? Then use a decorative light."

"What a great idea. Keep it up."

Since he said so, don't wait any longer. I carry the large picture frame up and screwed it to the wall in a messy manner, so Kong volunteered to help hold it and see if it was neat. When everything was done, everyone stepped back to look from afar, seeing that the room in the past of a single guy was starting to have the atmosphere more like a room of a couple.

"Then what is this?" Kongkiat walked over and picked up an item from the paper bag. This one is even more special because I come to the store and choose to buy it myself.

"That lace curtain. So cute."

"What? Are you and your brother the same size?"

"Change of style. So excited. Quickly help me hang the curtain." I secretly saw Kong as if wiping tears from his face. I don't know if he was tired, touched, or felt sorry for me. But whatever the reason, in the end we all helped each other decorate the room.

A Christmas tree, multi-colored flashing lights, a couple photo frames placed at the head of the bed, a soft white carpet with extremely fluttering lace curtains. I can only say one word, which is...

"There's not a single fucking thing in this room that matches each other."

That bastard Kong. Instead of compliments, he's said without caring about the heart at all.

"The guy with one mouth and another mind."

"It's common, it's extremely common, and you've never heard of it."

"If you see it often, you'll get used to it."

"Like me, it's not that serious, because I'm not living with you. But there's N'Wine here, can he survive? Whatever you do, don't think about the other person's thoughts."

"Look at that. How could Wine not like it? The room is so beautiful."

"Let's wait for feedback. I really want to know if he likes it or not."

"Sure!"

I argued with Kong because the room's decoration was strange in his eyes, but from my perspective, it looked incredibly beautiful. So waiting for the day when Wine returned to college and entered my room for the first time changed into hope.

And then the long-awaited day has arrived. I woke up early and went to pick up my lover from the dormitory door to take him to my room. Today is a normal day, nothing special, we are just the two of us alone together. Cook, play games, or even watch movies together. These are simple activities, but he and I have dreamed of doing them together for a long time.

"Welcome back to our home." Please allow me to prepare for a little suspense.

"The room is yours alone."

"Shy."

I scanned the key card, slowly pushed the door open and stepped inside. There's nothing new in the kitchen and living room, other than fresh flowers that have been bought for decoration to add to the atmosphere. Kong also arranged jasmine flowers and large pandan leaves. Damn... it's as fresh as walking in the grass.

Luckily, I asked Wine first if he liked pandan leaves. Just knowing that he liked it, I happily walked and led the little person inside before holding his

hand and pulling him to the love nest that I was extremely proud to introduce.

"Tadaaaaa! This is our bedroom." After opening the wooden door, everything almost stopped moving.

The atmosphere of death is so heavy.

Wine was as motionless as stone. It took a long time to regain consciousness and follow him in. Big round eyes trying to scan around. It looked like he was appalled by my friend's and my efforts.

"Is P'Faifah unwell?"

"No way. What's wrong?"

The question was strange and made my breathing erratic.

"No. You look... strangely cleaning the room." This is bad. As soon as I heard it, I wanted to take down all the decorations and destroy everything.

This is the first time, I just realized that what Kong said was correct. Or does it really have nothing to do with each other? Isn't it beautiful? How much does he dislike? Is it to the point where he doesn't even dare enter this room?

Many questions came like a storm. In the end, I pretend like it wasn't intentional.

"It's a tease. Talking helps change the atmosphere of the room a bit." At the end of the sentence, my voice gradually lowered, until finally I almost swallowed it into my throat. All efforts were shattered without the slightest bit of coolness.

"Is this photo also a joke?" Wine pointed to the photo on the wall. My tears fell immediately.

"Kidding."

"But I like it a lot. Plus, you're also very handsome." While the heart was slowly withering away little by little, it suddenly felt like someone was pumping air into it until it swelled up again.

His words made me feel better. It's fun that no matter how disgusting my taste in decorating a room is, there's still something he likes.

That's right, just one thing is more than enough.

"Wine is also cute so I purposely chose this photo."

"Why do you say you're joking?" He tilted his head and asked.

"The truth is, it's not a joke, it's intentional."

"Vainglorious."

"Admit." I saw him look down and secretly smile, but that action couldn't hide my legendary talkativeness. "So why is N'Wine blushing?"

"I'm just hot."

"Ok ok." It's okay to not tease anymore. The more I tease him, the more pitifully he becomes smaller and smaller like my brother. "After all, we didn't go back on our word when we said we would sleep together."

"Just tonight." He repeated in a loud, clear voice.

"Well, just for tonight."

Just one night is sweet enough for me. Prepared for a long time, from the moment I started working out, even if I didn't succeed, it was still a little better than before. There are emotional stimulating candles that have found the right type. There are also lubricating gels and condoms stolen from Yotha. There is also a room decorated romantically in my eyes but strangely in everyone's eyes to make a home. That's it and you're ready!

I, prepare to shoot down N'Wine's heart. Thinking so, I quickly started talking right away.

"Shall we... do each other too?"

"Yes?" My boy Nguong* made such a panicked face that he took a few steps back

* Nguong = sleepy, Fai calls Wine like that in the first few chapters.

"Meaning to make food."

"Okay. Let's start by washing the vegetables first."

"Deserve." I almost... My mind can only worry about that.

When I heard Wine let out a long sigh, I chuckled. It's like the thoughts at that time were probably the same. We were lucky to change direction in time even though both of our faces weren't exactly full of emotion.

I thought I wanted to burn off the stage to the point where I decided I wouldn't eat anything like rice or fish anymore. Is it okay to just go to the bathroom? My heart was shaking and dancing until it wanted to come out of my chest. I wanted to rush in and rub my face against his neck, but I was afraid it would look too outrageous, so I just maintained my image and went to the kitchen to cook until it was time to eat dinner elegantly.

"N'Wine craftsmanship is the best." I haven't eaten yet, so let me give you a compliment first.

"I almost don't do anything, I'm just your assistant."

"As an assistant, I also know that the food is delicious because of Wine." I have experienced the sweetest dish in the world, iced milk, with Phuri's skills. I can experience anything in this world.

Today our breakfast is something simple like an omelet for each person, sausage, toast, a little bacon and ham. But what's special is N'Wine making salad to eat together, even though normally he almost doesn't know how to cook but still tries. See it? Having a good lover means I can eat food from all five groups.

"What are you laughing at, P'Faifah?" He seemed like the other person saw it so I didn't hide it.

"It's great to have a lover who takes such good care of you. Look at the salad, it's so delicious."

"I just wash vegetables."

"Just washing the vegetables makes today's meal special. Look at the vegetables..." Before I could finish my sentence, I used my fork to prick the salad and put it in my mouth to chew happily. Cooking shows MCs like to do that, talking about flavors while eating. "It's sweet and crispy, not bitter at all because it has been thoroughly and meticulously washed by someone who puts their heart into it."

"You keep overdoing it."

"If you don't believe it, just taste it. If it were someone else, the vegetables wouldn't be washed so cleanly, plus the salad dressing would be delicious too. Even if Wine doesn't make it himself, did you know that pouring the sauce in will also make it taste different."

"P'Faifah hÆ¡iiiii ~"

He exhaled even longer than in the bedroom. I smiled happily and immediately thought of a plan in my head.

Surely we weren't just eating, I had to make this first visit to the room impressive. After thinking about it, I didn't wait long and quickly left the dining table, went straight to pick up my favorite speaker to turn on the music...

Extremely adorable, this is truly the best playlist for someone in love. Choose the first song right away to keep him there and not change his mind midway. Baby by Paul Partohap is the best, especially the part that says 'Baby please don't go and stay with me tonight'.

* Darling, don't go, stay with me tonight

Then he will suffocate with love with the part 'Baby 'cause I need and I love you so much'.

* Darling, because I need you and I love you very much

Can't stand it anymore. Even more to the point of saying that 'I can't live with myself. You're always in my heart', showing even more overwhelming love. No matter what, Wine and I will definitely go far together tonight.

* You cannot live alone. You are always in my heart.

"P'Faifah..." There we go. He made his voice tremble. So I quickly stepped in to comfort him as if I understood.

"No need to cry. It's very touching, right?"

"No, I can't translate it."

Lame! Why did I forget that he's not very good at English? Even when it comes to the name of the country, they even look it up in the dictionary to translate it. Thinking about it is extremely painful. Turn off the speaker and then return it to its original area in the bedroom. As for me, I went back to sitting and eating vegetables sulkily.

"Are you upset?" Oh I know.

"It's not wrong if someone can't translate."

"Then please translate for me." Hehe! Give up, kid. If that's the case, why didn't I think of it?

"Want to hear it?"

"Um." It's so sweet. Once he has paved the way, only a fool would miss this important opportunity. So this morning we sat down to eat and translated the lyrics together.

"The song I played earlier is called Baby."

"Do you mean children?" That's right, oh my life.

"It means baby."

"Ok ok, continue." I hate Wine's senseless smile. But it's undeniable, no matter what he does, he's always cute in my eyes.

"If roughly translated, this song says 'Baby don't go anywhere, let's stay together tonight. Because I need you, and I love you very much. So don't go anywhere. I probably won't survive. Because you're always in my heart.' Eh ~ I'm so embarrassed, I don't know what to translate."

"But I translated most of the article."

"Yeah, I can't help but focus a little."

"I got it."

"Understand...?" When I heard his words, I also started to have more hope. I beg you, don't turn around like last time.

"It's like we agreed with each other before."

"..."

"I'm not going anywhere, I'm staying with you tonight anyway."

Bang!

It feels like someone is filling my head with light. The heart-filling of having love is like this. And I couldn't control my joy anymore, so I chose to express it by eating and smiling all the time.

18.2

Chapter 18: Great love comes with great courage - 2

[4444]

Breakfast passed. We chose a series from the list of countless movies on streaming, and sat down to watch it together until it was late in the afternoon. I'm too lazy to cook this meal, so I ordered takeout instead. Find something to do gradually, time will pass. This is the scene I've been waiting for.

9 pm! It's bedtime.

Normally I don't sleep at this time, but people like me don't sleep at midnight and it lasts until 3am. But because tonight there is an important task we have been waiting for in our hearts, if we start early it will make us not tired and just keep going, keep going.

"Sorry for taking a slow shower." Well, my boyfriend came out of the bathroom, so P'Faifah needed to quickly change his position to lie on his side with the coolest attitude this brain could create.

I can't stand it anymore, I'm ready to die. N'Wine came out wearing dolphin pajamas. Ah sharp!!

"Come on, your hair is still wet. Come here, let me dry your hair."

"Then it will dry on its own."

"No, if you have a cold, what should I do?"

Wine did not refuse but strode forward before sitting cross-legged at the end of the bed. So I took advantage of this opportunity to quickly turn myself over, drag myself to sit behind the small person, then take the towel in his

hand to gently dry his hair in the extremely fragrant scent of shower gel and soap shampoo.

It's strange that even though it's a familiar scent that I use often, when it's on my lover's body, it feels a hundred times more fragrant than before.

"Wine..."

I don't know what happened, maybe it was because the room temperature was good, the smell of shower gel and shampoo, or the convenience of seeing the smaller person sitting quietly drying his hair in a posture like that. I can fall asleep at any time. But whatever the reason, the body seems to have lost control.

"Hmm?" He opened his eyes and looked up at me sitting behind him.

His face, his bright lips, even his rosy red cheeks were clearly visible in my eyes, making the patience that I had tried to build up throughout the day crumble to nothing.

And I didn't want to wait any longer, so I lowered my face, before touching my lips to those soft lips gently but mixed with selfishness.

We kissed.

Is it okay to call it like that? Because it was just a gentle touch of the lips, I was so shy that I almost turned around from the bed to the floor. Besides, Wine didn't say anything, because he was still willingly accepting the kiss with his eyes closed.

What should I do? How now? Too shy.

One more time please. Just now we kissed a little bit and then separated, this time it had to be deeper than before.

"P'Faifah, shall we move up and lie down on the bed properly?"

Oops! Before the big action could be taken, the cute boy had already proposed the idea. Fai's heart swelled to the point of almost exploding, so I

quickly responded.

"Okay N'Wine, I'm ready! Very ready!" Having said that, I turned over with lightning speed.

Bang!

It feels like there's a sound echoing in my ears. It was so big, so big that it made my brain start spinning. Self-awareness is also more unusual than usual. The eyes on both sides alternately darken and brighten, before returning to clarity, it was also when some hand held the face steady. But his expression also showed that he was quite panicked.

"Are you okay?"

It seemed that the hunger and thirst that led to the somersault back onto the bed was a bit strange, so there was an error in technique. This time it's not a tiny thing, it's a big deal.

Please allow me to analyze what happened a bit.

Ah... I accidentally hit my head on the bed. Haha damn! I am not really stupid, I can't do it like him.

"T... man ok."

"It doesn't look okay. Let me find some medicine to treat the wound."

"Wait... Wait, Wine, no need, no need..." He didn't wait to hear but quickly jumped down from the bed to find the first aid box outside, leaving me panting alone.

It hurts to see. I really shouldn't, I really shouldn't hesitate so much.

Next time! Next time I'll remove the headboard.

Someone once asked if we are disappointed all the time? I want to say that there is a person who, even if he tried until he was almost dying, could never reach his dream. That person is... me.

"What are you doing, my dear?"

"Don't stick your nose in."

Phuri did not know about this. Actually, people in the world don't know, except me and Wine.

That night, by the time I slept, it was almost dawn. From the beginning, the activity we wanted to do was to make love for both of us, but it ended up with sitting and treating the lump in the middle of my head. I lost all inspiration from you to me. We had to comfort each other by lying down and listening to Baby all night.

So bruised that I had to gasp for air and faintly sat down to draw up a new, more concise plan.

Like today, I spent a lot of time studying and preparing the script. Not a script for a special event or preparing to present an important subject report, but a script for a step-by-step, tactical attack. I can't take it anymore, I'm so embarrassed that I'm dying. This time I will appear in a cool cool way so that he will be immersed in the coolness.

Let's start now. 1 2 3 4

Find a lot of informationmyself. Don't dare to ask the people around me. If they try, they say they don't have the skills, so just rely on Google to find a way out. If someone says that it's trash, it's unacceptable, so we have to act secretly. As for whether Wine is impressive or not, I would like to ask for that from a different way. If something like this isn't helped by the gods, I'll have to fight with luck.

Imwanted to try again but didn't know if he was ok with it. But I have to say... it doesn't get any more miserable than the situation that night, right?

"You seem haunted lately?" Having been with my own thoughts for so long, Phuri finally broke the scene.

"Obsessed with what? People are called passionate people."

"Then please be passionate about studying too. Is what the teacher teaches you in your head or not?"

"Then don't start a conversation, your knowledge is gone now."

"Yeah, it's your problem."

From thinking that I would take care of him during the end of the semester. If he has a headache or feels unwell, P'Faifah will fly to buy porridge and clean his body like when Yotha used to take care of Gun. Who knows, that dream image won't actually happen, and university will start again in the new semester. I'm really funny. Wine never happened. The first time cannot make him miserable.

I also have to choose a nice day like this weekend, so that he won't have to go out and be tired of being exposed to the sun and rain, making himself physically tired from going to school.

Is he the most wonderful husband in the world? Thinking about it all.

I prayed and planned for days. Just think about it, every day that passes is extremely painful. As lovers, we rarely get to go out to eat together because he still has to participate in activities and some days he even takes extra classes. Moreover, I have to make reports day and night. I can only buy rice, milk or mosquito spray. But if I don't stay there for a long time, it will distract me.

But today, Faifah will return majestically again by inviting his lover to dinner and watching a movie in a room with just the two of them together.

"Wine, will... sleep here together today?"

It's like someone is playing until they get bruised, the plan is familiar. But I'm afraid it will fall apart like in the past.

"Tomorrow is a day off, so I... want to wake up late together."

I persuaded him while we were watching a movie on the sofa. Before that, we took each other to the shower and finished brushing our teeth, so I took the opportunity to wear a towel with the image of a green sea turtle and show it off. I thought I would start "subduing" him at that moment. But no, let's sit down and watch a movie first.

"It's OK." This time he answered back immediately, not wasting any time. "Because I knew you would ask, I invited you to watch a movie. It's no problem sleeping late."

Open my mouth and scream.

"So cute." I want to pinch my cheeks really hard with aggression, but I have to restrain myself first. "So can we continue watching the movie?"

"Yes."

_____

Less than 10 minutes have passed...

"Wine."

"Hmm?"

"Nothing."

_____

Next 5 minutes...

"Wine."

Unable to speak, my mouth does not move according to what my heart thinks. No matter how good I am at speaking or creating relationships with many people, it has never been easy for him. And I don't know how to start.

While fighting with thoughts in my head, Wine was finally the one to resolve that distraction, throwing it away.

"P'Faifah, shall we try it together?"

"There is?!"

"Let's try it together."

Damn, contrary to hope. What to try? I won't be able to sit down and watch a long movie for 2 more sets.

"Is that so?" Investigate and ask first, in case it's not the same thing.

"Um." The small face bowed down until it was almost buried in his chest before speaking in a low voice but extremely clear to the listener. "You've been thinking about that for a while, haven't you? I mean I'm ready."

"..."

"Let's have sex together."

Bang!!

Emergency number. Contact the emergency number urgently, someone here has a heart attack from being violently attacked by the power of love.

"I'll be back in a bit."

My soul almost disappeared, but I just remembered so I ran to find the script I had recorded in the bathroom. Last time it was very detailed about where to start first. Kiss, then caress, dream a little, then attack. There is a whole collection of master techniques. But when the time comes...

Damn

The paper was wet with water and the ink was smeared until it no longer had its shape. I want to melt into the wind right here but I have to tell

myself that it's okay, the first time I must be nervous like that, it's better to do everything with emotion.

When I walked out, I saw the smaller person sitting quietly waiting with his head tilted in question. What kind of child is so crazy adorable? There's no need to watch any more movies, it's better to do something else to make my heart beat faster.

The two legs walked slowly to find the other person, before lifting Wine's body up and pulling him straight to the bed. Actually, it should have started a long time ago but I keep breaking it all the time. And tonight I am not sure what it will be like. I just know that no matter how it begins or ends, I hope he will be happy.

The owner of the fragile body lies sprawled on the large bed. His body was covered in pale pajamas, but under the moderate yellow light, his face and body looked more worthy of exploration than ever. Just imagine what it would be like if I slowly took off his clothes one by one. Then what will his expression look like when we touch each other?

Not wanting it to be just a fantasy, I guided myself to the bed, tilted my face down, and pulled in impatiently to kiss the person below me. It is an emotion that is both passionate and affectionate, and is as combustible as top-grade oil.

Forget about lighting candles to evoke emotions, forget about techniques, forget about everything.

I want to love, touch, and be gentle with him like this heart wants to do. I don't know if Wine's first time will be ok, but I will try as hard as anyone can.

"No need to worry." When leaving the extremely hasty kiss, the person below spoke to me with wet eyes.

"I'm afraid Wine won't like it."

"Let's try it first."

Oh my gosh, where can I find someone this good? I am so lucky to love and be loved by him.

After thinking happily about myself, I quickly bent down to give passionate kisses to the owner of his fragile body once again. Meanwhile, my hands traveled all over his body before penetrating his pajamas, caressing his smooth skin emotionally.

Our bodies rubbed against each other, collided a lot, arousing countless emotions that surged throughout our bodies like a light electric current running along our nerves. We pulled apart, looked at each other's faces, then leaned down again and kissed hungrily for an uncountable number of times before moving our lips to the area behind the ears and under the chin.

Wine raised his face to receive the touch and wrapped his arms around my waist so tightly that our middles collided and rubbed against each other. And it is also the time when the hot flashes quickly come.

"Stop?" I asked the other person, just praying that he wouldn't stop.

"It's come to this."

Then the answer I received made my heart beat crazy at first and now almost wanted to jump out of my chest.

I reached out and unbuttoned the pajamas he was wearing. I hate it so much when my hands tremble no less than the body of the person below me. Perhaps because we were both new, we looked so confused and nervous that we couldn't keep our expressions.

It took a long time until I took off his shirt. I scanned my eyes at the naked body trying to shrink into a small body to hide from my eyes. I don't know why the more I look at it, the more adorable it is, the more I look at it, the more I want to tease it.

"Extremely sexy."

"Don't joke around."

"No kidding, tell the truth."

I quickly pulled myself out of my reverie and took off my pajamas. I don't know which way to throw it away, I just know I have to take it off right now, to be ready for our next move.

I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart for not having time to practice to get a six pack, I only have three butts to help, baby.

Stupid~

At this moment, I don't want to worry about anything anymore, so I bend down so I can hug the person below me even tighter, and kiss every part of my body. The smell of shower gel when mixed with his skin seems to turn into an addictive substance that makes people addicted, making it difficult to stop.

No matter where it is, I want to touch it. The entire face, neck, flat stomach and inner thighs all want to be touched with the mouth, gently mixed with roughness, gradually stimulating emotions, to the point of making the delicate body occasionally erupt and groaning sounds.

Until I found an opportunity to use my hand to tease the sensitive part right in his middle, even though Wine whined a bit, it didn't take long for Wine to easily support me. He let me use my strength to stroke up and down, alternating between heavy and light. The slender hand grabbed my hand, my body tensed and twisted with the force transmitted. But he still stared with tears in his eyes as if to say that just a little longer and he couldn't stand it anymore.

I certainly didn't stop, but chose to take him to the end of the road.

Wine moaned in a low voice, his thighs trembling and twisting with each touch. One hand grabbed the bed sheet until it was wrinkled, the other hand held one of my arms tightly as the movement gradually accelerated. In the end, I brought him to his desired destination with sweet moans, very seductive in that moment.

"P'Faifah." He called my name in a soft voice, his eyes moved down to look at my stomach, where his white stain was rising.

"It's OK."

I gently patted the little person's head as if to comfort him. Wine closed his eyes and pressed his lips together tightly.

"Can you float?" I have to whisper and keep my voice down, I'm not cool anymore.

"Um." He also responded in a sobbing voice.

Knowing that right now our heads were probably boiling, we couldn't even call for a stop in the middle, so we slowly continued together slowly by moving to open his rear.

This time, lubricating gel was used. Trying for who knows how long, we finally got over it.

But next time, my task is heavy.

The condom I stole from my brother was brought out to wear. Wine looked like he was about to cry but refused to say anything.

"If... anything happens to you, please... know that I'm at my best." When he's sleepy, he's funny. Oh!

"This kid, it's okay, let's try together."

I asked for help by spreading his legs apart before inserting myself in between. Put the lube on my hand before using it on his back door again. I had to grit my teeth and slowly put the erection in and try to adjust so I wouldn't accidentally do it too hard.

It was difficult at first, but Wine still allowed me to go in little by little with a miserable expression. It was like he was about to cry but didn't cry. He just opened his mouth to grab oxygen into his lungs while breathing frantically.

His insides were warm and tight, making me almost go crazy but I had to remind myself to stop over and over again.

Faifah can handle it. Faifah can handle it.

Faifah can handle it.

"Is it painful?" Speak up and ask the person in front of me with concern. As he shakes his head, I slowly move his midsection little by little until the end. Wine's body gradually relaxed, and his expression became a little better than before, so I felt relieved.

I pulled out, then slowly pushed back in. But with each movement, the person below me groaned. The body responded by arching up to receive it while his arms reached up to hug my neck as the force of contact and speed increased.

I felt a sense of satisfaction all over my body as the initial screams of annoyance started to change to sounds that were a mixture of excitement and happiness at the same time. I should move my hips in and out continuously according to the force of my emotions, making my slender body also move according to the constant force.

At that moment, no one could stop our infatuation for each other anymore. I get to love him as much as I want to love him. Wine also expressed many emotions through pulling the hair on my head to his satisfaction.

Aw karma! He grabbed my head.

He hold my head.

Don't give up at this moment. He hurts me but I need to hurt him gently by hugging his small back tightly while the lower part of my body is still moving non-stop.

Oh my. This time is even more unlucky than last time. From holding my head, this time he reached down and grabbed my neck again. Scream.

Just leave it like that, honey.

The intrusion continued for a long time, before changing into any conceivable position. When Wine says he's still alive, fights with me, everyone gives each other strength. Before that moment came, my mind was empty, only white spreading everywhere.

Images once seen clearly began to blur. The movement in and out was still steady, while one of my hands slid down to pamper him all the way inside. In the end, we both let out all the emotions we had bottled up inside.

I was exhausted, my body was like a dead person and only had half a life left, but I was extremely happy. No one said anything after that. I placed my head on the chest of the person below me along with countless kisses along his body. Certainly, for me and Wine...

It doesn't end just this once.

On this bed, in this room, is our love nest.

Next morning

"Sniff..."

I pulled the blanket up and wrapped myself, trying to suppress my sobs as best I could. N'Wine sat on the bed and turned to look at me for a bit before continuing to pay attention to the game on his phone.

"You can stop crying now."

I watch a lot of TV series. When it's over, they only have the female lead crying and crying, demanding that the male lead take responsibility. So this time I'll try to do it like that, maybe I can call attention to it, even if the truth is I'm the one doing it.

"Take responsibility, huh."

"It's like that for the first time."

"Hu hu, I slept with someone, don't leave me alone." Don't create an opportunity to leave empty space, quickly use the dialogue I just thought of with low-level acting, by moving forward to hug my lover's slim waist tightly. "People can't live without me."

"Wait, did we mistake each other's scripts?" He asked but I don't care.

"There's no mistake. N'Wine, you have to be responsible for me, you have both my body and my heart."

"Well, who's the one?"

"Promise first. Here, I have a headache, I feel hot, I'm sure I'll get sick too. You have to buy porridge for me, you have to clean me, you have to take good care of me like Yotha took care of Gun."

"I'm the one who's sick!" He scolded me and hit my arm harshly.

But from the look on his face, I can rest assured that Wine is fine.

What about me?...

I'm a good actor, and tonight I have to quickly play the role of a pitiful person to find a reason to go to bed together again. Ah hee hee ~ high.

- End of Chapter 18 -

19.1

Chapter 19: Faculty of Engineering made us fall in love

[4941]

The extremely magical time of Mr. Faifah Thanawanyotha...

My common name is Faifah, my real name is also Faifah, but my last name ends with the word Yotha. When I was in high school, my friends often asked me if I ever felt sorry for myself when my dad didn't use my last name. And I also replied with the same old saying with a cool shrug, saying it's irrelevant. This is the last name the fortune teller gave me, you bastard.

I am the third son born just a few minutes apart from my twin brother. But those few minutes made the two of us very different. Even though our faces are so similar that it's hard to tell them apart, our personalities are completely opposite.

Yotha is serious, quiet, honest and loves isolation. As for me, I talk a lot, like to immerse myself in the community, I have too many friends to count, but I also try my best to remember each person's face and name. The important thing is that in everyday life, I still like to participate in all activities because I feel that is what makes me happy.

When I was a child, everyone liked to say that my personality was like my mother's, and Yotha's was like my father's, and Newton's like the uncle next door because he liked to run over the fence to play and fly his plane often. Because of his cuteness, he is often invited over to eat cake or watch cartoons, so it is normal for him to accept people nearby.

When I grew up, somewhere around the age of 10, our mother and father decided to separate, so the three brothers were no longer together. But not many years later, I had to return to the old house again because my mother remarried. And I couldn't bear it if I had to move abroad and have a new sibling and father.

But if it were now, I would like to take back that word, anyone can take me out of this country.

At first when I came back, I was very worried that I wouldn't be able to get along with the other two brothers, because a lot of things had changed during the time we were apart when we weren't together. Personalities and interests were different, now they are even more different. I lived with my mother for a long time, so when I returned home I realized that there was more rudeness than life should have.

The question is do I need to change?

After experimenting with doing things the way most people in my family do, I also found out that we don't need to change, we just need to continue living a colorful life with my rude dad and brothers. At least our home will have a balanced atmosphere, not going down the same extreme path as before.

I think I can replace my mother, at least our personalities are similar. But no... no one can replace anyone.

Dad still misses her like before, Newton and Yotha still have trouble in their hearts. As for me, I have never been able to accept my family being separated, but I have to pretend to laugh and talk loudly to hide it and tell everyone that it's okay.

Mom always liked to say she believed in love. She is a dreamy woman who sees the world in rosy colors and has not been entangled with anything for so long. Whenever she started suffering, she would run away from it. So it's not strange to me why my mother decided to sign the divorce papers and easily run away to start a new life while my father is still stuck in this cycle as before.

No matter what kind of love it is, it is beautiful, she said. And I also believe with all my heart that's why I treat everyone well, giving me the feeling of deceiving myself that this is called loving everyone around me. Before those people also responded with good feelings. Such a life also has no shortcomings at all.

Until the world threw someone into my orbit.

That person is the owner of a very long sentence engraved deeply in the heart.

'It's not good if you care about everyone equally. But if you look at it from another angle, it's like you don't give importance to anyone, what you do is just your personality.'

That was the first time I realized that it was true what that person said...

The reason I try to treat people well is because I love and want to care, or is the truth that I just do it because I'm used to it?

Can I change? Did past actions make anyone suffer? That's the question I don't dare to think about anymore. But that person taught me to face it, changed me into a better person before it gradually became clear.

Everything changes when someone enters your life.

That person is... Wine.

[First day of meeting]

"Ok, I'm at the shop. Come later when you're done with the battery."

Receiving a family code is an activity that 2nd years are very excited and looking forward to. Everything went smoothly and I also got another girl with the same code who just joined the family. She studies chemistry, is an active person, and dresses like a hipster. I can see from the facebook avatars we exchanged before. The important thing is that she has a lover.

I have no intention of pursuing Pin, I just think that I will take good care of her, no matter how miserable she is, I will be able to pick her up and drop her off anywhere. But the problem is that there are things that don't need me, her lover can already do better.

Pin's lover is cute, a girl so cute. We only met once, and we were infatuated for life, because she stood and sang songs that she composed for me in front of a shop full of albums. Right now my ears are still numb.

When we arrived there was a bit of chaos, perhaps because today was the day to receive the code for the Faculty of Engineering, so the 2nd years brought their juniors over to eat and drink until every table was filled and there was no parking space. So I had to drive to find a place to park far away and then circle back to the shop instead.

After pushing through the door to go inside, my eyes tried to scan for an empty table. Once I had a table, the staff quickly went and placed the menu in front of me before leaving. While looking at the dishes, I never thought I would dream that someone suddenly walked in. Furthermore, he sat down on the chair in front of me.

Oh, what's going on? Are you kidding me or what?

"Are we switching tables or something?"

I took my eyes off the menu and turned my attention to the person in front of me instead.

Dressing like this is definitely a first year. Guessing from the look and the confused question that said, 'moving the table', it all made me think of my twin brother extremely. Guess he probably intentionally brought his junior with the same code to entertain here but disappeared midway, so it was a coincidence that I walked in at the same time.

From thinking that maybe it would be a bit lonely before Pin came, now it's not anymore, Faifah has a lot of fun and interesting things to do.

This droopy-eyed boy is so cute, it's strange how I want to tease him. If I had tried to act smoothly as Yotha before telling the truth at the end, I wouldn't have had my foot slapped in my mouth beforehand, right?

Secretly feeling excited for a moment, I quickly pretended to be smooth and answered the other person's question.

"YES..."

For Yotha, I have to act less cheerfully, don't show too much emotion, it's hard for him to see it, even though I want to talk nonsense to him a lot.

"I have chosen the dish." Ugh! There's also a choice of dishes, so I have to continue acting.

It makes Yotha tired. I don't know what else it's trying to do?

"What do you want to eat?"

"Curry rice with filtered water is fine."

"Are you full? You can order more."

He makes his eyes cross all the time. Looking at it, I can tell that he's thinking hard because the price of the food isn't as cheap as it should be, so asking to order more looks like meddling. Therefore, I refuse to suggest anything other than sit and wait for the owner's decision.

"Then give me another portion of karaoke chicken."

Shit, karaoke too.

Is he joking with me? But from the look on his face, I think not.

"Oh, when I hear that, I want to pick up the mic and sing. Karaoke chicken, right?"

"That's it."

Lovely to see it. I want to laugh but I'm afraid of being rude so I try to crack a small smile instead. I want to maintain a better image than this, but how can I do that? I'm starting to like him because of his naturalness.

"There aren't many pieces of chicken, so order something else. Or should I order it?"

"Ah... please call."

Yotha, why are you looking at me like I want to tease him like that? I honestly don't want him to appear right now. I want to stay with this kid to talk to him. Want to ask if there's anything special he likes to eat? If he has time, I'll buy it and bring it to him.

Iya! Everyone thinks like that. If I want to eat something, I have to quickly take it away.

"So tempura? Are you allergic to shrimp?" He shook his head, so I showed off my coolness by ordering all the items on the price list. Let the whole world know that I'm ready to take care of you. But the first year boy who made my heart flutter objected first.

"Don't order too much. How can you eat it all?"

Looking at his face, I can tell he's afraid of being paid.

"I'll treat you to this meal."

"Actually, there's not as much food as I thought. You can order more."

I fucking hate this flippant speaking skill. Just now, I was almost resisting unbearably, to the point where I couldn't keep my face. But as soon as I said it was a treat, I laughed so much that my cheeks wanted to crack, to the point that I wanted to fly over and slap my ass.

"That's a joke."

"I don't."

We talked about this and that and continued a little more. Actually, we still haven't figured out how to greet each other, but if I ask directly, I'll probably get caught right away. He also doesn't address himself by his name anymore, so I can only talk in circles or just ask random questions to kill time.

Until someone like Yotha who wanted to disappear for an extremely long time appeared in front of him, so the plan to fake it was easily ruined.

"Hey, are you playing tricks on me with my code?" Oh, what's wrong? When I encountered a dark boy appearing like this, I quickly denied it.

"I didn't do anything, your code came to the table to find me."

"Wine." Then he also called out a name. That was the first time I learned his common name.

"P'Yotha?"

"Um."

He looked at the person who had just arrived alternating back and forth with me until his eyes were almost close to each other. But in the situation where my twin brother hummed and answered briefly, he made a shocked face.

"Aw, if you're Yotha, then this..."

I'll wait here smiling widely.

"My twin brother, his name is Faifah."

Hello boy ~ This is me, not a ghost anywhere. Seeing his shocked face, I immediately wanted to comfort him by asking to be accepted as a junior with the second code in our family.

Thank you for being an extremely special memory today. The person who was already numb saw it, and even lovingly ordered karaoke chicken. That's the person I want to build a relationship with.

"Hello P'Faifah, my name is Wine."

And this was the starting point for us to officially get to know each other.

[First time, I don't want anyone to get it wrong]

My life with the barber shop is not so strange. Normally, when my hair is long, I go to the salon to get it cut. After entering college, I have to look more handsome more often than before. In addition, they often help me design the hairstyle that best suits my face type. Worse than that was that time... when I received the title of best man at university.

Cutting, washing, shaping, and dyeing are normal. Not sure if in 10 years all my hair will fall out because of using too many chemicals.

"N'Faifah, long time no see." Every time I step into the shop, I always feel warm. Because I come often, I remember it right away.

"There are activities for the first years these days, so the second years have to take care of them."

"It's not strange. What are you going to do today?" The beautiful sister started getting into the topic. She is a familiar worker to me. Every time I go to the shop, I let her cut it for me. Please let me bother you again this time.

"Dye my hair."

"Is there any color you particularly like?"

"I have a reference sample." Don't just talk, take out my phone, open the photo in the archive and show it to the person in front of me to see. Just that made the sister's eyes widen in shock. "Here it is, saved from Pinterest. Do you think it suits me?"

"7 colors on one end?"

She asked in a broken, interrupted voice. The truth is, I want to test to see if after dyeing, I will be as handsome as a Korean idol or like a mobile temple.

"Is it beautiful? Ask for P'Tem's opinion first."

"It can be done, but it will take a little longer because you have to dye each tip one by one." Why am I so afraid of the word crown? Hearing this, I feel like it's not gentle to my heart at all.

"So is there any color you can recommend? Which one suits me?"

"I think you suit every color, it depends on what style you like in particular."

"I don't have any color in mind either. I just think I want a color that stands out a bit, like when I see it and remember it. I want it like when I see one and immediately know that this is me, not someone else, that's it."

"There's a color, it's called Ash Grey, it's like this."

The professional hairdresser went to the corner where the magazines were kept and took out a fashion book related to hair color to show me. It must be called cross-eyed. Every page I opened was beautiful, until I stopped at a page with the color name just mentioned.

"So cool." But whether it's okay with me or not is another thing.

"But I'll have to bleach your hair a little more than once, because your old color is black."

"I'll come right away."

Reply with the 'for life' style song playing in my head.

"And another downside is that it fades quickly. It will gray for a while and then turn yellow."

"Just do it, I just need to be a little handsome, so that person will remember me and then dye it again."

"Flirting with girls, what is this?"

"No, I just want him and my brother's code to remember that."

"Ah, I have the same code as my brother. H... huh?!"

No need to find it strange. Doing everything is really because I don't want anyone to get confused. And I don't know what makes me want to exist in the eyes of the person I just met so much.

[Family feast with Yotha]

Yotha took him to a banquet for the code family. I also used a thick face and acted smoothly as if we happened to meet each other before going over to ask to sit with them, even though I already knew Wine's schedule.

He ordered rice with fried eggs, a normal dish, nothing special. As for me, I eat so often that my face almost turns into chicken eggs, but I still have to tease and joke around a lot. Whatever Wine likes or eats, I have to compliment him a lot, say it in a way that looks encouraging, so that he feels that I give him importance and feels warm inside. But I hate it to death when the other person's response is not what I thought.

He made a disgusted face. I forgot, does he think I'm flirting?

Ugh no! I really want to praise that. No matter what Wine eats, it's delicious in my eyes. Wow, fragrant fried egg rice.

I don't know why each day becomes more and more like fate. Or is it because I know that he is a room-sick person, doesn't like to go out anywhere, and is happy with lying boringly in bed. The friends I know are only in the department, and I'm not close to many of him. That feeling motivated me to want to invite him out to try something.

If he's not happy with it, I'll stop...?

That's right, stop asking him out, and instead let myself be a part of his repetitive life.

Just think about it, how thick-skinned do people have to be?

Me, Yotha, and Wine sat at the table eating. The truth is, don't call it eating, because most of the time it's more about arguing with my twin brother. He likes to interrupt me. Sometimes, when I want to show off my coolness a little, I get teased and show my trash and smack my freshman brother in the face, so I can't accept it.

And then? After eating, he asked me to take a photo of the family's code, so I had to move myself to stand at the head of the table, reaching for the phone I had just gotten back not long ago.

With my friends, I can always remember which app they like to use to take photos. There is an app to edit at the same time without having to waste time going to the app multiple times. But with N'Wine, I like this naturalness.

Don't ask if Yotha is important. Seeing each other since childhood, if I could erase it from the frame, I would probably do it. Oh my God, my arms and legs are entangled and I see it.

"Let's laugh a little."

Seeing the darkness make a serious face made me nervous. The scene changes to the other person making a sleepy face. Truly worthy of being a divine code family. I didn't want the photos to come out looking sad as if I was being dragged to take a photo, so I had to act like a good photographer giving directions to the other person.

Surely both of them are easy to follow. My brother, his smile is so awkward it's scary. But with the first year boy, it was the complete opposite. He just smiled a little and the whole world instantly brightened up. So I couldn't resist and zoomed in on the image in front of the camera so I could see only him. The more I zoom, the clearer the youthful face and smile appear. He's so cute when he's smiling like that.

"Cup!"

At that moment, I decided to take the shutter and made a teasing sound.

"Fai, you don't need to make sound effects."

"That's because I like it. Cup, cup, cup."

The truth is, I just want everyone to relax, to find opportunities to take more pictures of him. Maybe it's when he makes a stupid face, or he laughs, innocently. Just like before, I was laughing too. So taking photos today wasn't as boring as I thought.

I also didn't want to stress my brother if I didn't have a family photo, so I sympathized with him and took one. Other than that, it's just Wine taking up all my galleries.

After a while, switch to portrait mode, focusing on just one person who is not acting suspiciously to make Yotha suspicious. After that, take the time to look at the pure face through the phone screen.

Normally, I always volunteer to be a familiar camera man for my friends. The photos received are sometimes beautiful, sometimes bad as usual. Actually, I want to take good photos to make my friends happy. But no one has ever felt like, whether beautiful or ugly, they want to keep every image in their memories for themselves.

"So adorable you bastard." I muttered to myself, before being interrupted by the word haunted boy.

"Something lovely."

"You and your brother."

No really, I mean him...

"Send me pictures too."

"Let me tag you."

Tag a photo without knowing if it was taken clearly or not because it's not a problem. As for the other photos where I pressed the shutter repeatedly,

please keep them for myself. It's cute, it's not strange when I keep looking at it.

[Bangon Ponchana on the day when feelings change]

Arriving at Bangon Ponchana was the same as always.

... Each time was extremely fun.

Actually, I don't really want to go to this place. Not because it's bad, but because I'm afraid I'll have too much fun. Just think, how much energy does each activity I participate in use up?

Start by saying hello to my friends. I have to say, my friends are almost at every table. Just saying hello is not enough, we must also toast. Any table that was a little kind would just sip their lips, but like the bold ones, they would dare to drink the entire glass in one gulp. Frankly speaking, my stomach is extremely pitiful. Every day I was taken to the hospital, all I could do was pretend to be innocent towards the doctor like I used to do.

After greeting and toasting, I often dance to the point of forgetting life and death. Tonight is even worse. Prepare myself, because one of hundreds of groups of friends from registering to perform. And I have to let myself join in so they can be motivated for their next entertainment work. Therefore, whether it's a lively, entertaining tempo, or a slow tempo like a lovelorn person, I will fully immerse myself in it.

Surely no one wants to play an extremely fun song while the guests sit at the table with sleepy faces, so I have to try to invite the rest of my friends to move together in an engaging way.

The Mooooooon is a group that appears with 6 members, each of whom is very talented, has a lot of wives, and a lot of debt, all about the same size. No matter when the singer sings his signature voice through the microphone and calls for participation, don't delay, hurry up.

Until the end of many songs, his friend even played loudly and invited me to sing the same song, which was a common color of the night. The boy was a little shy, but I really wanted to sing, so I strode quickly onto the stage while asking my friends for a song.

Music in a cheerful melody began to play, I took the microphone and spoke to everyone.

"Get up and dance together."

Everyone in the shop helped out by doing as requested in a lovely way. Everyone invited each other to sway to the melody of the song. Even my close friends like Kongkiat, Gunyukol or even Phuri still tried to walk away awkwardly. They must have been so bored with me that they just helped each other dance to the end.

I also hate myself to death when I like to behave in bad ways. When I see someone not looking happy, I expect them to be happy. Tried to find a way to change it many times but couldn't fix it. And then that feeling was born again when I saw the first year boy, the owner of the droopy but cute eyes, standing bewildered among my friends.

Is he not happy? Or does my singing make him feel uncomfortable?

Many loud questions rang out non-stop.

Almost without realizing it, I accidentally stopped singing, causing all my friends to have to play music and wait. As for me, who was still stuck in the cycle of questions and couldn't get myself out of it, I could only look at the other person's face in shock.

It's a period of time that doesn't last many minutes. When our eyes met, my heart skipped a beat.

Like there was something floating in the air.

It could be a dream, or the opening scene of an actor in the music video of an indie song.

Among so many people in that group, I saw him. Not the first person that eyes see, but the only person that makes eyes unable to move away.

I want to look at him for a long time like looking through the lens of a phone camera. And this time I also had the opportunity to see it from afar many times, the atmosphere between us has never made me feel bored.

I wonder what his friends leaned closer to say to him.

"Let's dance together." Not long after that, the actions of the person in front of me also made me smile wider than before.

Wine jumped. With awkward but eye-catching gestures. It's so cute to see him.

I always hate myself for being selfish and doing what I want. Only today selfishness made me see something. It's him... the most memorable thing in the dark night.

That's what makes my next trip to Bangon Ponchana never the same again.

19.2

Chapter 19: Faculty of Engineering made us fall in love - 2

[4689]

[The time of ignoring him]

One of my dozens of weaknesses, the worst is hurting other people's feelings with actions that I think are well-intentioned.

No matter who I am with, I want to be good to everyone. If I want to help, want to comfort, want to be with you on bad days, or if you're lonely, just call, I'm always ready to come find you.

It was always like that until one day, all that work became a double-edged sword, when many friends thought to go further than that.

"I didn't think that my own actions would go above and beyond to the point of making someone feel special. But I did it because I thought everyone was my friend. I really thought too little. Then, I didn't think it would end up like giving hope."

The scene was as sad as a dog, having to sit down and confess after causing so many headaches.

It happened just because I overheard friends talking to each other. One person said she wanted to confess her love to me. I didn't want to embarrass or make the other person lose confidence, so I came up with a plan for me to lie and say I already have someone in my heart, so you can be decisive and move on.

But who would have thought that the plan would have already been exposed before it reached its destination, so Kong and I are sitting here repenting.

"Taking them out to eat, inviting them to the movies, or staying with friends because I'm willing to do it like a friend should do. But as soon as I found out, the results came out in a different way. I don't want to make anyone sad." When thinking that one day they will have to refuse directly, that person must feel really bad, so they come up with a stupid plan.

"..."

"I'm really sorry. I promise I'll think more about it from now on, no... I'll try to change myself, I'll try..."

I don't know how much I can change myself, but at least today I can see the results of actions that I never knew before.

After talking to herself, the girl in front of me finally opened her mouth. Even though my face looked understanding, deep down inside I still felt a slight pain.

"If you say you've never had any thoughts, then you're done, there's no need to be miserable. There's no need to be afraid of making people sad because after all, it's already been planned, perhaps there's no way to be satisfied with everything."

For me, it has never been a romantic movie, but just a friendship genre movie from the beginning.

"I don't know if Faifah will be able to change himself from now on, but if one day, you really love someone, I think you will change for that person."

"Can we still... go back to being friends?"

"We've been friends since the beginning, right?"

And that's right. That day I hurt one person, no, I hurt many people at the same time just because of my own actions without thinking ahead. So to end this problem, I decided to stop being nice to everyone, separate myself, and change my previous behavior day by day.

Don't greet, don't help, don't accept when someone invites me to go somewhere, don't care about who is better than anyone more than I should. And it also includes stopping letting myself be a part of N'Wine's life, even if my heart really wants to do it.

Start by disappearing from the list, not calling, not saying hello when I run into someone, I am pretending to ignore the other person by seeing the other person as air. Until he walked away, I still wanted to look back and run after him without thinking about life or death.

Hypnotize myself!

I keep repeating that to myself, but fate seems to be teasing me, like to bring me to see him often. From the front of the restaurant, the stairs up to the building, the familiar cafe, and today, right before my eyes, at the bookstore in front of the dormitory.

I also pretended to look for a comic book far away. The store was only that small, so in the situation where he pushed open the door and walked in, I couldn't hide in the corner of any bookshelf, so I left it as it was.

I thought I would restrain myself and not say hello, but in the end I couldn't bear it anymore. After chatting a little with him, I learned that Wine was looking for a comic book that had just come out. But unfortunately the last book is in my hands.

Since I was born with the kindness of a god, I should come up with a way to accept everything for myself and then send the book to the staff at the checkout counter.

After arranging everything, I walked handsomely out of the shop. But like... I'm not one to give up easily. I left without waiting for feedback. So I ambushed from the glass in front of the store because I wanted to know what expression he would make when he received the last comic book.

"What are you doing?"

"Ha ha! I didn't do anything, I didn't sneak a look at anyone." I quickly separated from the glass door, turned to look at Phuri and tried to act as unsuspicious as possible.

"Your eyes are almost through the glass. Where... let's see, who's inside?"

"Do not have!" But no one had done anything yet when the bookstore door opened. In panic, I quickly used my demonic legs to run away quickly, with my beloved friend running out of breath after me. When I see that I am far away from someone's eyes, I stop walking. That very day, the energy from his friend's arhat palm seriously held his head back.

"Fai, the guy."

"Why are you running after me? What are you trying to tease me about?"

"Then I don't know what to tease you about."

"Aw, didn't you see anyone coming out of the store?"

I am rolling my eyes, I can't keep his mood. The truth is that I want to tell him right away that I don't have any thoughts towards him at all. But I still don't understand why I want to see the other person's eyes. Please take some time to consider and question myself first. While many thoughts were running around endlessly, Phuri immediately brought trembling eyes.

"See. Fai... you..."

My heart was pounding, I felt like someone who had just committed a mistake was being caught.

"Phu, please listen to me."

"What are you listening to? That day you rejected everyone's love because you liked the part-time employee of this store, right?"

"..."

"Since when? Since when? How come I never knew?"

Phuri, bastard!

Don't think about going too far.

Give me back the time I was thinking about idly.

_____

[When hearing the truth]

For me, letting myself into someone's life is not difficult.

It starts very easily. Just smile, then gather all your courage and boldly approach to say hello. Anything can be said as long as it doesn't sound threatening, and shows a very eager attitude to be friends with them. With some people, we will know by feeling whether they want to get to know us or not. If anyone doesn't want it, I won't get involved anymore, it's that easy.

Wine is no different, getting to know him is very easy. It may have been by accident at first, but then it all happened on purpose.

I once told him that when I meet someone, I always use my own emotions to classify the relationship. This person is just a friend, this person is a brother, this person wants to be close, or this person wants to date as lover.

With Wine it is very simple. But the difficult thing here is that I don't understand the reason why I didn't classify him as a friend or brother from the beginning. So our relationship is a bit strange. But just let it slowly load without having to think about finding the answer like before.

Today was another day when coincidence brought us to meet each other at the track after not talking to each other all week.

The indifference that was there at the beginning disappeared, replaced by nervousness. Just seeing the face and hearing the voice makes me feel extremely good.

So I used this opportunity to invite him to go on a motorbike ride to buy water to find a chance to talk to each other again. While walking to the

parking lot, I was still the first to start a conversation as always.

Probably acting coy to feel a little sympathy. I don't know if he's interested in me or not.

"When I can't see you, I miss you. But I'm so sorry I don't have time, just calling won't help anything."

"That's right." See, I really don't get into it.

"I'm not overdoing it. I'm very unhappy every day I don't see you."

"Your friend knows so much, how can you not be happy?"

"How can it be the same?"

I probably have never heard someone say that, even if I have a hundred friends, a lonely person will still be lonely. That's who I am.

Know what I am missing. Desire and hold on to get it but never get it as desired. It's the same with my mother's story. Deep in my heart I still hope that one day my mother will return to live with us, as a perfect family like before. But it never happened, that missing space was never filled.

It's not okay for anyone to replace my mother, but rather for someone to step in and change my thinking.

"P'Faifah."

While I was immersed in my own thoughts, the voice of the person behind me also pulled me back. I didn't stop walking forward immediately, I just turned back and asked briefly.

"What?"

"Do you remember the 5 definitions about yourself?"

"YES."

I replied, while stepping forward with both legs wide and constant.

5 definitions is a simple game devised to get to know someone. Actually, I wanted to learn more about Wine but he couldn't think of how to talk about himself. So I have to play along and give an example of myself. But what was said contained both the truth and the hot story that just came to mind at that moment.

First things first: friends bestowed the nickname Mr. Merry of the Faculty, it's true.

Number 2: I have as many friends as a pack of dogs. It's also true, the evidence is so clear.

Third thing: my cheeks are very soft. This is a lie.

No one has ever said that my cheeks are soft, I'm just looking for something to cuddle him. But Wine didn't play along so he was disappointed as usual. If possible, the trick is that the hair is soft, so letting him rub my head is also good in another way.

Number 4: I am the type of person who is clear in relationships. And never let anyone go from one position to another. This is even more obvious, if it weren't like that, I probably would never have hurt others like I did.

And number 5: I don't like having to choose something, so I choose them all. If you treat everyone well, you are good to everyone. If you love, you love everyone. And being nice to Wine is also part of not making that choice.

"Last thing, I... didn't tell the whole truth."

The thoughts in my head were racing wildly after hearing his words. I slowly slowed down the running speed, before my ears heard his footsteps gradually become clearer.

"It's also true that I'm not decisive in making decisions. But when the time comes, I can always choose. So that's not what I really want to say." At the

end of the sentence, I stopped walking immediately and turned to look at the person behind me again.

Wine stood just a little away from me, his eyes trembling as if he was afraid of something.

"So what's your fifth thing?"

Suddenly in that moment, he collapsed and sat down on the ground. I almost rushed over right away but had to stop myself, watching as the smaller person looked down at the ground, not daring to even look each other in the eye.

He's not wrong, even if he doesn't say it today or won't say it, he's not wrong.

We both lied equally. It is unlikely that those 5 things may no longer be true as time passes.

That's why I want to tell him not to worry about it anymore.

"N'Wine."

But I didn't have a chance to finish speaking yet, he spoke up first.

"L... the reason I broke up with my ex was because she knew the truth that I didn't like her anymore. I don't like girls."

"..."

"I'm gay."

Suddenly it felt like someone was holding a heavy hammer and hitting my ear hard, then everything fell into a state of chaos. I wasn't prepared to hear such an answer, and at the same time didn't feel bad about it.

Since the day we met, a lot of things in my life changed.

Maybe it's something small that if I don't observe, I won't see it. It was a faint feeling filling my chest. It's the comfort of being close.

I don't regret knowing him. Even though it's not too much, there's still the opportunity to get to know each other more gradually each day. And today is also an important day when I get to know who he is.

It would be terrible if someone used all the courage they had to come and say it out loud and then I rejected him for who he is.

"I'm really sorry for not telling you until now. I don't know if you can accept it, but no matter what, I need to say it."

Very good. It's good now. And thank you.

I want to talk to the person in front of me with every step I take.

"Wine."

Then slowly kneel down and sit down until both of our eyes are level with each other.

"Why do you apologize? It doesn't matter. No matter what you love or like, I can accept it all."

"..."

"You are still you, the person who has always been extremely nice to me."

It was at that moment that my fifth definition began to change.

Because I don't like choosing something, I should treat everyone equally, no one is more biased than anyone else, no one is more or less. But with him, it's not like that anymore. It's not because I don't want to choose, but rather because I've already chosen.

... Choosing will make her more special than everyone else.

[Music event]

[The subscriber you are calling is currently unreachable...]

"P'Nopppppppp, why didn't you pick up the phone?"

From the beginning I felt chill, now it's gotten to the point where I can't even sit on the chair.

Every time an emergency comes, fate always teases me. Like today, I called Mr. Nop more than 10 times but still didn't pick up. When I switched to calling Yotha, I was interrupted with an annoying noise as if I was calling to bother while he was hugging his wife. So in the end, there was only one person I could think of, and that was my brother who was born first in the family.

[If you have anything, say it quickly...] Before I could say anything, he got straight into business.

"New, is P'Nop with you? I called but he didn't pick up."

[No, went out to watch a movie with Fai, probably turned off the phone.]

"I'm angry already." I wanted to lie down on the ground and struggled so much, but no one was watching so I didn't do it. Because in the end, calling for that attention will probably turn out to be useless.

[What is the use of looking for him?]

"I want you to help find concert tickets for me."

[Are you free?]

"No need to ask so quickly, help contact P'Nop first. You really need to ask for help ~ cutest brother."

[Then you just go to the shop. He will probably return in a little while.]

Help me too. I called over and over again because I didn't want to drive to that restaurant. But when I ran out of options, I had to stop by and look for my brother at the bar. By the time Mr. Nop finished his work and returned, I had waited for nearly 3 hours and had sold out of 4 bottles of beer. Just a little more, I'm ready to walk back to my room and leave the car here again as usual.

"P'Nop, your brother is finally back." When I saw the waiting person appear, I quickly rushed in and hugged the other person's waist tightly.

"Hey, what's wrong with you?"

"Call but no answer."

"When I'm with her, do you know about that private time? If there's something wrong, just say it slowly, slowly, but let go of my waist first." When he gets there, it will be resolved immediately. When I didn't let go, I quickly used my hands to remove each of my nearly impossible squid tentacles.

"And is your lover coming?" We moved to sit at the counter bar before quickly getting to the point.

"I sent her back to my room. It's not the same." P'Nop not only opened his eyes wide but also used his foot to kick my leg. "I don't know what's going on, little brother? I'm so excited that I'll die."

"On business! Want to ask someone out, but don't know where to take him so I'm asking for help."

Ho ho. This is the end of that quick-tongued person.

I really shouldn't. Wanting to play big and overwhelm the people a bit, I didn't expect that in the end I wouldn't be able to rely on myself so I had to turn to my friends for help instead.

So it's because of that guy P'Tor or something who invited Wine to meet him. When I heard him say that instead of being pleased, I felt frustrated

and didn't want to give up. So I took that opportunity to interrupt first. Asked if there were any good ideas, no!

"Don't you have the intelligence to find it yourself?" Hey, if I was smart, would I have gone all the way to the restaurant? I only thought about this in my heart and didn't dare say it out loud because I was afraid that if he didn't help me, I would be lost.

"Want to go to a music festival?"

"Music festival? There aren't any big events these days."

"Small events are fine."

It's true that I have many friends, but no one specializes in these cases like Nop and his lover.

"That's a lot, there's nothing missing following pubs like this. Which group do you want to join?"

"No, I want something romantic. Can I please not stay in Bangkok? I want to go far away." Drive far away, spend time immersing yourself in nature, talk, listen to music, and take photos together. That's the dream.

"Fraudulent. Why go so far?" P'Nop why does he hate me so much? Every word uttered flew everywhere like a stray bullet.

"Hey... help me a little. Ask P'Fai for me, she's an expert." Beg him properly if he doesn't like it, have to use coddling methods by shaking his hand so strongly that his body shakes. I come, if he doesn't help, prepare myself for disaster.

"Yeah, let me ask."

"Yeah!!! Is it okay to ask the time?"

"Where are you going in such a hurry? It hasn't disappeared anywhere."

"I want peace of mind."

"It means it's very important to fold like this. Who did you invite?" Oh, then what is the meaning of vortex?

"Secret."

"If you don't tell me, I won't find it for you."

I can't be too rigid when he promised to help, so please answer in general terms, without lying but also without saying everything.

"I intend to take my juniors away."

"N'Nae?"

"N'..."

"Why are juniors so important?"

"I'm not sure, I just know that if we can't go together, it will be very sad."

"People call this important. I wonder if it's a junior or a wife."

[New bar opposite]

In our lives, things happen as often as they can happen. Most recently, the boys have been hit.

Before, when I saw them renovating the apartment in the opposite area, I laughed and wondered how many drinks they would sell. November 15th, the people are legendary, their customers love them so much that they come again and again. Every day when I get too drunk, I open a service where we step on each other for free.

Never thought that when the opposite party opened a cocktail bar like this one, it would be able to take over most of our old customers, making us so anxious. Just realized that for so long it was just complacency. So in the end, I had to quickly contact him and I ran to find him.

"Once you've finished, you'll get there."

Newton's expression was not very good. Today everyone came in full force, to the point of even dragging down a partner like Warich. There must be quite a bit of worry.

I've been cursing for years that I should go bankrupt, but I always think it's funny. Now I see that the joke is about to become reality in the near future.

"Hearing that a new rival bar opened, we were extremely confident that it wouldn't sell. Now what? Being our own bar would be as quiet as a cemetery."

"Good mouth." Just cursing isn't enough, I also throw beans in my face. Would someone like Faifah let the sounds of haste jump out of his mouth, you bastard?

"Come on, if you can't stand it, I'll comfort you."

"There's no way, our shop has to survive. Besides, I've already sent a detective to the shop opposite, so we'll have to come back with something good."

"Detective?"

"There is."

Our shop and that party have seen each other for many months now. As far as I can remember, they all know how many people have contributed capital and who your friends have sent over there. I'm afraid it will be returned.

"Who is that?" But I wonder who would risk such sacrifice. I will clap my hands 10 times for being brave.

"He has the same code as Yotha."

Just hearing that made me shocked. Crazy. Please ask again.

"Wine?"

"Yeah."

"Who's Wine going with then?"

"Alone."

"New, how can you let him go alone like that? You bastard brother, do you know how dangerous he is? He's just a 19 year old kid. He has very little experience in life. Is he being tricked or tempted? If his body is harmed, who will be responsible?"

I'm so angry that I don't know how to be angry anymore, oh my god. Just thinking about the image of Wine having to go to the restaurant alone will make me feel scared. To the point that when he came to the bar for the first time with me, he even looked like he was shaking. And this... just thinking about it makes me want to cry.

"Just opposite, besides, I..."

"Just? You used the word just?"

"..."

"Your heart doesn't have any feelings, right? You're a bitch."

After swearing in anger, I quickly ran out of the shop with my brother's screams following behind.

"Wait, Fai. You bastard, go back first, the shop owner remembers your face."

So I ran back, grabbed Warich's cap, put it on, then turned around and ran out again. I disguised myself, are you satisfied?

If something happens to Wine, you guys should line up and wait to be kicked one by one, don't tell me why you didn't warn me.

19.3 END

Chapter 19: Faculty of Engineering made us fall in love - End

[4333]

[Speech for him]

P'Nop's wedding took place in the middle of a garden surrounded by tall trees and flowers of all kinds. It was a dream of him and his bride for many years before it came true today.

Everything went smoothly. Even myself, everyone predicted that I would cause trouble to the point of ruining the entire ceremony, but it did not end as feared. Partly because the prepared speech received feedback from Wine beforehand.

He wanted me to say it from the bottom of my heart. In the end, we invited each other to get so involved that we wiped away our tears and emotions.

The after party is even more fun. Dancing was so much fun when I was the main dancer for the whole big group. When I am tired, I switch to drinking and gossiping about the other people in the group, until I have to kick them out of the group.

But no matter what time it is, I always see Wine in my sight.

After a while, my emotions commanded my legs to walk to find him sitting at the table. We talked for a bit before he pulled my hand to continue sitting because he was worried about not having any food reach my stomach for many hours. He always cares about me. This is a little thing that makes our conversation last longer.

He liked the speech I gave to P'Nop. At the same time, I also had something in my heart that I wanted to say to him. "Whenever I talk about incredibly magical memories, you will always be the first person I think of. Maybe

because at that time, our meeting happened a little strangely, because you were wrong. Yotha and I have been going back and forth. I've been impressed with you since then. I don't know why. Maybe it's because you're cute, maybe it's because you lower your eyes. Maybe we'll go anywhere together, but the most obvious thing is that you're the first person to care about me."

Wine sat and listened so attentively that I was sometimes afraid of whether what was being said would make him uncomfortable or not.

On the day when my world moved as usual, his entrance created ripples in my heart little by little. Sometimes I almost don't feel it, I don't think that one day his actions will affect me so much.

"I don't know if you still remember it or not?... That day, the day the ice in my coffee cup melted, you were the one who ordered a new cup for me. Others probably thought it was just a cup of coffee, but believe it or not, it was the only cup of coffee that changed my mind."

"..."

"I've brought a lot of people back to my room. The reason I had to hire a maid is because I like to make a mess in the room, my friends like to make a mess, but you help wash the dishes and clean up for me. When I'm drunk, you take care of me. You bear my madness, take off my shoes, take off my socks without hate. Wine... you like to say that I'm kind, but you don't realize that you're also very kind to me."

"..."

"You know that, right? I always feel bad when someone responds with feelings that I don't need to receive in return. But with you, I've never felt like that."

What do I need? What kind of answer do you want from him?

Everything is mixed together. Not sure if these emotions have names or not. Can we call it love? Which certainly makes me feel extremely happy along

with extremely sad to know that he actually likes someone else.

So I want to try it out, walking ten thousand miles without knowing whether it will win or lose.

"No matter what your feelings are, if you want to give them, I'm happy."

Even if it's more than a friend or a brother, I can be whatever he wants me to be.

But Wine refused to talk. He was silent. Furthermore, the wide-open eyes showed how chaotic it was.

"What P'Faifah means is..."

Then suddenly deep-seated shyness came instead. It was the first time I was afraid of the answer, afraid of disappointment, afraid of a lot. So in order to not face disappointment, I used the stupid way my brain could think of to escape trouble.

Thump!!

"Ah... you..."

It's pretending to be drunk.

Tomorrow I will act like I forgot what I said, tomorrow everything will be the same again.

Tomorrow Wine and I will just be brothers.

Tomorrow... he might still love someone else.

[Taking photos is fun, editing photos is even more fun]

Super project 'Friend' go through the step of taking promotional photos smoothly. This time, it was P'Muk's turn to do the editing to get the perfect

finished image.

In addition, it was fortunate that he invited me to see his work at this step. And I can say what I want to add.

Sweet Faifah is here.

Phang!

The first picture is me as N'Wine holding flowers in his hand. This is a clear picture of his boyfriend, this friend has it!

"What mood do you want with the tone?" P'Muk sat in front of the large iMac screen, zooming in on the photo while turning to ask for my personal opinion.

"Cute, can you be a little cute?"

"Shirt 'Friend' "Dude, you're so cute."

"So let's try editing first and see how it goes, then I'll say it again." He nodded in understanding before hitting the tool in the editing program. Stroking and pulling for a long time, then turned to ask a second time.

"What else?"

"The light flashed a little where the flower was."

"Ok."

"Then the color tone is adjusted a little bit darker, a little bit pink."

"Understood. Are you satisfied with your skin tone?"

"Absolutely. It would be nice if you edited more bubbles."

"Yeah, that's close."

"Almost done?"

"It's almost like a wedding, you buffalo. You batards. Do you see that this is the same tone as when I took a photo of Nop and his wife?"

"So this is what I want."

"Ouch!" Mr. Camera Man ruffled his hair but still kindly did it.

Believe it or not, that day we were together until late at night. P'Muk got extra rent, and I got 2 versions of the photo. It's an imaginary pre-wedding version with the addition of 'Friends' as it should be.

[Extremely painful time]

Rolling back and forth on the bed many times, I couldn't even close my eyes to sleep.

At noon, I cried shamelessly in front of Wine, even letting him hug and comfort me until my sobs subsided. I just realized that I am so weak just because my mother did not respond to expectations.

In addition to the gentle comforting words that it was okay, he also let me express my suffering, kept me company, patted my back gently, and stayed by my side until the bad feelings passed.

But at night, without him by my side, I let myself sink into the old place again.

When I couldn't sleep anymore, I took my phone and stood on the balcony. Hesitating for a long time, he finally decided to call to find my father. Guess I'll probably bother him again when he falls asleep like before.

[Hello.] The sound responded over the transmission line within a short period of time.

"Are you sleeping yet? Did I call to bother you?"

[Still not sleeping.]

"Why did you sleep so late?"

[Newton invites me to chat with him, I don't need to sleep anymore tonight.] I think this big brother is heavier than anyone. And his appearance at home is probably for the same reason.

"Are you talking about mom or something?"

"YES."

No one in our family can forget the pain of the past. Dad was still stuck, Newton hated commitment, Yotha was afraid of love but luckily overcame it, and I couldn't bring myself to let go of the hope deep inside my heart. Sometimes the past hurts us forever, with no end in sight.

"I can't sleep. Besides, I feel really bad today." It's still good to have someone to comfort you. If it wasn't for Wine at that time, I would have been more miserable than this. When I'm not around, the other person I think of is my dad.

[Understand. But you yourself must understand that it is not your fault.]

"But mom abandoned us, didn't she?"

[Mom hasn't abandoned you, she still loves you guys and watches you grow every day. Mom and dad's separation was also because dad was not good. When Yotha and you had to separate, it was also because of Dad, everything was not born from Mom's side. Although it may be difficult to do, you must lower your hopes.]

I can't remember how many times I've heard this saying, but it never worked. Loving someone and not expecting to receive something in return is very difficult. Or maybe it's because I'm not old enough to do that.

"Can I ask this?"

[YES.]

"Dad, did you ever think mom would come back to look for you?"

[It was true before, but now it's not.]

He answered immediately, faster than I could blink.

"So why does dad still love mom?"

After breaking up, Dad never loved anyone again. I also don't think about building a new family because I'm always immersed in past memories. So I don't really want to believe that my father never hoped that that love would return.

[Faifah, sometimes love is about being happy to see that person happy.]

"..."

[I know it's difficult, but if we've reached the point where we can't do anything anymore, getting used to this joy will make us not have to suffer anymore.]

I don't know what to say, I just know that after ending the call with my dad, I still couldn't sleep like before...

[Ask the person you like to be your lover is not an easy thing]

"Listen, my brother. Asking someone to be his lover is not that important to me. As long as the two of them are of the same mind, a confession is just a normal thing."

P'Nop's saying seemed very good, but it didn't work for me when I still wanted to make a big surprise and ask to be my lover until 10 years passed and no one forgot, then someone else would. How can it be accepted?

"But it's important to me. I want to impress Wine." Having said that, he turned to look at the remaining people sitting in their chairs with their faces twisted. "Do you think we can help you figure out how to confess your feelings?"

November 15th is still a place to practice for those who have no place to go. Before, I didn't like it very much. The restaurant he decorated was not beautiful. Every time I went there, I felt gloomy because I had to see Yotha heartbroken. But recently things have changed in a good direction so come and visit. Like today, we've finished closing the shop, sitting with our heads together, drinking together, and consulting on love issues.

"Do you see the Mahanakhon building?" It was Newton who spoke up. Hope you get something nice in return.

"What? Shut down the whole building?"

"It's not stupid to think like that."

"That's just a joke, you're really not funny at all. What does the Mahanakhon building have?"

"It has a restaurant, beautiful view, confess your love there."

It sounds good, but it still doesn't work.

"I won't accept it, I want a chill atmosphere, not uncomfortable."

"Talkative."

"Give me the gear. You haven't given the gear to anyone yet, right?" After the first two people finished, this time it was Warich's turn to propose. Extremely clichÃ© idea, but while thinking about it, I accidentally encountered the truth that...

"He already has his own. Besides, this game is used by many people, so I want to be different."

"It's my leg."

Damn, I had no idea but even touched my legs.

"Sing it." From Warich to his lover.

"Let me really sing? If I don't dance after singing, I'll stop. Maybe I'll ask to be my lover in the next life." This symptom hasn't been cured yet. I'm afraid that if I don't sing and dance, I'll be disappointed instead of loved. So please let me skip this method first.

"Oh ha, how could I forget your devilish mischief."

Hui, there are things that don't need to be said. So angry that I wanted to pick up the crispy pork on the plate and slap it in the face. In the end, there was only him left, my twin brother was the darkness of this world but in love he was extremely radiant.

"Yotha, what happened when you confessed to Gun as your lover?" If ok, please imitate the idea to follow.

"I asked to be my lover at the Faculty of Engineering's networking event, but if I asked to pursue him, I would ask for it in bed."

"Gross!" There aren't many people asking for dates at Faculty of Engineering networking events, but when you pursue them, do you always ask for them in bed? 18+ too. Haven't decided yet but would like to ask the others' opinions first. Gather a little, mix a piece and maybe there will be something interesting or suitable to use. "What about P'Warich?"

"We hit each other and then proposed to be lovers right then and there."

"Why don't you ask me, my dear brother?"

"Let me take a break and relax first about your matter." You guys are the scariest, Newton.

"I've also confessed my love to many people in bed."

"That's enough! You guys really... Want to propose in bed? You're jumping too far." Even if I've already started imagining it in my head, ignore it. But please be a little more adorable. This is youth with a pure heart. "I want to be cute, adorable, not too special, but also so unusual that after 3 years have passed, I've forgotten about it."

"We've known each other for 3 years?"

"Why are you cursing me? This person is very special, very serious."

"We'll wait and see." I hate you guys, let's take turns cursing.

"Is this okay now? How about using the trick when I proposed to Fai? It's effective." And right at that moment, when Mr. Nop transformed into an angel and descended to earth.

"That's an interesting idea, but the problem is..."

"What else?"

"My lover and I are attached to this bar, this corner, but you and Wine aren't really attached to this place. Will he get into it or not?"

"Let's check the situation according to the place where we used to have that relationship. Last time you surprised my lover, where were you?"

"Cabinet corner."

It's so tight that you can't breathe. Luckily there were no mice running by, otherwise the couple would have scattered.

"Yeah, that's it."

"Damn, what could be romantic?" I quickly responded. At that time, the situation was dire, so I didn't think to find a good place to hide.

"Then think of something else."

"It's okay, I like it."

"Hey, this bastard. In the end, will you take it or not?"

"When I tried it, it was ok, can you guys help me?"

The remaining people looked at each other in confusion before the village representative, Newton, came to return the trust.

"It's always possible if you ask."

Even though there's no romance, no dreams, just think that I'll be back next to him in that corner.

... My heart swelled up immediately.

[Our time]

1 year later...

We're not just me and him here, but also our friends and family.

This winter is the best time to go see a concert on the mountain. Last year, Wine and I went to Nan, listened to soothing country music, and happily set up a tent to sleep together. This year we want to share those feelings with everyone. So we decided to invite each other to go together.

Crammed together in 3 cars. The head has Yotha, Gun and Kong. Another one had me as the pilot alternating with N'Ben, with the honorary passengers being the lovely Wine, P'Faifah's lover - who is the jovial gentleman of this world, JJ and Phuri . As for N'Pay, he has lived in Nan since he was born, so he will reunite later.

This time, I don't know if I will bring the ghost on the wardrobe with me, but Wine once told me that since the day he told the ghost about the power of love, that person has never come back to scare little Pay again.

I don't know whether to laugh or feel sorry. But never mind, time passes in years, life will still encounter things much more than expected.

And the last one, belongs to the group of brothers, who did not intentionally come to listen to music but wanted to come to get drunk together.

"Wow."

We haven't arrived yet, the alcohol hasn't even reached our mouth, but we just learned that there's already a dangerous situation right on the side of the road.

"That's too sloppy. But it's okay, you're almost there, so you have to survive." I walked down and patted Phuri's back until his vomiting symptoms subsided.

"If I knew the road was this winding, I wouldn't have gone, nouuuu." Vomiting and crying at the same time, it's so pitiful.

"You're no longer handsome, Phuri."

"I'll hold on, I can't die."

"Very good." He tried to motivate himself but ended up vomiting more times. When his symptoms got better, he was dragged into the car and headed straight to a music event less than 10 km away.

When we arrived, all our friends and brothers helped each other carry things from the car to the event. The atmosphere is not much different from last year. We were surrounded by tall trees, filled our lungs with oxygen after having to breathe PM 2.5 air for a long time.

"There's a group performing first." N'Jay jumped out to dance, holding a large canvas in his hand.

"Who would sit and wait for you?" Newton retorted teasingly. "Come on, quickly set up the tent."

Everyone is enthusiastically looking for a place to set up tents, prepare food, and even stop by to support souvenirs throughout the event. When everything is done, it's time for trouble immediately.

"Sausage."

"Fried egg rice."

"Let the beer be cold and numb."

"Please go buy it yourself, that's all I'm asking." At first he was kind and wanted to buy it for him, but when he understood too much, he became lazy so he refused to replace it.

"I'll go myself." Kritttt, I didn't think that in times of trouble, the dark boy would volunteer to take action.

"Yotha, you are the cutest."

"I'll leave this event, troublesome."

Oh my god, we're so jealous of each other all the time.

"Then sit down brother, let me serve you."

In the end, everyone helps each other, whether it's food or drinks, they buy them together. At first, they fought over the same food, then when they were full they tossed it to one person and pushed it to the other to eat instead.

The sun gradually disappeared. The sunlight that shined at the beginning was replaced by lamplight. Good music sung by artists from one group after another echoed everywhere. When we finished eating and listening to music, we took out cloth chairs to sit, sipping quietly in the extremely happy atmosphere.

"Wine."

"Hmm?" We sat next to each other, each with a beer in hand.

"Remember? Last year we sang together."

He turned to look, sending a smile that no matter how many times he looked at it, he would always miss it.

"Remember, there were many songs I couldn't sing, and then you sat there laughing and making fun of me." That's it. But there are still songs that both

he and I sing together.

Getting to know Wine made me familiar with many songs, making me immerse myself in some of them. And made me understand its meaning more.

Feel more.

From that day until now, we have grown, changed and experienced many things.

But there is never a day when I feel regretful. On the contrary, I want to thank him when the world turned around and brought him to meet me. The person who sees me as important, who is kind, often comforts me on bad days and has never disappeared anywhere.

"Wine, if there's a song you can't sing, let's sit and listen to it together."

"..."

"Listen together every year."

Our eyes were still looking at each other, until I saw the answer through his expression and eyes.

"Okay, listen together."

I can't believe that on the day when I was still new to love, the day when I still didn't know enough about it, I met him.

He's like no other, and I absolutely love him.

"Ohhhhhhh, so sweet. But please look at your friends' faces. If you want to be sweet with each other, then go away." Newton's voice pulled Wine and I out of our sweet world for a moment before realizing that we weren't really alone in the first place.

"There's a lot going on, New. If you want to be sweet, go find a boyfriend."

"No, the easiest thing for me is for you and Wine to be nice to each other, that's all."

"If it's an eyesore, go away yourself."

"Awwww."

The sweetness was completely destroyed, leaving only my brother and I arguing, and my friends constantly fueling the fire.

In my head, I started to vaguely imagine what the photo taken by the music event page would look like.

Last year was a picture of me and Wine sitting on fabric chairs next to each other, the atmosphere was poetic and very romantic.

But this year it's probably the image of a big group of friends sitting around listening to chill music with piles of beer, but once you see it, it's not sweet anymore. But it's beautiful... when everyone's here.

There's me, Wine, and friends.

Have each other.

End.